

June

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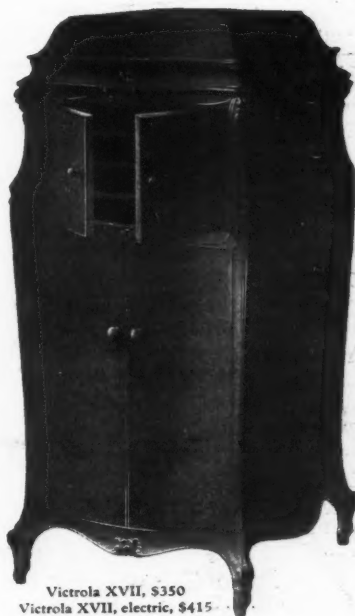
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# COSMOPOLITAN

*America's Greatest Magazine*

## This Month

Cover: *His Pledge*

**Harrison Fisher**

*Leadership*

**Meredith Nicholson**

*The Joys We Miss*

**Edgar A. Guest**

Decorated by M. L. Bower

*The Dummy-Chucker*

**Arthur Somers Roche**

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

*The Everlasting Doors*

**Basil King**

Decorations by F. X. Leyendecker

*Star-Dust*

**Fannie Hurst**

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

*The Bride's Walls*

**Holworthy Hall**

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

*Her Husband*

**Will Payne**

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

*The Stage To-day*

Photographs in Artgravure

*The Love-Picker*

**Frank R. and Leslie Adams**

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

*In Chancery*

**John Galsworthy**

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

*As Mr. Capper Said, "We Don't Know It All"*

**Meredith Nicholson**

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

*The Greatest Show on Any Earth*

**Frank Ward O'Malley**

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

*The Kicker*

**Rupert Hughes**

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

*Kindred of the Dust*

**Peter B. Kyne**

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

*The Sausage Chappie*

**P. G. Wodehouse**

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore



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Montague Glass

## Potash and Perlmutter and their friends

**POTASH** and Perlmutter—Abe and Mawruss—joyously known to millions of readers and theatergoers, are coming back! And, of course, in *AMERICA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE*, for which Montague Glass will now write his delightful short stories. Some of them will be about Abe and Mawruss, and others, such as *Cousins of Convenience*, the first new one, in *JULY COSMOPOLITAN*, will be about their friends; but all will be brimful of that quality of wit and humor that has made their author one of the chief joys of the reading public.

George Ade, sometime ago, owing to pressure of other duties, was obliged to cease writing his inimitable *Fables in Slang*. No more welcome news can be given our readers than that Mr. Ade is now able to resume them, and that one will appear in *JULY COSMOPOLITAN*, with, of course, John T. McCutcheon's matchless pictures.

You will be wise in placing your order for *JULY COSMOPOLITAN* at once at your news-stand, for the existing paper-shortage may in the end keep you from getting a copy. Remember that *COSMOPOLITAN* always sells out at news-stands.

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**Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York**

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*The Harrison Fisher cover of this issue without lettering mailed on receipt of 35 cents*



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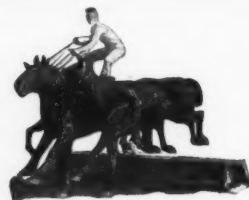
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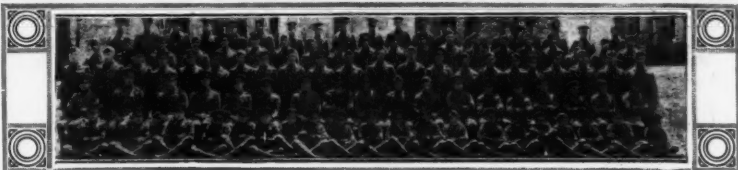
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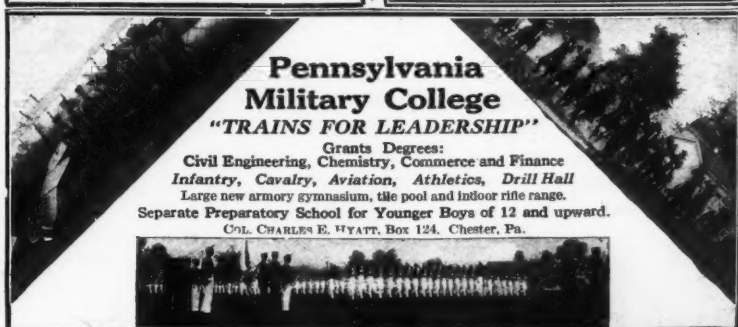


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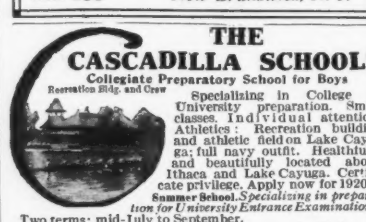
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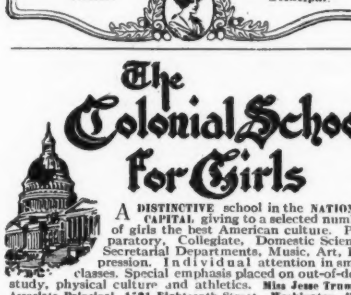
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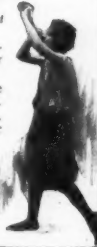
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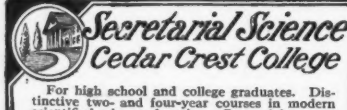
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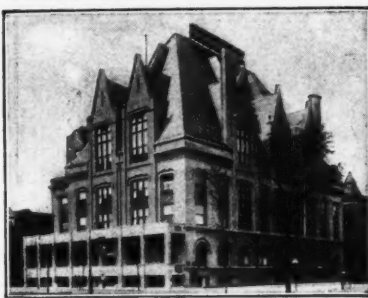
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Resident School Advertising  
(Continued on page 162)

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# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *Leadership*

By Meredith Nicholson

*A*MERICA'S need for leadership was never greater than now. Not in statecraft alone, but in things spiritual, in education and kindred departments of the social structure, the cry is for men.

"Produce great men; the rest follows," wrote Whitman. This is a large order, not so easily filled. The heavens bestow the consecrating fire warily upon poets, prophets, heroes, and lawgivers. The hour and the man do not meet by chance but through the operation of laws we can only believe to be divine.

Preparation for leadership is rarely conscious. In obscurity, some brooding mind, some mighty heart is schooled to save and lift mankind. Thus Lincoln was fashioned to preserve a nation and set wider the bounds of freedom.

Nature is constantly experimenting to perfect a combination of elements against a definite need. In the hour of fiery trial, when faith is at the ebb and hope seems a mockery, some confident, cheering voice is sure to ring above the tumult, and the rout is turned to victory.

Always, somewhere, the masterful man is moving forward to keep tryst with Opportunity.

The standard of leadership is highest where thought is freest. Blind partisanship begets weak submission to dangerous or incapable leaders. Leaders may be trained only as we elevate the whole tone of the national life. There is truth in the common saying that we get in America just about the quality of government we deserve. The people of a village who are content with stupid or ignorant rule may not with complacency complain if the affairs of the nation are not managed to their liking. There is no better place for the development of leadership than the small town; and in the important business of improving the conditions of farm life, there is a constant cry for leadership.

It is an error to say that leaders are chosen. Rather it may be said that, responding to some inner prompting and conscious of their power, they arrive.

They step into their destined places with the inevitableness of fate, and the thousands catch step with them and press on joyfully, as to the heartening song of trumpets.



## THE JOYS WE MISS

*By Edgar A. Guest*

*(Decoration by M.L. Bower)*

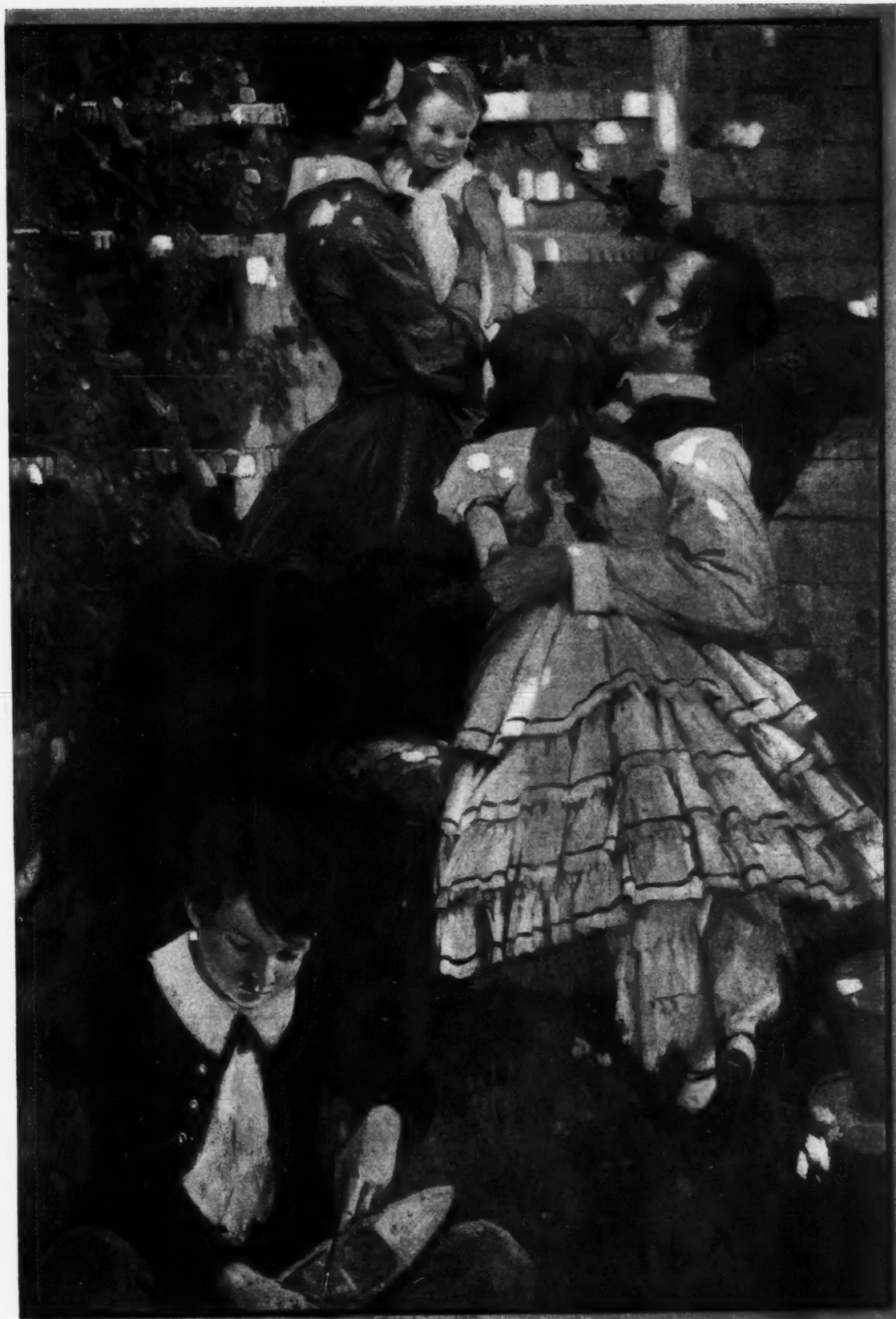
THERE never comes a lonely day but what we miss the laughing ways  
Of those who used to walk with us through all our happy yesterdays.  
We seldom miss the earthly great—the famous men that life has known.  
But, as the years go racing by, we miss the friends we used to own.

The chair wherein he used to sit recalls the kindly father true.  
For, oh, so filled with fun he was, and, oh, so very much he knew!  
And as we face the problems grave with which the years of life are filled,  
We miss the hand which guided us and miss the voice forever stilled.

We little guessed how much he did to smooth our pathway day by day.  
How much of joy he brought to us, how much of care he brushed away;  
But now that we must tread alone the thoroughfare of life, we find  
How many burdens we were spared by him who was so brave and kind.

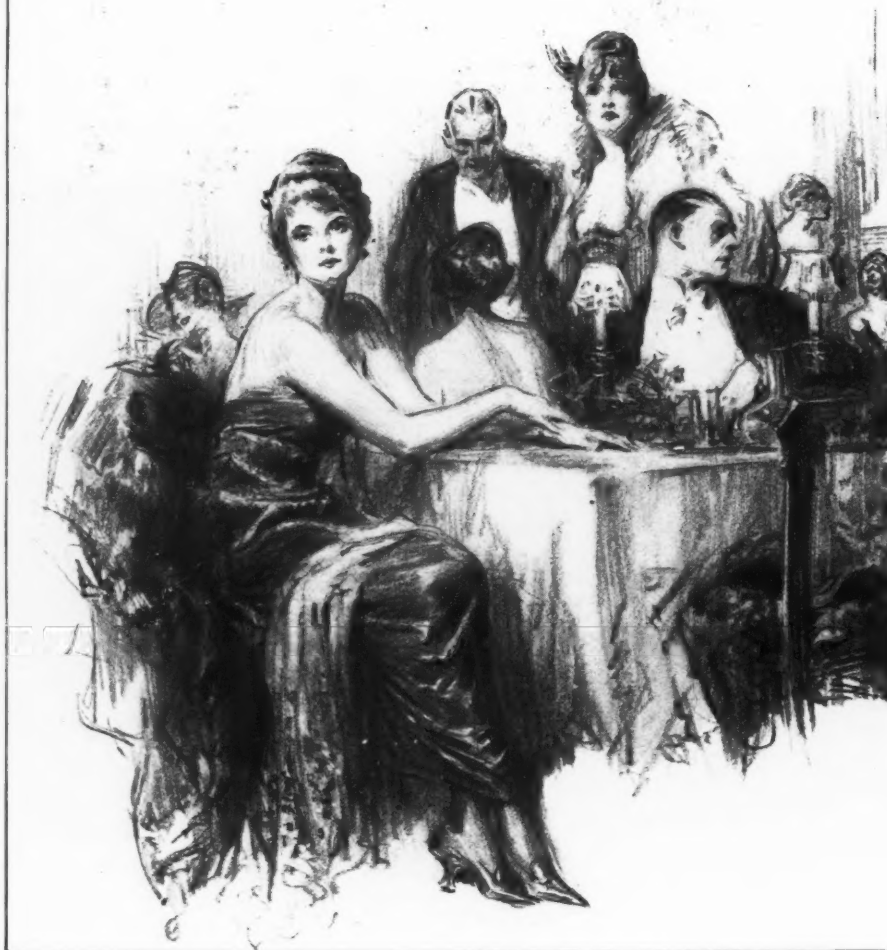
Death robs the living, not the dead—they sweetly sleep whose tasks are done;  
But we are weaker than before who still must live and labor on.  
For when come care and grief to us, and heavy burdens bring us woe,  
We miss the smiling, helpful friends on whom we leaned long years ago.

We miss the happy, tender ways of those who brought us mirth and cheer;  
We never gather round the hearth but what we wish our friends were near.  
For peace is born of simple things—a kindly word, a good-night kiss.  
The prattle of a babe, and love—these are the vanished joys we miss.



*A short story  
of Uneasy Street*

By  
Arthur  
Somers  
Roche



**T**HERE were many women on East Fourteenth Street. With the seeing eye of the artist, the dummy-chucker looked them over and rejected them. Kindly-seeming, generously fat, the cheap movie houses disgorged them. A dozen alien tongues smote the air, and every one of them hinted of far lands of poverty, of journeys made and hardships undergone. No better field for beggary in all Manhattan's bounteous acreage.

But the dummy-chucker shook his head and shuffled ever westward. These were good souls, but—they thought in cents. Worse than that, they translated their financial thoughts into the pitiful coinage of their birthplaces. And in the pocket of the dummy-chucker rested a silver dollar.

A gaunt man, who towered high, and whose tongue held the cadences of the wide spaces, had slipped this dollar into the receptive hand of the dummy-chucker. True, it was almost a fortnight ago, and the man might have gone back to his Western home—but Broadway had yielded him up to the dummy-chucker. Broadway might yield up such another.

Over the heads of intervening diners, the dummy-chucker young man sat revealed the features of a girl. "A lady!" said

## *The Dummy-*

*Illustrated by*

At Union Square, the dummy-chucker turned north. Past the Flatiron Building he shuffled, until, at length, the Tenderloin unfolded itself before him. These were the happy hunting-grounds!

Of course—and he glanced behind him quickly—there were more fly cops on Broadway than on the lower East Side. One of them had dug his bony fingers between the shabby collar of the dummy-chucker's coat and the lank hair that hung down



**O. HENRY**  
*would have enjoyed this story.  
 It's just the sort he liked to hear and write.*

saw his host. The shaded lights upon the table at which the dummy-chucker, under his breath, "The real thing!"

# Chucker

Charles D. Mitchell

his neck. He had yanked the dummy-chucker to his feet. He had dragged his victim to a patrol-box; he had taken him to a police station, whence he had been conveyed to Jefferson Market Court, where a judge had sentenced him to a sojourn on Blackwell's Island.

That had been ten days ago. This very day, the municipal ferry had landed the dummy-chucker, with others of his slinking kind, upon Manhattan's shores again. Not for a long time

would the memory of the Island menu be effaced from the dummy-chucker's palate, the locked doors be banished from his mental vision.

A man might be arrested on Broadway, but he might also get the money. Timorously, the dummy-chucker weighed the two possibilities. He felt the dollar in his pocket. At a street in the Forties, he turned westward. Beyond Eighth Avenue there was a place where the shadow of prohibition was only a shadow.

Prices had gone up, but, as Finisterre Joe's bartender informed him, there was more kick in a glass of the stuff that cost sixty cents to-day than there had been in a barrel of the old juice. And, for a good customer, Finisterre Joe's bartender would shade the price a trifle. The dummy-chucker received two portions of the crudely blended poison that passed for whisky in exchange for his round silver dollar. It was with less of a shuffle and more of a stride that he retraced his steps toward Broadway.

Slightly north of Times Square, he surveyed his field of action. Across the street, a vaudeville house was discharging its mirth-surfeited audience. Half a block north, laughing groups testified

## The Dummy-Chucker

that the comedy they had just left had been as funny as its press-agent claimed. The dummy-chucker shook his head. He moved south, his feet taking on that shuffle which they had lost temporarily.

"She Loved and Lost"—that was the name of the picture being run this week at the Concorde. Outside was billed a huge picture of the star, a lady who received more money for making people weep than most actors obtain for making them laugh. The dummy-chucker eyed the picture approvingly. He took his stand before the main entrance. This was the place! If he tried to do business with a flock of people that had just seen Charlie Chaplin, he'd fail. He knew! Fat women who'd left the twins at home with the neighbor's cook in order that they might have a good cry at the Concorde—these were his mutton-heads.

He reeled slightly as several flappers passed—just for practice. Ten days on Blackwell's hadn't spoiled his form. They drew away from him; yet, from their manners, he knew that they did not suspect him of being drunk. Well, hurrah for prohibition, after all! Drunkenness was the last thing people suspected of a hard-working man nowadays. He slipped his hand in his pocket. They were coming now—the fat women with the babies at home, their handkerchiefs still at their eyes. His hand slipped to his mouth. His jaws moved savagely. One thing was certain: out of to-day's stake he'd buy some decent-tasting soap. This awful stuff that he'd borrowed from the Island—

The stoutest woman paused; she screamed faintly as the dummy-chucker staggered, pitched forward, and fell at her short-vamped feet. Excitedly she grasped her neighbor's arm.

"He's gotta fit!"

The neighbor bent over the prostrate dummy-chucker.

"Ep'lepsy," she announced. "Look at the foam on his lips."

"Aw, the poor man!"

"Him so strong-looking, too!"

"Ain't it the truth? These husky-looking men sometimes are the sickliest."

The dummy-chucker stirred. He sat up feebly. With his sleeve, he wiped away the foam. Dazedly he spoke.

"If I had a bite to eat—"

He looked upward at the first stout woman. Well and wisely had he chosen his scene. Movie tickets cost fractions of a dollar. There is always some stray silver in the bead bag of a movie patron. Into the dummy-chucker's outstretched palm fell pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters. There was present to-day no big-hearted Westerner with silver dollars, but here was comparative wealth. Already the dummy-chucker saw himself again at Finisterre Joe's, this time to purchase no bottled courage but to buy decanted ease.

"Thank, ladies," he murmured. "If I can git a bite to eat and rest up—"

"Rest up!" The shrill jeer of a newsboy broke in upon his pathetic speech. "Rest up again on the Island! That's the kind of a rest up you'll get, y' big tramp."

"Can't you see the man's sick?" The stoutest one turned indignantly upon the newsboy. But the scoffer held his ground.

"Sick?" Sure he's sick! Eatin' soap makes anyone sick. Youse dames is easy. He's chuckin' a dummy."

"A dummy?"

The dummy-chucker sat a bit straighter.

"Sure, ma'am. That's his game. He t'rows phony fits. He eats a bit of soap and makes his mouth foam. Last week, he got pinched right near here—"

But the dummy-chucker heard no more. He rolled sidewise just as the cry: "Police!" burst from the woman's lips. He reached the curb, rose, burst through the gathering crowd, and rounded a corner at full speed.

He was half-way to Eighth Avenue, and burning lungs had slowed him to a jog-trot, when a motor-car pulled up alongside the curb. It kept gentle pace with the fugitive. A shrewd-looking young man leaned from its fashionably sloped wheel.

"Better hop aboard," he suggested. "That policeman is fat, but he has speed."

The dummy-chucker glanced over his shoulder. Looming high as the Woolworth Building, fear overcoming the dwarfing tendency of distance, came a policeman. The dummy-chucker leaped to the motor's running-board. He climbed into the vacant front seat.

"Thanks, feller," he grunted. "A li'l speed, please."

The young man chuckled. He rounded the corner into Eighth Avenue and darted north among the trucks.

At Columbus Circle, the dummy-chucker spoke.

"Thanks again, friend," he said. "I'll be steppin' off here."

His rescuer glanced at him.

"Want to earn a hundred dollars?"

"Quit her kiddin'," said the dummy-chucker.

"No, no; this is serious," said the young man.

The dummy-chucker leaned luxuriously back in his seat.

"Take me *anywhere*, friend," he said.

Half-way round the huge circle at Fifty-ninth Street, the young man guided the car. Then he shot into the park. They curved eastward. They came out on Fifth Avenue, somewhere in the Seventies. They shot eastward another half-block, and then the car stooped in front of an apartment-house. The young man pressed the button on the steering-wheel. In response to the short blast of the electric horn, a uniformed man appeared. The young man alighted. The dummy-chucker followed suit.

"Take the car around to the garage, Andrews," said the young man. He nodded to the dummy-chucker. In a daze, the mendicant followed his rescuer. He entered a gorgeously mirrored and gilded hall. He stepped into an elevator chauffeured by a West Indian of the haughtiest blood. The dummy-chucker was suddenly conscious of his tattered garb, his ill-fitting, run-down shoes. He stepped, when they alighted from the lift, as gingerly as though he trod on tacks.

A servant in livery, as had been the waiting chauffeur downstairs, opened a door. If he was surprised at his master's choice of guest, he was too well trained to show it. He did not rebel even when ordered to serve sandwiches and liquor to the dummy-chucker.

"You seem hungry," commented the young man.

The dummy-chucker reached for another sandwich with his left hand while he poured himself a drink of genuine Scotch with his right.

"And thirsty," he grunted.

"Go to it," observed his host genially.

The dummy-chucker went to it for a good ten minutes. Then he leaned back in the heavily upholstered chair which the man servant had drawn up for him. He stared round him.

"Smoke?" asked his host.

The dummy-chucker nodded. He selected a slim panetela and pinched it daintily between the nails of his thumb and forefinger. His host watched the operation with interest.

"Why?" he asked.

"Better than cuttin' the end off," explained the dummy-chucker. "It's a good smoke," he added, puffing.

"You know tobacco," said his host. "Where did you learn?"

"Oh, we all have our ups and downs," replied the dummy-chucker. "But don't get nervous. I ain't goin' to tell you that I was a millionaire's son, educated at Harvard. I'm a bum."

"Doesn't seem to bother you," said his host.

"It don't," asserted the dummy-chucker. "Except when the police butt into my game. I just got off Blackwell's Island this morning."

"And almost went back this afternoon."

The dummy-chucker nodded.

"Almost," he said. His eyes wandered around the room.

"Some dummy!" he stated. Then his manner became business-like. "You mentioned a hundred dollars—what for?"

The young man shrugged.

"Not hard work. You merely have to look like a gentleman, and act like—"

"Like a bum?" asked the dummy-chucker.

"Well, something like that."

The dummy-chucker passed his hand across his stubbly chin. "Shoot!" he said. "Anything short of murder—*anything*, friend."

His host leaned eagerly forward.

"There's a girl—" he began.

The dummy-chucker nodded.

"There always is," he interrupted. "I forgot to mention that I bar kidnaping, too."

"It's barred," said the young man. He hitched his chair a trifle nearer his guest. "She's beautiful. She's young."

"And the money? The coin? The good red gold?"

"I have enough for two. I don't care about her money."

"Neither do I," said the dummy-chucker; "so long as I get my hundred. Shoot!"

"About a year ago," resumed the host, "she accepted, after a long courtship, a young man by the name of—oh, let's call him Jones."

The dummy-chucker inhaled happily.

"Call him any darned thing you like," he said cheerily.



Into the dummy-chucker's outstretched palm fell pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters

"Jones was a drunkard," said the host.  
 "And she married him?" The dummy-chucker's eyebrows  
 lifted slightly.

"No. She told him that if he'd quit drinking she'd marry  
 him. She stipulated that he go without drink for one year."

The dummy-chucker reached for a fresh cigar. He lighted it  
 and leaned back farther in the comfortable chair.

"Jones," continued the young man, "had tried to quit be-  
 fore. He knew himself pretty well. He knew that, even with  
 war-time prohibition just round the corner, (Continued on page 150)



# The Everlasting Doors

*M*OST of us to-day are asking if we are at last to solve the mystery of life and death. Are we upon the eve of the great Discovery?

We are groping, seeking. We know we are near to something. Some solution must come. Do we really talk with the dead? Do they live? Or is it some witchery within ourselves that answers our queries?

Every deep thinker in the world is on the alert. If signs point right, the solution is near. What is it likely to be?

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

*The Book of Psalms*

**I**N this and the succeeding papers, I shall try, from the point of view of further light, to deal with those aspects of the psychic question raised in my papers, now published under the title "The Abolishing of Death," and written nearly a year ago. As I wrote then in a purely experimental spirit, without any attempt to draw conclusions, I have had no occasion to change my mind, though I find myself perhaps with improved possibilities of making it up. That anyone else should make up his in the same way is far from my contention. As in the earlier articles, so now I have no desire to convert.

Any advance in knowledge has always been made through the sum total of ideas on a given subject. No one man has the whole truth to give away. For that, truth has too many sides, angles, and aspects. Some are seen in a wrong light, some in a right one. The wrong light goes out; the right burns on.

In other words, truth is revealed through the united experience of many people. Even great leaders are produced only when there is a public to produce them. That public is composed of individuals, each of whom contributes his atom of thought to create a mental atmosphere. That is my only apology for bringing so small a contribution to what may one day become a significant and helpful whole.

Much that I quote in the present and two succeeding articles will be better understood if I repeat what I have already said as to how the material came to me.

In January, 1919, the editor of COSMOPOLITAN kindly asked me to contribute to this magazine four articles on the subject of the survival of personality after death. As the topic was one to which I had given a good deal of thought, I consented readily, and in the course of a few months three of the articles were written and the fourth begun. They followed the traditional lines. The first dealt with the intimations of immortality before the time of the Christ. The second with the Christ's demonstration. The third with the treatment accorded to that demonstration by the so-called Christian world. The

Beginning a new series of  
amazing articles on Life  
and Death by  
Basil King

Decorations by

F. X. Leyendecker

*"I HAVE matured and developed; I can now write with an understanding and sympathy which was not at my command before," said Mr. King. And for the reason that his remarkable series of Cosmopolitan articles, "The Abolishing of Death," was received as the most unusual of the year, so will this new series open up newer and broader vistas.*

*He appears here as a student, an investigator. He does not seek to convert. He gives to the world what he believes to be his great message.*

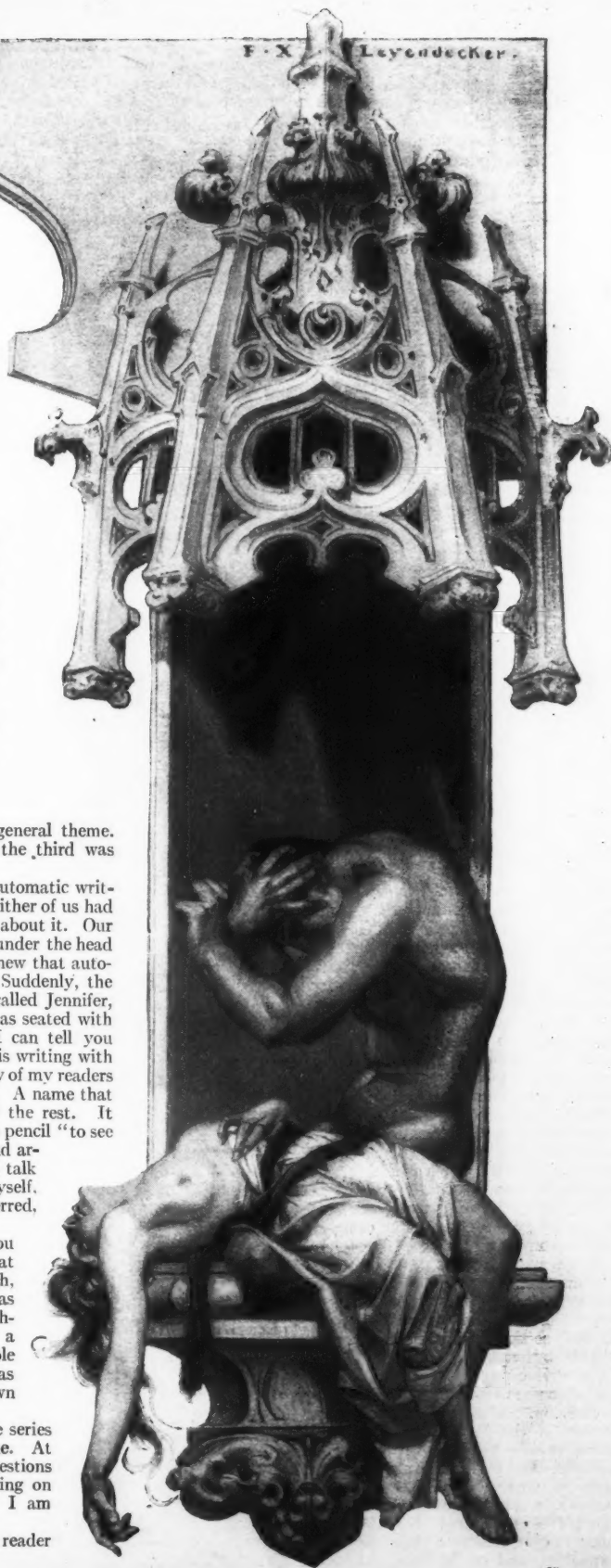
fourth was to speak of present-day theories on the general theme. By April, two of these articles were in type, and the third was finished.

During that month, I happened to be speaking of automatic writing to a young woman who was then twenty-four. Neither of us had ever seen this phenomenon, nor did we know anything about it. Our contact with the opinions and manifestations grouped under the head of spiritualism had been so slight that neither of us knew that automatic writing was one of the spiritualistic methods. Suddenly, the young lady, whom, for publishing purposes, I have called Jennifer, said, "I think I could do it." Within a minute, she was seated with a sheet of paper before her, and the first words: "I can tell you many things in time," were slowly traced. Taking this writing with that curiosity not untinged with levity with which many of my readers will be familiar, we paid it at first but little attention. A name that was repeatedly written we took as lightly as we did the rest. It was perhaps the third or fourth time of our taking the pencil "to see what it would say" that it began making circles and arabesques. "Is there no one here," I asked, "who will talk seriously?" Though I was far from being serious myself, the reply came with the name to which I have just referred, and which I disguise under that of "Henry Talbot."

"I want to talk to you about the series of articles you are writing for COSMOPOLITAN," was the gist of what was said. "Those you have sent in are good enough, but they are trite. They contain nothing but what has been said hundreds of times already. If you will withdraw them, I will give you plenty of material for a new set. Do not teach. Do not propound. Tell people that you have had this experience, with what has come to you through it, and let them draw their own conclusions."

This I did, as some of my readers are aware, in the series of articles which appeared last year in this magazine. At that time, all the material came in response to questions of my own. Later, there was a spontaneous outpouring on a large variety of topics, and it is from this that I am mainly quoting now.

As to the source of this writing, I must refer my reader to the rest of the current article.



## I

My object is to suggest that between the Unseen and the Subliminal the connection may be closer than we commonly suppose.

Of the thousands of so-called "messages" purporting to come from the spiritual plane next above us, the first question we ask is this: "Is a discarnate intelligence speaking, or only the subconscious mind of the supposed transmitter?" If we decide that it is the latter, we are likely to think the subject disposed of. That which would have had value in the one case has no value at all in the other, since the speaker is but the same old human mind, so multifold in its deceptions.

That the human mind is multifold in its deceptions, I hasten to admit. That the whole question of a higher reach of knowledge is befogged with freak, fraud, and folly round and round is an obvious fact. But that a sane investigation should be abandoned because evil forces have confused the issue is not in accordance with common sense.

"True common sense," writes Henry Talbot, of whose authority I shall have a word to say presently, "is spiritual light and consequent discernment. The usual conception of common sense is false when it implies the lowering of ideals to the human standard and the thoughtless discarding of perfection as impracticable. Perfection is the only true and practical solution of all our problems."

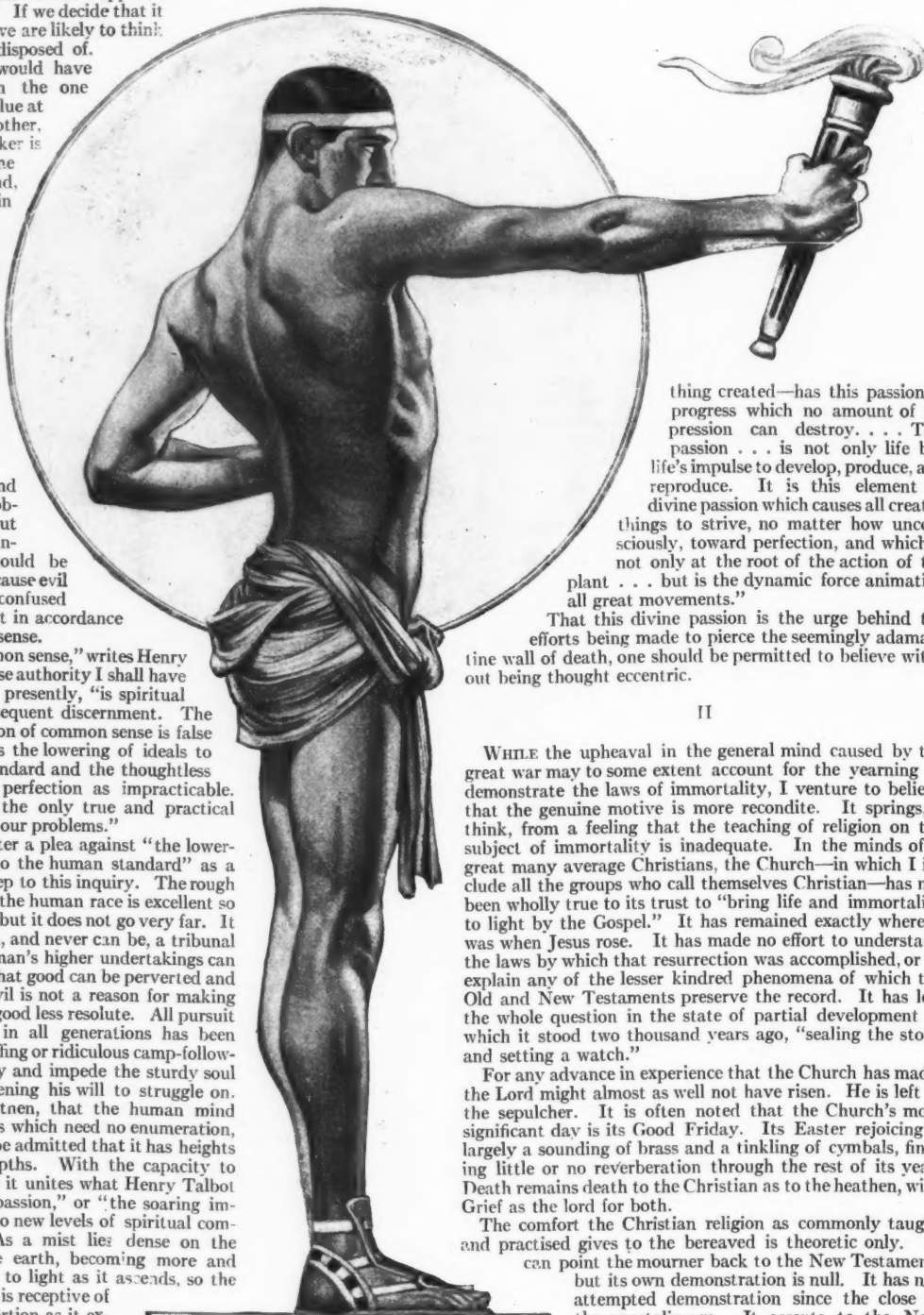
I beg to enter a plea against "the lowering of ideals to the human standard" as a preliminary step to this inquiry. The rough horse-sense of the human race is excellent so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. It never has been, and never can be, a tribunal before which man's higher undertakings can be judged. That good can be perverted and turned into evil is not a reason for making the search for good less resolute. All pursuit of knowledge in all generations has been dogged by scoffing or ridiculous camp-followers, who annoy and impede the sturdy soul without weakening his will to struggle on.

Admitting, then, that the human mind has weaknesses which need no enumeration, it has also to be admitted that it has heights as well as depths. With the capacity to plumb abysses it unites what Henry Talbot calls "divine passion," or "the soaring impulse" to rise to new levels of spiritual comprehension. As a mist lies dense on the surface of the earth, becoming more and more pervasive to light as it ascends, so the material mind is receptive of truth in proportion as it expands upward. To expand upward is its impulse. For man to put limits to that expansion, and say, "Thus

far and no farther!" can be little short of a sin against the Lord and Giver of Life.

Of this "soaring impulse," perhaps the most potential of all our endowments, Henry Talbot writes:

"Divine passion is best illustrated by the force and desire in the roots of plants which urges them to develop and grow upward toward the sun. Everything living—that is, every-



thing created—has this passion of progress which no amount of repression can destroy. . . . This passion . . . is not only life but life's impulse to develop, produce, and reproduce. It is this element of divine passion which causes all created things to strive, no matter how unconsciously, toward perfection, and which is not only at the root of the action of the plant . . . but is the dynamic force animating all great movements."

That this divine passion is the urge behind the efforts being made to pierce the seemingly adamantine wall of death, one should be permitted to believe without being thought eccentric.

## II

WHILE the upheaval in the general mind caused by the great war may to some extent account for the yearning to demonstrate the laws of immortality, I venture to believe that the genuine motive is more recondite. It springs, I think, from a feeling that the teaching of religion on the subject of immortality is inadequate. In the minds of a great many average Christians, the Church—in which I include all the groups who call themselves Christian—has not been wholly true to its trust to "bring life and immortality to light by the Gospel." It has remained exactly where it was when Jesus rose. It has made no effort to understand the laws by which that resurrection was accomplished, or to explain any of the lesser kindred phenomena of which the Old and New Testaments preserve the record. It has left the whole question in the state of partial development at which it stood two thousand years ago, "sealing the stone and setting a watch."

For any advance in experience that the Church has made, the Lord might almost as well not have risen. He is left in the sepulcher. It is often noted that the Church's most significant day is its Good Friday. Its Easter rejoicing is largely a sounding of brass and a tinkling of cymbals, finding little or no reverberation through the rest of its year. Death remains death to the Christian as to the heathen, with Grief as the lord for both.

The comfort the Christian religion as commonly taught and practised gives to the bereaved is theoretic only. It can point the mourner back to the New Testament, but its own demonstration is null. It has not attempted demonstration since the close of the apostolic age. It assents to the New

Testament reference to "Jesus Christ who hath abolished death," and counts death as much a circumstance as ever. It reads with apparent belief the words of St. Paul: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," and settles back beneath the law of sin and death as if no such freedom had ever been wrought. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," wrote the same apostle, leaving the inference that death would be destroyed. But the Church has brought us no nearer that destruction, not so much as by the width of a hair, after two thousand years. Two thousand years is a long time. Art and science have during those twenty centuries revealed

the degree in which art and science have lived up to theirs. In a measure, we are now left to go on without religion's aid. Its official exponents either forbid the effort to advance, or, like the sons of the prophets at sight of Elijah about to be carried up to heaven, "stand to view afar off," hostile or sympathetic as the case may be, but always timid as to taking part in the experiment.

## III

And yet it is chiefly to the records of religion that I shall turn in these papers to corroborate my main suggestion. I do so partly because most of my readers will be familiar with their pages, and partly because, when all is said and done, no other history of experience has half the authority of the Old and New Testaments.

That main suggestion to which I now

revert is to the effect that we have in ourselves powers that go up to the borders of the Unseen, even if they do not transcend them. In other words, the question is not disposed of when we decide that the so-called "message" has come from no farther away than the subliminal. The subliminal itself, and especially what I may call the spiritualized subliminal, may take us up so far that it becomes difficult to say whether its confines are on this plane or the next.

By the subliminal, I mean, of course, that part of our personality which modern psychology has taught us to see lying beyond the domain of the conscious mind. That man has a "transcendental sense" is a fact not only recognized by psychological teachers but perceived more or less dimly by the least developed of individuals as a force in his own possession. This sense must be exactly what the term for it implies—a power of transcending the limitations fixed by material perceptions, either physical or mental, and exploring the uncharted seas of a higher and more intense Reality. Just as the navigators of the Elizabethan age put forth from their harbors to sail over unknown oceans, bringing back a porcelain vase from one country, an embroidered robe from another, and ingots of gold from a third, as fragments from the life of other civilizations, so this audacious subliminal self goes up and out into regions of which the conscious mind knows nothing except by hearsay, coming back with its fragments of truth. That they should be fragments only is all that, as yet, we can look for; but (Continued on page 105)

undreamed-of wonders in God's Truth. Religion alone has in this respect remained at an utter standstill, with neither jot nor tittle of new evidence for immortality to offer an expectant world.

For this reason, after long, dumb, patient waiting, and seeing even now no disposition on the Church's part to be "led into all Truth," which was the final prospect held out by the Lord, the people have, as it were, taken the task of demonstration into their own hands. That they should do so might have been expected. It might have been expected, too, that the attempt would be made wildly, foolishly, with overcredulity and fraud. Where there is no guidance, there will be excess; and where there is excess, there will be discrediting. For this, it is hardly too much to hold the teachers of Christendom responsible. Just as the Russian autocracy was the true author of the Bolshevik movement, in that for centuries it used its power, not to unfold the self-governing capacities of the peoples over which it ruled but to render those capacities unfit for the purpose they were meant to serve, so the dead torpor of the past with regard to proving the laws of immortality has left us, in that respect at least, a puerile and undeveloped race. We are like children crying for the light—with the helplessness of children. It is easy to blame that helplessness; but it is also easy to see that, two thousand years after the demonstration of the Lord, we ought not to be thrown back on the necessity for seeking further truth through mediums in trances or ouija-boards.

I hold no brief against the inchoate institution we call Christendom. None can be more appreciative than I of the magnificent services it has rendered to mankind. "The corps of the Church," writes Henry Talbot, in words that express no more than the obvious, "has always been sincere; and it is to this corps, this body of devoted, single-minded men and women who live in harmony with God, that the Church owes what spiritual power it possesses. However much worldliness may have pervaded the organization of the Church, this army of saints has increased with the years, and has, at last, begun to turn the tables on worldly-minded servants. Whatever evil has been done by the representatives of the Church in the past—and there was much done—this evil has been outweighed by the loving helpfulness shown by the more worthy members. The work of the Church . . . for good can never be denied; and the fact that it is peeling away the callous and dead skin of the past to reach the quick must be recognized with joyous thankfulness."

That a better time is coming we may assuredly believe. My point is, however, this: that, with regard to the living, personal proof of immortality, we are far behind the stage at which we might have found ourselves had religion lived up to its powers of truth-expansion to



F. X. L.

Presenting Her First Serial, America's Greatest Magazine



It was then that Felix Auchinloss swung on the stool, snipping the song like a thread.

## Star-Dust

XIX

**T**HE following months of her life always seemed to Lily to have hung suspended without any forward march to them and entirely surrounded with a colorless fluid which distorted reality, as a hand seen through a fish-bowl of water is distorted. There descended upon her whole rows of days that were swollen with inertia.

She would sit with her cheek crumpled against her hand, looking out over an ocean of roofs from her window, her mind hardly stirring. There still lay three one-hundred-dollar bills, crisply warm, against her bosom, and during the long, arid spell that followed her first stroke of good fortune, they were to her like a sedative touch, pressing down a more and more frequently recurring rise of fear.

Two or three mornings a week she ventured in among the agencies, occasionally an address handed out to her, which she followed up, always vainly.

One Saturday night, she did earn twenty dollars, singing, with a red-white-and-blue paper cap on her head, the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" on the up-and-down-stream excursion of the Annual Convention of Commercial Photographers. During their clambake and dance at Brody's Grove, she remained on the boat, lying back in a deck-chair, facing a night brilliantly pointed with stars. The machinery of her mind might have ceased with the chugging of the boat. She lay the five hours of her wait, floating in a state of the complete disembodiment of which she was peculiarly capable.

And yet withal, a certain exultation had hold of her these strangely unreal weeks; her terror of the life about to be subdued somewhere underneath her consciousness, and each to-morrow reassuringly remote.

**L**ILY BECKER, loving freedom, yearning for greatness, hating what she feels to be her "middle-class" environment—and hating herself for hating it—has run away at last.

Even while growing up in Mrs. Schum's dingy boarding-house in St. Louis, she has dreamed of fame—of "getting out of the rut."

Yet her will has not been strong enough. She has let her dull, commonplace, but adoring parents press her into marrying dull, commonplace Albert Penny, of the hardware business.

And now, having married him, having tried to endure him, she has slipped away to New York, free at last.

Her little economies, however, grew against a day which she hardly contemplated, and for which she certainly did not plan. Very often she ate, in her own room, a sandwich and a bottle of milk from a corner delicatessen. She had already learned those small private economies of the petty and penny-wise. The mirror-pasted handkerchief. The gas-jet-brewed egg. The hand-fluted ruching. Once, in her absence, Mrs. Neugass had pressed out her dark-brown-cloth coat-suit, wrinkled from weeks in her suitcase and which she had left hanging before the open window.

The print of these kindly people was like an indelible rubber stamp into the premises. Mr. Neugass had already presented her with a jar of Millie face-cream and a preparation for cleaning kid gloves. Sundays, she was invariably importuned to dine with the family, and of occasional evenings, Alma Neugass, angular and full of the knobs of protruding neck-bones, elbows, and shoulder-blades, and with little sacs under her eyes, as if she had wept down into them that life could be so tasteless, would knock at her door and, for an hour or two and sometimes up to midnight, sit on the edge of Lily's bed, the drone of their

## Introduces Fannie Hurst as One of America's Greatest Novelists



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"That is verra nize," he said, and then, "A pretty voice, as far as it goes, and verra, verra nize."

### Fannie Hurst's *story of the heart and soul of an American girl*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

ROBERT VISIGOTH knows Lily Becker, of St. Louis, as Luella Parlow, who sings illustrated songs in his little New York theater, the keystone of a great vaudeville circuit he and his brother Bruce, now in Chicago, are to build up.

She fears Robert. Tragically close on top of her discovery that she is to be a mother, comes the crisis with him. She knows she cannot continue under his employment.

Searching for a place where she can live quietly for a few months, she gets a room with a druggist's family on Amsterdam Avenue. One of the daughters, now abroad, is a famous opera singer.

conversation surviving repeated rappings from the parental bedroom adjoining.

There was something about Alma of an old glove just about ready to breathe out and flatten from the print of a recent hand. Fifteen years of debit and credit and days which swung with pendulum fidelity within the arc of routine had creased and dried her of sap.

The whiteness of Lily and the swift, shining, backward rush of her hair were a source of wistful and vicarious delight to her. "Whoever named you Lily was right," she said, upon one of these midnight confabs. "You're so snowy. And soft, too; you feel like a kitten's ear. And that shining head of yours!"

"But all my life I've wanted to be blond. 'Sun-people,' I call them."

"Millie is a blonde," said Miss Neugass, glancing toward one of the photographs that graced even Lily's wall. "There's a girl was born in the sun!"

"You've been part of her sun, Miss Neugass. Your parents have told me how; for eight years, half of your earnings went toward her education."

"Life is a beehive, Miss Parlow," said Alma. "Some of us are the drones, some the workers, and some the queens. Millie happened to be a queen."

"How can you say that? 'Happened!' What if Napoleon had never left Corsica, or Lincoln the backwoods, or Jeanne d'Arc her village, just because they decided environment had placed them there."

"Quite right; but it is their being queens, drones, or workers determines their action."

"Well, whether or not I was born for it, I aspire to be a queen."

"Fine! Only, be sure your arm is long enough to reach what you want."

"But how can I tell, if I don't stretch and stretch?"

"You can't. Most of us never know when we've used up the last inch of reach, and keep on straining to touch what God, or circumstance, or call it what you will, has placed beyond us."

"Yes; but it is *not* knowing makes us capable of striving."

"To me, that is one of the tragedies of living—the hearts that pass by the jobs they are fitted for to eat themselves out struggling to do what they *think* they're fitted for."

"You're a fatalist."

"Not at all. The way to know the reach of your arm is to sprain it. I sprained mine, and it wasn't until the ligaments began to pull that I had the courage to face the fact that I was made out of bookkeeper instead of concert-pianist stuff."

"You, Miss Neugass—a pianist?"

"Sounds queer to you, doesn't it?"

"What—interfered?"

"My own realization. One night, Doctor Feldman sent pa a pair of seats for De Pachmann. I was seventeen then and Millie seven. Ma stayed in the store, and pa and I went. I had been studying for eight years then, and my teacher was arrang-

ing a recital. Strangest thing, but De Pachmann played every single thing of Chopin's that I had on my own little repertoire—only, under his touch it was real lace played into perfect design. I think pa must have lived through everything I did that night. He's got the finest musical instinct in the family, Millie included. We didn't say a word all the way home, but the next day, when I told him that I was going to business college on the money we were going to put into the recital, he didn't say a word, either. Just patted my hand. He knew! It wasn't so much a matter of technique—only, when I played 'Nocturne in D flat,' a hammer inside the piano-case hit a wire; when De Pachmann touched those same keys, a nerve kissed a heart-beat."

"Alma Neugass—you poor—you splendid girl!"

A smile had come out on Miss Neugass's face, as if the taste of renunciation were anything but bitter.

"I don't know what kind of a pianist I might have made, but I do know I've made a darn good bookkeeper, and that a little talent took a chance on stepping aside for a bigger."

"You mean your sister?"

"There's a talent for you! There never was any doubt about Millie."

"Oh, Miss Neugass, you frighten me! What if my arm is too short? Your sister's teacher, Ballman, to whom your mother sent me, says so little."

"Ballman is a great voice-builder, but he doesn't concern himself with the future of his pupils."

"What did he used to say of your sister?"

"Nothing much, except that he used to call her his wonder-child and shut up like a clam when we tried to discuss her future with him. What you need now, if you're ever really going to get anywhere, is an audition."

"Audition?"

"One of the big opera directors to hear you. It's not easy to arrange at the Metropolitan. Ballman has no pull. It takes a man like Auchinloss or Trieste or one of the big guns."

"If only I could get started, Miss Neugass, on the right track!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. When Auchinloss comes this winter, I'll have him hear you. That may pave the way to something. He's the prince of them all. His judgment never fails. He's only stamped his approval on five or six, but he's never missed. They say he heard Paula Anschutz singing her baby to sleep one night as he passed her cottage, and he rang her door-bell."

"Auchinloss discovered Paula Anschutz?"

"He decided her greatness after a few bars. Some day, I'll read you Millie's letter home about her audition in Vienna. After about six bars of the jewel-song, he leaped up over the foot-lights, screamed at her, kissed her, drew up a chair, and began to plan out the entire campaign of her future."

Her eyes two flaming orbits, Lily sat staring, her lips slightly open.

"And that was the beginning?"

"Yes; that was the beginning of—everything," said Miss Neugass, with a twist to her lips.

"Oh, I—even to hear it thrills me so that I—thrills me so! But what, Miss Neugass—what if he hadn't—"

"That is where you must make up your mind to take your medicine. There's an article about him in this month's *Musical Gazette*. If he thinks you've the stuff great singers are made of, it's a repetition of his scene with Millie every time. But, this article goes on to say, if he rubs his hands together and says, 'Very nice', and walks off, that means he thinks you will probably make a better bookkeeper or baby-dandler than you will a prima donna."

"Miss Neugass—you've heard me practise. Tell me the truth. Do you think my ambition is bigger than my voice?"

The veil of a pause hung between them.

"Why, I'm no critic, Miss Parlow. All I inherit is some of my father's natural musical instinct."

"You're evading me—like Ballman does. Tell me—you may save me as you saved yourself—am I chasing a phantom?"

"I swear to you I don't know. I like your voice. I think it has a beautiful rich quality. I agree with Ballman; it has fine timbre. That counts in voice almost as much as range."

"No, no; don't evade. You think it lacks range?"

"I don't know. It lacks something—as if—well, if you'll pardon my saying it, as if it didn't reach as far as your temperament could fling it."

"That's it exactly! I feel that about myself in—everything—as almost as if—as if it would take another generation of me to complete me, if—if you get what I mean."

"There is something in that."

"I know what you think in your heart. I'm a vaudeville product with a grand-opera aspiration."

"I'm not capable of judging."

"You judged your sister."

"Ah, but Millie's voice there was no mistaking. Her talent needed hardly to be developed. Just you study on. I'll have Auchinloss hear you when he comes over."

"You're sure, Miss Neugass, they're coming?"

"That's what the paper keep saying. She's to sing three operas in January with Auchinloss conducting. We're expecting daily to hear from my sister, verifying it."

"You don't know—exactly?"

"No."

"If only—you don't think it will be this side of January? You see, after January my—my plan may be uncertain."

"I understand. He's to conduct his own symphony in December, to be played the first time in this country somewhere around Christmas—in Boston, I think."

"Will you be wanting this room then?"

Miss Neugass swung her face, with its considerable dip of nose, toward Lily.

"You don't think this place will hold Millie any



JAMES HINDS WYATT

"Don't you dare, Mrs. Neugass, to offer me that! Only let me out, please, from this outrageous predicament"



"In other words, dearie," finished Miss Kirk, her rather close-set eyes focusing on the tip of Lily's nose.  
 "I think you're fired. Canned. so to speak. Replaced, as it were"

more? You don't think, for instance, the great Du Gass could receive the reporters—here?"

"But, after all, it's her home."

A levelness of expression came down over the face of Miss Neugass.

"Of course," she said, "you know about my sister and—Auchinloss."

"You mean——"

"Oh, I realize everybody knows—except my parents."

"I didn't——"

"That's because you don't belong yet. Wait until you've worked your way in a bit."

"Then, she—you——"

"She was a baby when she left, Miss Parlow; but even if there had been the money to send me along with her, we wouldn't have felt the need of it. I could have staked my life on that child. Not that I'm blaming her, only—I—God, I could have staked my life!"

"He's——"

"Already married. She wrote me the whole story two years ago. It's an old one. So old it's got barnacles. I sometimes wonder it came to me with the terrible shock it did. She was so young—too young to get ahead so quickly,

even with her gifts. He has a son almost her age. He's forty, and she's twenty. The wife's in an insane asylum somewhere outside of Paris. Our Millie! I don't think I even realize it yet."

"Horrible! And your parents?"

"That's all she writes of now that she thinks they're coming—to keep it from them. I wake up nights in a cold sweat over it—wringing wet with the fear of my job."

"Your mother and sweet little old father!"

"That's it. They're like two babes in the woods morally. They don't know any gradation except black and white—virtue and sin. A woman is good or a woman is rotten bad. She falls or she doesn't."

"Oh, I know the relentlessness of that single-track code of right and wrong."

"That's what I'm up against, Miss Parlow, keeping from those two old people what their daughter—is."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"Is it any wonder that my sister's home-coming is a nightmare ahead of me? She doesn't want to come—I can read between the lines of her letter she's fighting it. But, you see, Auchinloss is a great man. He's been invited to conduct his own symphony at its American *première*, and naturally has taken this

opportunity to bring about her American debut. You can imagine my parents' pride."

"I can see it. Why, your father can't keep his face straight—he's always sort of smiling—slyly to himself."

"Their daughter, Millie Du Gass, coming home with an opera triumph back of her in every European city; the great Auchinloss himself coming to conduct for her American debut. That is the kind of home-coming they're looking forward to—my mother, who screams out every girl in trouble who dares to come into the drug store for help!"

When Lily bade Alma Neugass good-night, they kissed, a dark, bony hand lingering on each of Lily's shoulders.

"You've your decision before you yet, Miss Parlow, and you're young and pretty, too. Much as I love that little sister of mine, and can't find it in my heart to blame her, I know that somewhere there are women big enough not to have to pay the price. You—there's something about you—something so—if you'll permit me to say it, so boyish—so clean—so wholesome. You should be big enough not to have to pay the price."

"If only I felt that your sister—cared! To place personal ambition above her body—the body that holds her soul! Ugh! I think I would have to want something—love something—enough to tear out my very heart for it before I could pay her price. Nothing on earth, Miss Neugass, can be so hideous—as that. I—I imagine it's flying in the face of the first law of nature—nothing so hideous as giving of self to in—payment—"

Tears were racking the worn form of Miss Neugass, Lily wrapping her in arms that soothed.

"You mustn't," she said. "You've your big job ahead of you."

Through the left wall came a sharp trilogy of raps.

"All right, ma; coming!" cried Miss Neugass, starting up instantly, her voice lifted and absolutely without tremor.

That night, Lily dreamed the whole of her marriage. Her father with his face distorted by lather before his shaving-mirror. The Leffingwell Rock Church. Little Evelyn

Kemble placing the white-satin cushion. Herself and Albert finally locking the door of their new little home that wedding-night.

It was then she awoke with a scream.

## XX

ABOUT a week later, an advertisement in a morning paper caught Lily's eye.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Fred and me ran off. Regular love-affair. I suppose I am one of them that picked right—right believe me, eight hours for me behind the counter in preference to eating the rest of my

WANTED: Refined young woman of good appearance and soprano voice to sing in music store. Must be able to accompany self. Apply between twelve and six. Broadway Melody Shop, 1222 Broadway.

A recurring and dragging sense of lassitude was over her these mornings, so that it was all she could do to drag herself through two hours of practise in the parlor, scrupulously given over by Mrs. Neugass, who moved constantly and audibly about the kitchen.

Her lessons, one every Tuesday morning with Leopold Ballman, were tiresome, unmusical periods of diaphragm exercises and an entire tearing-down and reconstruction process of the previous methods taught her. The old disturbing ache would climb up to the back of her neck, and her half-baked power of concentration falter at the arid monotony of breathe in, breathe out.

There were about five months between Lily and the hour of her supreme travail. They might have been five years while she paused, suspended, as it were, in this state of abeyance. Her most tangible concern was a money one. The

breaking of another hundred-dollar bill was imminent, and it frightened her. She reduced her vocal lessons, at three dollars the hour, to one every other week, finally discontinuing entirely, and took to haunting the agencies daily, leaving her address where no initial charges were required, and scanning incessantly the "Want Ads" under "Amusements."

She applied, one Monday morning, at the Broadway Melody Shop, a mere aisle wedged between a theater and a *rôtisserie*, a megaphone inserted through a hole cut in the plate-glass frontage that was violently plastered over with furiously colored copies of what purported to be the latest song-hits. "If I Could Be Molasses To Your Griddle-Cakes." "Snuggle Up, Snookums." "Honey, Does You Love Me?" "Cakin' the Walk." "It's Twilight on the Tiber." "Tu-Lips For Mine."

A sort of managerial salesman in a number thirteen-and-a-half collar, and a part that ran through his varnished-looking hair, bisecting the back of his head like a poodle's, and a soft, pimply jowl that had never borne a beard, stuck up a random sheet of music on the piano, so placed that its tones carried straight through the megaphone to the sidewalk.

She played and sang it off easily, her tones jaunty and staccato, and her desire to please quivering through them. He stood beside her.

"Rag up," he said once, insinuating the movement with a slight wriggle that ran through his apparently rigid body. She quickened her speed, leaning forward to read more surely.

"Uh-uh, my ba-a-aaby, You drive me cra-a-azy. Uh, uh, quit shovin'; I'm only lov—in'."

The words ran along to a stuttering syncopation that filled her with self-disgust as she sang them. But she finished with quite a flourish, swinging round on the stool to face him.

"You want ragging up, kiddo. You've the speed of a funeral march."

"A little practise is what I need," she said, half hoping to obtain.

"I'll try you at fifteen a week. Eleven to six Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. The other evenings we close at eleven, fifty cents extra for supper-money. You on?"

"Yes."

"Slick, ain't you? Who peeled you to-day, Miss Bermuda Onion? Aw, Touchy! No harm meant. You're too big to suit me; I like 'em squab-size. Rag up a bit between now and to-

morrow, Miss Onion."

For five weeks in the little slit of store that was foul with tired and devitalized air, and concealed behind a screen that shut off the megaphone device, Lily sang through an eight- and sometimes a twelve-hour day, her voice drifting out to the sidewalk with a remote calling quality.

To her relief, she quickly learned that Mr. Alphonso Rook, "Phonzie," spent the greater part of his time at the office of the Manhattan Music Pub-



as a girl with my disposition could ever pick. If I hadn't, breakfasts across from the wrong face"

lishing Company, under which auspices the Broadway Melody Shop operated.

He was replaced by a salesgirl of such superlative dress and manner that her long jet earrings were like exclamations at the audacity of her personality. An habitual counter line-up of Broadway mental brevities in the form of young men with bamboo sticks and eyes with perpetual ogle in them would while away the syncopated hours with her, Lily occasionally emerging from behind her screen to "come up for air," as Miss Gertrude Kirk put it.

Miss Kirk's tongue was as nimble as her fingers. She used them both, lightly. Would tear the flounce off her too lacy petticoat to bind up a messenger-boy's cut finger, and no scarf-pin that came within three feet of her was immune from her quick touch. The unmentionable lay mentioned in her discourse so frequently that, to Lily, the Broadway Melody Shop became a slimy-sided vat, horrible with small-necked young men with flexible canes and Gertrude Kirk's slit-eyed state of calculation.

"I don't know what you're trying to put over, Lily-of-the-Valley; you're one too many for me. But I'd stake my life on one thing."

"What?"

"You got a caul over your face."

"A what?"

"Caul. Sort of veil some get born with. Well, you got that white-veil kind of look that would blacklist you for the Vestal Virgin Sextet. I can pick 'em every time—you look to me like—say, I got a little mud puddle of my own to play in without wetting my feet in yours."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Lily, crashing out the opening bars of "Oh, Willie, I Love You When You're Silly."

"No?" said Miss Kirk, the slit-eyed stare of terrible sophistication narrowing down to two blade-edges.

That night, Lily eyed herself in all the plate-glass windows as she walked to the car. She was straight as a lance, but before she went to bed, she readjusted the gathers of her skirt-band, pushing them forward.

One evening, because she saw it in the window of one of the Amsterdam Avenue petty shops, she bought, furtively, a baby dress with a little nursery legend embroidered on the yoke. She stole home with the package up under her coat, like a thief. Once in her room, she laid it out on the bed. She wanted suddenly to finger it, and did, laying her cheek to it with a rushing sense of sweetness, and then suddenly, on wild, lashing tears of her resentment and terror, her hands tightening into and wringing it. Dragging out from beneath her bed the suitcase, she crammed in the little garment, and finally, strapping down the lid again, laid her head against it, silently screaming her despair.

Strangely enough, that very night, long after the street noises had thinned and she had heard Isaac Neugass, creeping up from the drug store, drag the bolt across the apartment door, Lily sat suddenly up in bed out of a hot, tossing period of light doze. She was often crying unconsciously into her sleep these nights, so that her eyes were tear-bitten and dilated into the darkness. The night-bell that connected from the drug store was gouging the silence with a long-sustained grilling. Soft-soled feet were already padding down the hallway past her door, a bolt withdrawn, then voices.

The grumpy tones of Mr. Neugass and a woman's fast soprano that rose and rent the silence like the tear of silk. More feet down the hallway. Sobs that were filled with coughing. Mrs. Neugass, pitched high in the key of termagancy, the faint expostulatory voice of Alma Neugass, and, finally, one throat-torn sob that grated like a buzz-saw against the night, and the banging, reverberating slam of a door.

Barefooted, trembling in the chill, Lily peered out into the hallway, the grotesque procession returning down its length. Mr. Neugass bent to his tired angle, night-shirt striking him midships, as it were; the two dim white women creeping after.

"What has happened?"

"It's nodding, Miss Parlow. It's a shame for decent beoble they should have to listen. Wash your ears of it, Alma, and go back to bed."

But, instead, to Lily's importuning arm, Miss Neugass slid into her room, closing the door softly behind her, standing there shivering in the blue kind of darkness.

"It's the old story," she said. "Some girl in a fix and trying to get pa to help her. It makes me sick—positively sick."

"A fix?"

"Every once in a while, some poor creature comes begging pa

to break the law and help her. It gets them wild. Any girl who doesn't want her child is a monster, and every girl in trouble a vicious sinner. This poor little thing didn't look seventeen. Oh, my mother in her righteousness! Her terrible, untempted righteousness! Her easy righteousness! The law in its righteousness! It can be just as wrong and horrible to have children as it can be sublime. What right had that little underbred girl to bring an illegitimate life into the world? The law doesn't provide for the illegitimate child; why should it provide for its birth? What right had my father to withhold his help? There are worse crimes than taking human life—one of them is to give life under such conditions."

"You mean, Alma, there's a way not to—a way out?"

"Why, you poor, innocent baby! Of course there is, if you see to it in time. That is, during the first few weeks."

"How—many?"

"Oh, five or six at the outside. Go back to bed, girl; you'll catch your death. O, Lordy, such is life!" And went out.

For the third time in her life, Lily fainted that night, standing shivering in her night-dress for a second after Miss Neugass had left. In a room barely wide enough to contain her length, she dropped softly against the bed and, her fall broken, slid the remaining distance to the floor.

After a while, the chill air from the open window revived her, and she crept shudderingly into bed.

## XXI

Two weeks before Christmas, such a gale of house-cleaning swept through the Neugass apartment that the scoured smell of pine-wood floors and the scrubbed taste of damp matting lurked at the very threshold.

Then, one Sunday morning, Mlle. Millie Du Gass and maid, also Felix G. Auchinloss, were registered at the Hudson.

All that day, there wound into Lily's room the aroma of fowls simmering in their juices, the quick hither-and-thither of feet down the hallway, and, later, the whirring of an ice-cream freezer and the quick fork-and-china click of egg-whites in the beating. For days, she had hardly glimpsed the family except as they passed her on excited little comings and goings and always package-laden. A strip of new hall-carpet appeared. The piano had been tuned.

A sense of delicacy kept Lily to her room that bright, cold Sunday. She did her breathing-exercises. Washed out some handkerchiefs and stockings. Tightened the buttons on a pretty new brown coat touched up with a bit of modish stone-marten fur at the collar, which she had purchased, not without qualms, for twenty-seven dollars and a half at an advertised sale.

Then, for two long, immobile hours, she sat with her cheeks crumpled into her palms, staring out across the sun-washed roofs and roofs.

At noon, she took in a bottle of milk from the window-sill, thawed it, slid a hatpin along the wrapping of a new tin of biscuit. She alternated between bites and sips, sitting on the bed-edge, her gaze into the design of the wall-paper.

At home, they were sitting down to dinner, her father adjusting his napkin by the patent fasteners and tilting back his head for the invariable preamble of throwing the contents of his water-tumbler down in a gulp. Her mother in the hebdomadal polka-dotted foulard, her bangs frizzed. Albert gnawing close to the drumstick, jaws working.

As a matter of fact, just that scene was at just that moment in its enactment, and, in all the fulness of her intuition, she now knew it as unerringly as if it had flowed in replica to her through time and space, etching itself in dry-point onto her consciousness.

At five o'clock, as she lazed there, Alma Neugass burst in without the usual scrupulously observed preamble of a knock. There were two round spots of color out on her long cheeks.

"Did you think I'd forgotten you? I haven't—but it's been such a rush."

She sat down on a chair-edge, pressing a bony hand to her brow.

"You poor thing,—you're dead tired!"

"They're here, you know. Docked this morning, almost twenty-four hours ahead of schedule. She—they would have come up immediately, but customs detained them three hours. They are at the hotel now, and won't be up until supper. It's all so confusing. The reporters and photographers on their trail. He won't let anyone at her until she's rested. I talked to him over the telephone. You should see my father; he can't sit still. I never realized how little and—old he's getting until I



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(She read the volume sitting on the sun-drenched stoop of one of the old houses whose eyeless stare and boarded windows bespoke the absent family

put his black suit on him. He's so full of pride—he—oh, what a mockery—for him to dare to come here—home—with her!"

"Miss Neugass—this is not the time. Not now."

A cocaine sort of courage seemed to lock her face back into its rather nondescript immobility.

"You're right," she said; "I'm acting like a fool," and rose. "What I came in to say—get into that little pink dress of yours about nine-thirty, and I may be able to manage it for you to-

night. Two minutes of his time may mean everything to you, and nothing to him."

Lily flashed to her feet.

"To-night!"

"Keep your head. Sing the jewel-song. It's always a good showy standby. Let go—the way I heard you practise the other Sunday morning, and forget that it's Auchinloss or anyone else listening to you."

"No, no; not to-night, Miss Neugass! I—I'm not prepared. It's too sudden."

"It's as good as any other time. Besides, to-night we have him here, and there is no telling when we will again. This isn't what you would call the ideal headquarters for a pair of celebrities. I suppose, if the truth is known, Millie dreads bringing him here at all. Besides, they leave to-morrow for Boston."

"I'm not in voice these days. It's all roughened up since I'm singing down-town. I—oh, I'm not ready to-night."

"Nonsense! Don't ask Opportunity to wait outside when he knocks. He may move on and not return."

"I—I'm so frightened. I've such—such odds against me—right now. What if he only rubs his hands and says, 'Very nice'—what if—"

"That's where you'll have to swallow your medicine. After all, even the great Auchinloss represents only one man's opinion."

"But his judgment has proved itself—time and time again."

"That's why you have the chance to-night that comes once in a lifetime. Take it."

"I will!"

## XXII

It was just before midnight, after a four-hour period of waiting in the pink chambray dress, when came the summons which brought Lily into the presence of Felix Auchinloss.

Cramped from the long period of taut waiting, she was so dry of throat that, in spite of constantly sipped water, she could only gulp her reply to Miss Neugass's knock and eagerly insistent head.

"Quick! He'll hear you now before they leave."

She followed her without a word down the hallway and into a front parlor brilliant with the full-flare gas-jets, a bisque angel in the attitude of swinging, dangling from the chandelier and, swimming in the heat-dance, a circle of faces.

"Miss Parlow, this is my sister, Millie Du Gass."

A Greek chorus could have swayed to the epiphany in Millie's voice.

With her short bush of curls, little aquiline profile, true to her father's, tilted upward, as if sniffing aerial scent, her slender figure *parisienne* to outlandishness, the stream of Neugass ancestry flowed through the tropics of Millie's very exotic personality. She was the magnolia on the family tree, the bloom on a century-plant that was heavy with its first bud. Even at this time, slightly before her internationalism as a song-bird was to carry her name to the remote places of the earth, a little ratina of sophistication had set in, glazing her over and her speech, which carried the whir of three acquired languages.

"And this is Doctor Auchinloss. I've told him about you and your eagerness for a foothold. He's going to give you a little home-made audition. Will you hear Miss Parlow, now, Doctor Auchinloss?"

The face of Felix Auchinloss, also to become familiar through subsequent years of American dictatorship, seemed, by the hirsute vagary of a black beard joining up with a pompadour of sooty black, to peer through a port-hole. It did just that. A face in a window looking out, with very quick perceptions which ruffled it not at all, upon a world that came to him chiefly through two channels—his superbly attuned hearing and his palate.

He could detect a slurred note of the sixteenth violin in the crash of a ninety-piece ensemble of orchestration, and one-eighth of a second miscalculation of his two-minute egg could embroil a breakfast-table. A creature of elbows and knees, much as a chimpanzee is, the backs of his hands were hairy, but the eye seldom strayed from his face. It knew its Hegel, that face—and its Kant. It loved the smoothness of young girls' bodies. It was attuned to the music of the spheres. It could hold in leash the outrageous temperaments that responded to his baton, and look with impassivity, even cruelty, upon torture. Mostly the torture of women. Also, it could brighten out of its imperturbability at the steaming sight of a dish of *Sauerbraten*.

There had been no *Sauerbraten* on Mrs. Neugass's festive board, rather fowl, in a white glue of gravy and great creamy dumplings, and under three helpings and the steady pour of an extra lager, the great Auchinloss had expanded and expounded.

His glance, still warmed, took in Lily at a sweep.

There was something of the winklelike smoothness of a little wild duck wet from a skim across the breast of water about

Lily as she stood there. A phlegmatic and white kind of beauty which ordinarily held little appeal for him.

"Zoprano?" he asked, his gaze still beneath her chin.

"Lyric soprano."

"Om-m-m"—after the manner of having his doubts.

"You accompany her, Felix," said Miss Du Gass, not unkindly, and actually with an intensive kind of eagerness, as if for the diverting of his interest.

He seated himself at the piano, his great knees at a wide stride, riding down the keyboard in an avalanche of octaves.

In black silk that stood away from her, Mrs. Neugass sat by, not releasing hold of her daughter's hand, her eyes as if they could never finish their feast of her. Her timidity forbade her much that she would say, and so she sat smilingly silent and held the little ring-littered hand, stroked it, and lay it to her cheek. To Lily, who had never seen her out of the cotton-stuff uniform of housewife, it seemed that something of her Old Testament beauty had died beneath the bunchy jetted taffeta that brought out in her the look of peasant, her husband, in camphoric broadcloth, suffering the same demotion.

"Now, don't get excited," said Mr. Neugass, himself shaken of voice. "Remember it is home folks."

"She's all right, pa, if you don't make her nervous," said Miss Neugass, seating herself stiffly on a stiff chair, her face, as the evening wore on, cold of its flush, and tired rings coming out beneath her eyes.

"What do you prefer to sing?" asked Millie Du Gass, again kindly.

"The jewel-song."

On her words, the opening bars crashed out, and, to Lily's consternation, far too rapidly, so that she ran with her breath as it were, for the opening notes, lifting to it nicely, however, and, by miracle, quite at her truest.

The state of her invariable vocal exultation began to mount, her consciousness of scene to recede, and, anticipating her coloratura climax, she started to climb, building for warble. Her blood was pounding and her voice was in flight. Up went her chin. It was then that Felix Auchinloss swung on the stool, snipping the song like a thread.

"That is verra nize," he said, and then, winding his hands and winding them, "A pretty voice, as far as it goes, and verra, verra nize."

There was a silence that seemed to wait, and Millie Du Gass, her laugh like glass beads falling from a snapped chain:

"You must come down to the hotel, dear, some day, where I've a concert grand. This darling old tin pan! You should have seen, Felix, the way pops used to make me practise on it, rapping me over the knuckles. You old darling pops!"

"Papa's baby-la," he said, pinching her cheek.

"If you will excuse me now, please, I—won't intrude any longer."

"Good-night, dear; it was just lovely."

"Good-night," joined in everybody, too kindly.

Walking out of that room Lily was conscious suddenly of passing through a prolonged stare, especially from Mrs. Neugass, who leaned forward slightly in her chair—a stare that prompted her somehow to quicken her departure almost to a run.

Out of a night that flowed round her in a bitter sort of blackness that fairly threatened to drown her, she floated up toward morning to an exhausted doze, her face tear-lashed and her breathing sucked in sobbily as she slept.

It was out of this that she awoke suddenly to a bombardment of knocks at her door.

"Come!" she cried, sitting up rather alarmedly in bed, and holding the blanket over her chest. She was lovely and disheveled with sleep, her whiteness whiter because of the most delicately darkened oyster shells beneath her eyes.

It was Mrs. Neugass. She was pleasantly shapeless again in cotton stuff, her bosom bulging down and over the jerked-in apron-strings.

"Wait—I'll get up and close the window, Mrs. Neugass."

"You don't need to," she said, slamming down the window herself, opening the floor-register, and seating herself rigidly on the chair that faced the bed. "I want a little talk with you, please."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Neugass." A wave of memory and a sense of physical misery swept over Lily, so that it was difficult for her to force the smile. But she did, sitting up in bed and hugging her knees with bare shining arms.

With nervousness patent in every move, Mrs. Neugass sat forward, plaiting and unplaiting a little section of her apron.

"I guess you know it, Miss Lily, that (Continued on page 110)



"It's beautiful. Arturo—it's beautiful!" she said, hushed

# The Bride's Waltz

*A temperamental  
love-story*

By Holworthy Hall

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

**W**HEN he was twenty-six, and his admirers began to call him a genius to his face, Iglesia used to shake his head with earnest humor and say, "Yes; but it is not my fault." This was because he had never quite forgiven his parents for what they had done to him.

He had been kind and generous to his parents while they lived, but there were two injuries for which they might never expect his pardon. He still cherished in his heart the unwarranted belief that, given equal opportunity, he would have proved as great a civil engineer as he was now a concert pianist. He was proud of his income, and proud of his repute; but although these vanities often consoled him for the memory of his slavish boyhood, he continued to resent the arbitrariness with which music had been commanded for him and science forbidden. With all the obsession of genius, and without regard to his present glory, he still maintained that his parents should have offered him his choice.

As to the lesser injury, he was far more sensitive. When his parents had once fully realized that his career was merely a matter of the calendar, they happened to be firmly convinced of this principle: that the most serious handicap to any musician is to be born American. The boy was eight years old, dark-eyed, dark-haired, even rather dark of complexion. He had never played in public; his talent was unheralded. So that, very quietly, by process of law, they had "Arthur Church" translated into Spanish. \*And this was beyond Iglesia's power to forgive.

At the time of the discovery of their son's talent, the Churches had just moved to Pennsylvania from a very small town in

Oregon. Oregon had already forgotten them, and Pennsylvania was hardly aware of their existence. The canny parents delayed only long enough to have their own names altered, too—thereby preventing the newspapers from any later unveiling of the subterfuge—and sailed for Spain. There was privation ahead, but there was also fulfilment.

By compulsion, and in company with his father and mother, the boy learned to read Spanish, and to write it and speak it. Presently, he began to think in Spanish as well, and to put quaint accents into his native tongue. He studied and progressed and was "discovered." Then they all came back to America, and Iglesia's parents were happy when they died.

For nearly a score of years, then, he had lived under a name which he abominated. And yet his distinction was founded upon it, and he knew that the death of his parents made no difference. He couldn't tempt fate and the caprice of the public by changing back.

At twenty-six, he began to compose a little; and on the day of his signing the publisher's contract for Opus 8, a tone-poem in B-flat minor, he had already received, in royalties on the seven earlier works, a trifle over thirty thousand dollars. He was becoming a standard composer as well as a standard performer.

"And yet," said one critic to another, "he still lacks something. Both in his playing and his writing. Something vital. And it's all that keeps him out of the very front rank, too."

The second critic nodded confirmation.

"True. He's gone ahead too smoothly, and that's the answer.

## The Bride's Waltz

He hasn't had any troubles, and he hasn't been in love. He's just the least little bit—well, say apathetic. Give him time."

"Yes? What next?"

"Why, after he's gone through the fire," said the other critic, "we'll have to reclassify the moderns. Paderewski first, Hofmann second, Iglesias third. But not *until* then."

Iglesia had been playing at a private musicale. When the last encore was accomplished, he had risen, as usual, to stand by his hostess and suppress his boredom while a long train of guests saluted him with conscious smiles and still more conscious flattery. And Iglesias hated this. He liked flattery in print, especially if it were direct and straightforward, said what it had to say, and got over it; but he hated to be gushed at, or stammered at, or patronized, and so, in receiving strangers, he kept himself as mentally aloof as possible.

To-night, however, he was suddenly dragged out of his aloofness by a girl who brought up the very end of the line. At the first glance, he saw that she was exquisite—her coloring was as warm and delicate as a pastel; her eyes were blue and thoughtful, and her mouth and chin were, at one instant, adorable for their childlike appeal, and, at the next, adorable for their striking firmness. Incidentally, she had a beautiful figure, and she was wearing a gown of sapphire-blue velvet which snatched at Iglesias's imagination.

Their hands had met and their eyes had met, and Iglesias was hoping against experience that she wouldn't shatter the effect of all her loveliness by some gross banality.

"It was the very nicest thing I've ever heard," she said.

Iglesia caught his breath. He looked at his hostess and perceived that she was deep in conversation with a prince of Wall Street.

"Then to reward me," he said, with his faint Castilian accent, "won't you let me take you to supper?"

Her sudden accession of color told him that she was both astonished and pleased. He offered his arm,

"But it wouldn't be fair of me to monopolize you, would it?" she protested.

"Fair to whom?" Already he was guiding her toward a convenient corner.

"Why—to Mrs. Appleby."

"Mrs. Appleby," he said, delaying his smile, "has paid me a thousand dollars to play here. If she had insisted in advance that I take supper with any one particular individual—even herself—I should have told my manager to decline the engagement for me. I make my own selection—when I am so fortunate."

She looked at him, and looked away.

"I'm the one who's fortunate."

"Permit me to disagree with you." He raised his hand in the direction of a caterer's assistant. "Are you one of these *spirituelles* who call for nothing but a little ice-bird in a nest of spun sugar, or are you as hungry as I am? Shall we say jellied turkey?"

She laughed unaffectedly.

"Apparently I'm even hungrier than you are. To tell the truth, I was hoping for some bouillon first."



Iglesia had been playing

"Cream of mushrooms," said the caterer's assistant haughtily. Iglesias stiffened.

"You will be so kind as to bring us supper here. I thought so. Thank you." He turned, with an apologetic gesture, to the girl at his side. "Not that I am affronted, you understand, but I object to the tone of his voice while you are here."

"I'm not used to being taken care of like that," she said amusedly. "I'm afraid of waiters, too. Aren't you?"

"Afraid of waiters? What an idea! No."

In spite of her outward poise, she was embarrassed to have won the notice of the young celebrity, and she didn't dare to loiter the fraction of a second between speeches.

"Wha—what are you afraid of, then?"

Iglesia blinked, caught the spirit of the moment, and gave her his irresistible smile.

"That is a hard question to answer. It would be hard for anyone to answer—honestly. But, if you like, I will tell you—

honestly. First, I am afraid of the cold. That is because of my hands. Second—" He hesitated.

"Well? Second?"

"I was thinking whether I could afford to be honest. Second—and last—I am afraid of girls."

Once more she was hurried on by embarrassment.

"You must carry tremendous insurance on your hands, don't you?"

"And shall I see you again—ever?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course you will," she said.

"Might I—"

Her quickness of perception charmed him.

"Tea is at five o'clock. You've met my mother already. She was just ahead of me in the line. We'll both be glad to see you, any afternoon at all."

"There will be a fight," said Iglesia, "between convention and

impatience. I have to thank you for—" He broke off abruptly and made his familiar, infinitesimal bow.

"You were going to say?" she suggested.

"I forgot myself. You had not asked any question. I almost earned another reproof." He bowed again, and gave her his best smile, which was matchless. "Oh, never mind," he finished; "I shall hope to have the honor of earning it later."

He went home on tiptoe, inhaling from the bottom of his lungs in accordance with all the best theories of good health. Before his largest mirror he stood for several minutes, deprecating his features and wishing that he were better looking. Finally, he shrugged shoulders at himself, thanked his stars that at least he wore his hair short, like a gentleman, and whispered an excellent Spanish proverb which has to do with the inherent conceit of mules. Then he took himself off to bed, and slept poorly, and was glad of it.

When impatience had mastered him, he went to tea, and became so thoroughly demoralized that he broke, of his own accord, one of his most stringent rules and consented to play informally. More than that, he trotted out his new tone-poem in B-flat minor, Opus 8, which he had never intended to play at all except as a final encore on state occasions.

Later, when he had won a brief *tête-à-tête* with

his divinity, he explained to her just why he had played the tone-poem.

"But you mustn't say those things," she persisted.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't want you to."

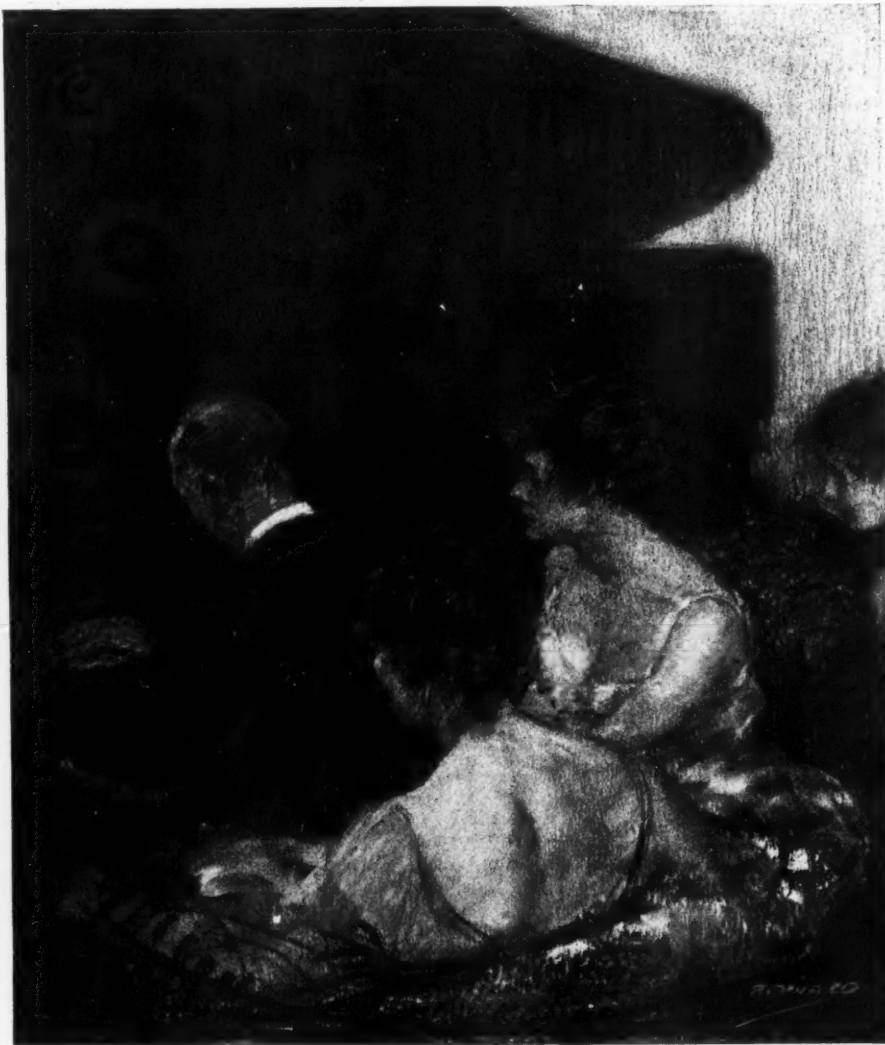
In spite of her intonation, Iglesia looked hurt.

"You women—all of you—you puzzle me. If I say a silly, gorgeous compliment I do not mean, you are pleased, while you know very well I do not mean it. But if I say the thing that comes truly to me, then you pretend not to like it. Why?"

She looked at him from under her heavy lashes.

"It isn't that. But I want us to be friends—"

"Friends!" said Iglesia, with his palms outward. "How can a man and a woman be friends? For a man and a woman, there are no fine distinctions of friendship. They are thrilled to be together—which is love, or they are not thrilled to be together—which is indifference. There is nothing between. They may have for each other affection, sympathy, understanding,



at a private musicale

"Yes; yes." Gradually, he himself was growing disconcerted. "But none on my heart," he added reflectively.

"You mustn't say things like that, though."

"Then you should not ask questions," said Iglesia. "And, besides, your enemy, the waiter, is coming with the cream of mushrooms."

It was fully half an hour before they were interrupted, and during that interval Iglesia had fallen irrevocably in love. Nor was it an aimless passion of his foster-race which overcame him; it was a normal and profound emotion caused by a girl he had admired on sight and found absorbing on acquaintance. He was possessed by her appearance, her voice, her manner, her opinions. Accidentally he had touched her hand, and the contact had given him a fierce and recessive delight which had strong elements of novelty in it. He had been physically weary when he had risen from the piano; now he was alert, and tingling with electric energy.

## The Bride's Waltz

pity, hatred—but not friendship, unless they are of different generations, or else they are icebergs. I speak, that is, out of my own observation. I have known many women, some of them for years; they are not my friends. It is impossible. And you, who have come so without warning into my life—"

"But you've only met me twice."

Iglesia waved his hands.

"But Dante had met Beatrice only once."

She gave him a smile so elusive, and yet so comprehending, that his heart moved up a dozen beats a minute.

"I don't agree with your philosophy; so let's *try* to be friends, anyway— Oh, there's one thing I meant to ask you. Did you ever write any waltzes?"

"Yes," said Iglesia, reluctantly accepting the change of subject; my first composition was a concert-waltz."

She shook her head.

"No; I don't mean a concert-waltz—I mean a *real* waltz."

"And what," he inquired politely, "is a *real* waltz, then?"

"Why, it's one you could dance to."

Iglesia sat up straighter.

"If I write waltzes for people to dance to? For crazy orchestras to play in restaurants—and hand-organs—hand-organs with the little monkeys attached—to murder on the street corners? My dear young lady, you do not realize what you are saying."

"Oh, yes, I do," she assured him. "You see, the other night you were kind enough to ask me what I really thought about your playing. And I said almost what I thought."

"Almost?"

"There was something I—I didn't dare to put in. I didn't think I knew you well enough. But my idea about friendship—it's so different from yours—is that friends are simply people who want to help each other. You play beautifully, of course, but—may I talk to you just the way I want to? Everything you do seems so cold and polished and brilliant. And a good deal of it I can't quite understand. It's so—academic. You're living away over our heads. And the one thing that would bring you and your audiences ever so much closer together is—well, suppose I say melody—melody, instead of mathematics."

"Hm," said Iglesia. "You would have me support the hand-organs? Is that it?"

"No. I'm terribly afraid I'm not making it clear to you."

"I share your terror," he said humbly.

The motion of her hands was very pretty and very expressive.

"I was just thinking that if you once let yourself go and put all the—the interest into it that you put into the things you say to me, you could write the most wonderful waltz in the world. And it would be good for you, too. You've got everything but feeling. You aren't *common*

enough yet. And music is the commonest thing there is. It ought to be, so that everybody could understand it. And I was wondering what you could do to make the very best out of yourself, and I thought—"

"You love to dance," said Iglesia.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'You love to dance.' It was not an inquiry; it was a statement."

"Why, yes; I do."

"As the saying goes, you would rather die than eat—I mean, you would rather dance than eat, and die dancing. Is that it?"

"Pretty nearly."

"I will write you a waltz," said Iglesia.

Her eyes widened, and the color flamed in her cheeks.

"Not really?"

Iglesia's eyes were burning.

"Not for the hand-organs, but for you. If you doubt, you shall see, you shall hear. It will still be Iglesia, still be music, but you shall dance to it, if you like, and when you hear it, you will know that Iglesia is whispering to you, between the notes, 'I love you.'"

She shrank away from his vehemence.

"B—but I told you you mustn't *say* those things!"

Unseen, he pressed her hand and rose.

"In that case, I shall have to go home and write them. I shall ask your mother to bring you to my studio on Wednesday. I shall play for you anything you say. You will tell me what you like best, and I shall play it. Then I shall know better how to write for you. And in the mean time—"

She looked down.

"In the mean time—"

"In the mean time," said Iglesia, subdued, "you have the opportunity to learn for yourself how it feels to be a lodestar."

On Tuesday afternoon he appeared in recital at Aeolian Hall, and on Wednesday morning the critics were still searching for fresh adjectives. At the last moment he had changed his program, and instead of interpreting the ultramodern composers, including himself, he had unexpectedly chosen to linger over the harmonies which may be called chestnuts, and are still classics and still beautiful.

It had taken the house exactly ten seconds to realize that a new Iglesia had come before them; and after that he got a reception which had no parallel in his career. Never before had women cried among the audience. Ingénues had sometimes crowded to the platform, bearing flowers, and matrons had sacrificed their gloves in applause; but nobody had cried. Nor had ever a sweeping wave of emotion rippled from the stage to the lobby and back again, and ceaselessly, so that you could feel it in the air and sense the personality which caused it. Nor yet, in all his days, had Iglesia taken his calls as he did this afternoon—taken them with tears in his eyes and his arms outstretched, as though at last he had found communion with his people. And they wouldn't let him go, and Iglesia didn't want to go, and it was six o'clock before the carriage-numbers began to shine through the mist, like little beacon-lights to signal the arrival of Arturo Iglesia in the top flight.

By Wednesday morning, the force of the reaction hadn't left him, and he was very tired and depressed. The newspapers came and he read them, one by one, and put them down quietly, and sat with his head in his hands, thinking.



She danced superbly; she was the incarnation of the music that swayed her



Iglesia was hoping against experience that she wouldn't shatter the effect of all her loveliness by some gross banality. "It was the very nicest thing I've ever heard," she said

"I must be worthy of her," said Iglesia to himself. "I must deserve her. I must write her a waltz."

His manager telephoned him that the recital was worth, cumulatively, a hundred thousand dollars. Might he come at three, to discuss a series of performances for which they could now demand the highest prices.

"I have a previous engagement," said Iglesia curtly, and hung up the receiver.

She came, with her mother, at the appointed time, and both of them were radiant. They had also read the newspapers.

"Tell me your favorites," he said. "Tell me the music you love best in all the world. Make me a little list." And, in

accordance with the little list, he played, in order, the Chopin "Nocturne in E flat," the "Military Polonaise," the Paderewski "Minuet," the threadbare "Prelude" of Rachmaninoff, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "Träumerei," "Liebestraum," and the "Beautiful Ohio Waltz."

Before he could complete his obligation, however, he was compelled to admit his ignorance in one respect.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am very sorry indeed, but I have never in my life heard of the 'Beautiful Ohio Waltz.'"

Here she had struggled with her muff.

"That's what I thought; so I brought you the music."

Iglesia took it and examined it carefully.

"It would seem to be very pretty," he said, with an effort.

Another genius, or a less purposeful lover, might have trifled with the situation; but Iglesias was too far gone even to feel contempt for the popular tune. He played it with every regard for its character and his own, and he made of it, in consequence, a gracious reverie. He had no means of knowing that he roused, by his attitude toward it, an answering throb of devotion in the girl he adored. He had no means of knowing that, from this instant, she forgot to look upon him as the property of the world, and saw in him only a lovable, talented boy, whose sincerity wasn't to be discounted and whose vast ability was incidental to his affections.

Certain it is that the weakening of her resistance dated from this afternoon. In another week, he had called her "Doris," unrebuked. There were swift-flying seconds during which he was permitted to rest his hand upon hers. Paradise was in the foreground; and yet, with all his new-found motives and all his resolution, he was still fumbling for the theme of his masterpiece.

It was not through lack of diligence that he had missed a theme, and it was not through any inhibition. He never said to himself, or thought, that the project was beneath his intelligence. On the contrary, he accused himself of gross stupidity.

As he sat at his piano, seeing visions of her, he was twice smitten with vigorous conceptions. He converted them, on paper, into Opus 9 and Opus 10. One of them was rather like Debussy, and the other was slightly less intelligible. Both of them, judged by the measure of modernity, were works of art; but Iglesias knew, in his despair, that Doris would call them coldly brilliant, and he didn't venture to confess them to her. With dogged calmness, he placed them with his publishers at an increased royalty.

The question of her taste was immaterial to him. She liked color, melody, rhythm, movement. Unless his ears and his heart and his fingers joined in a conspiracy to betray him, she should have what she wanted.

There came an evening when he danced with her for the first time. It was at a formal, gloomy function, but there was little of gloom about it for Iglesias. She danced superbly; she was the incarnation of the music that swayed her. And presently she said to Iglesias, looking up into his eyes:

"This is the 'Beautiful Ohio.' Don't you see what a difference it makes?"

"I have been conscious of it," he said gravely.

"Well, can you imagine your getting any closer to people's lives? Look around. And I can tell by the way you're dancing, too. Don't you wish you'd written it yourself?"

Iglesias didn't cringe. Let her taste be what it might, here was a definite thing which she appreciated.

"I only hope that mine will please you half as well."

"When will it be done, Arturo?"

"I cannot say. As soon as possible."

During subsequent weeks, she made the same inquiry and got very much the same response. Iglesias was growing nervous about it. In sheer desperation, he manufactured a bright little impromptu for her, and she was grateful but not remotely satisfied. She told him once, pointblank, that unless he kept his promise to her, she might easily doubt his ingenuousness. She implied that there was something very mysterious about this professed love of his—love which could obtain for him an increase of fifty per cent. in his income but couldn't stir him to the creation of so small a token of esteem as a simple waltz.

Iglesias boiled over. He had fidgeted at the keyboard until he yawned at his own incompetence; he had seized upon, and discarded, half a hundred various ideas. The trouble was that Doris had demanded a task so infinitely far below his comprehension that he couldn't get his mind down to it. He was literally unable to think in musical terms at all without thinking on a higher level than she demanded. The task was too simple, too elementary.

He tried to explain to her, and she grew dignified, and said that she refused to believe him. He expostulated, pleaded, lost his head, and swore by all the saints that she was more to him than any of them. Perhaps unintentionally, she looked at him from under her lashes.

"Mother of God!" said Iglesias, under his breath, and the next instant she was in his arms.

She struggled, and Iglesias, frightened by his own courage, merely held her. She relaxed, and fright departed from him. He bent to her, and she averted her head. There was a tremendous silence; at length he bent lower and put his heart on his lips and kissed her. And then a longer and more pulsing silence.

"You'll have to go now, Arturo."

Iglesias was aghast.

"Why, dearest? Why?"

"I—you'll have to go."

"After—that?"

"Yes."

"But it is impossible!"

"No—you must."

"Say first that you love me."

"I can't."

"And yet you do?"

"I—I don't know."

"You will marry me, dearest. You know that."

"No—please, Arturo!"

"I shall see your father, and—"

"No! You mustn't! Not yet! Not until I'm sure—you really love me."

"Sure? Have I not said I—"

"And still you won't do the least little thing for me, Arturo. Oh, you may want to kiss me and all that, but—"

Iglesias leaped to his feet.

"Mince-me!" he thundered. "Is it the infernal waltz again? I say I love you, and you demand a waltz? Doris—"

"Arturo!"

"I ask your pardon, dearest! But I say I love you, and then you—"

"But you make me wonder, Arturo. And it was such a little thing I asked."

He thought wildly of Opus 9 and Opus 10, the impromptu, and his recent press-notices.

"Without it, am I so hateful to you?"

"No, dear; no—but it's all I've ever asked. You promised it yourself. And if you can't keep such a little promise to me as that, don't you see how I have to wonder—about bigger promises?"

Iglesias mopped his forehead.

"And when I bring the waltz to you, then you are convinced?"

"You must keep your word, dear. For your own sake, too."

"Then I may see your father?"

"Y—yes, Arturo— But you mustn't kiss me again. No! You mustn't! Not until—until then, Arturo. That's rude of you! Where are you going?"

Iglesias, who had turned away, turned back to gaze down at her.

"Where would you suppose? To the studio."

"But you're tired, dear. It's past eleven o'clock."

"The piano," said Iglesias stolidly, "never sleeps. Until I have won your confidence, dearest, I think I am to follow its excellent example. You have challenged me. Very well. I accept. I shall come to you only when I bring you your music."

She stood by him, with her hand on his sleeve.

"I don't want you to kill yourself, Arturo, but—won't you come soon?"

"Soon—or never," he said.

He immured himself in his studio, and his temper rose by degrees until he had almost reached the point of hysteria. He sent frenziedly to Broadway for an armful of the latest popular waltzes, and after he had dashed through them, he deliberately selected the least expensive vase from his mantel, and soothed his soul by smashing it against the bricks of his fireplace. Then, miraculously, at this precise juncture, he caught a *motif* out of thin air and rushed to the piano and played it over and over. With descending enthusiasm, he cocked his ear to it, and, finally, with a loud thump in the bass, consigned it to oblivion. It would do very well for a concert-waltz, but not for Doris.

He telephoned to her, and the sound of her voice inflamed him. He was almost persuaded that she loved him. Then he went back to the piano, and battled with it for half a day, and broke down and cried, out of utter helplessness, on the keys.

Fortunately, he was ashamed of himself. That alone might not have saved him from wrecking his disposition; he was assisted by an engagement in New Haven, and the short journey came as a timely respite. He achieved another triumph and returned home. To Doris, over the telephone, he said,

"You have not forgotten?"

And she replied:

"Not yet, dear. Have you?"

"I am working," he said. "And you?"

"I—I'm waiting, Arturo."

Once more he took to the piano, and the *motif* he had caught out of thin air was recurrent. He played it, and frowned. He shook his head. With a sickening consciousness of failure, he hunted up one of the popular waltzes and stared at it with loathing. Then grimly. Then enviously. (Continued on page 94)



*The mystery of a  
million-dollar letter*

## Her Husband

*By Will Payne*

*Illustrated by Harrison Fisher*

**E**NTERING from the street, you ascend a broad flight of marble stairs, and from the head of the stairs you have a full view of the great offices of the Consolidated Bank. Behind the marble counter that stretches away on the right and across the rear of the immense room, there is a village population of tellers, discount clerks, exchange clerks, clearing-house clerks. Up in the marble-railed gallery swarm bookkeepers, correspondents, messengers. On the left, a battalion of vice-presidents and assistant cashiers sit mobilized at their desks. And up in front, on that side, is the office of Bedford Holt, president of the bank.

To gain his office, you must cross twenty feet of space that is enclosed by a waist-high marble balustrade with a gate in it. A burly person in gray uniform, with a silver star on his breast, is always in the neighborhood of the gate. You must be acceptable to him before you can pass. Having passed the guardian

at the gate, you may approach Mr. Holt's secretary, whose desk is near the door of the private office. Frequently, several candidates for admission are waiting on the

long bench at the right of this enclosed space.

But when Ben Bodet, striding rapidly, approached the gate in the waist-high balustrade, the burly guardian hastened to open it for him and, so to speak, wafted him inside. And the secretary, looking up, said, "Go right in, Mr. Bodet," with an effect of hurrying him on.

Bodet, therefore, strode on into the office—an apartment about thirty feet square, high, and abundantly lighted by a broad window in each of the two outside walls. A handsome office-table stood nearly in the middle of the room, on a handsome rug. Behind the table sat a stocky, big-shouldered man of sixty. The dome of his head was perfectly bald, and the close-cropped hair below was red, peppered with gray. His face was red, also,

with a healthy out-of-door color. He looked able, full of energy, and accustomed to command. One might surmise that his temper was high and, at times, explosive.

The banker, looking up from the papers before him, said eagerly,

"Glad to see you, Bodet; sit down here."

And the detective immediately surmised that this was one of the explosive times. As one might say, the echoes and regurgitations of the explosion were still evident in the banker's manner. With ill-subdued heat, he plunged into the subject.

"Bodet, a letter that's worth a million dollars—worth anything you've a mind to say—has been stolen from this room under my nose." While the detective listened intently, Mr. Holt unfolded the situation in swift strokes. "The government is prosecuting the packers. It's always prosecuting the packers, or threatening to; but this time it's out for blood. There's a lot of politics in it, too. Jim Hambridge has been engaged as special counsel in charge of the case. Hambridge wants to be the next senator from Illinois. He's bound to win this case against the packers or bust. It runs into the next presidential election—a whole lot of politics in it. Hambridge has got a barrel of money behind him, and all the resources of the government. Of course you read the newspapers. The trial is going on now. They don't want any fines. They're bound to stick the packers in jail or know why. They're trying to prove that the packers are in an illegal combination or trust."

Wrathfully, his blue eyes gleaming with battle, the banker affirmed:

"They're not in any combination, Bodet. They're not a trust. There is no better business in the country than theirs is. I know all about it, if anybody that's not actually a packer knows about it. But it's a whale of a business. It runs into billions of dollars every year. The banks are carrying packers' paper to the amount of two hundred and fifty million dollars right now. A business of that kind can't run at loose ends. They've got to know just where they stand. The banks—or some of 'em—have got to know, too. Then there are some other complications that I needn't go into. The long and short of 'em is that certain things have got to be kept in hand—especially just now. I myself have been urging certain courses of action that seemed to me most expedient under the circumstances."

"Ferd Farmington's private secretary walked into this office at twenty minutes of one to-day. He had the right of way and walked straight in. I was sitting just where I am now. Gregory—that's the private secretary's name—stepped up to this table and handed me an envelop. It was a perfectly plain, sealed envelop—no return-mark on it, you understand, and not addressed to anybody. He wouldn't have left it with my secretary or anywhere else except in my own hand."

"I had a caller here at the time, sitting just where you sit now. I opened this top drawer in my table and dropped the letter in it and shut the drawer—for a couple of minutes—until I had finished with the caller, you see. I went on talking to the caller, or listening, rather."

The banker turned in his chair and looked behind him at a door which communicated with a room set apart for meetings of the directors. In that directors' room there was a door by which one could gain the space where the vice-

presidents and assistant cashiers sat. Sometimes, in an exigent case, a vice-president who needed an immediate word with Mr. Holt came to his office by that rear route.

"Latham, one of our vice-presidents, came to that door with a telegram in his hand," Mr. Holt went on. "I heard the door open, and looked round and saw Latham, and knew it was something that couldn't wait. So I stepped back to that door. I didn't leave this room, you understand—not actually leave it. I stood in the open door—the door maybe a third of the way open—my back to this room, and I talked to Latham, who was just over the threshold on the other side of the door, for sixty seconds. It may have been ninety seconds, but I'd say sixty."

"I shut the door and came back here to the table. My caller was sitting exactly as before. I didn't sit down, because the call



was all over so far as I was concerned. The caller took the hint and got up. As she walked toward the door, I sat down here, for I was anxious to look over that letter, you see. I should say I had the drawer open by the time she reached the door. I didn't immediately see the letter, but naturally the notion that it could have disappeared didn't occur to me. There are some other papers in the drawer.

"Well, I looked in the drawer ten seconds—two winks of an eye—before I got the idea that the letter had disappeared. She had shut the door then and passed out—just two winks ahead of me, Bodet. There wasn't the slightest doubt that I had put the letter in the drawer three minutes before. There wasn't the slightest doubt that nobody but herself had been in the room since then. I hopped up and ran after her. When I jerked this

door open, I caught a glimpse of her going through the main door out there. She was walking fast. I thought she was making for the street.

"I hotfooted after her. I spoke to Larry—the special policeman—as I ran through that gate in the balustrade. Larry jumped right along with me. My notion was that she'd make for the street—running down the stairs and out through the lobby.

"Larry and I ran out through the main door. You know how it is out there. Five steps beyond the main door bring you to the head of the stairs that lead down to the street-level. But instead of going down the stairs, you can take one of the elevators on either side. As I ran out of the main door, I saw her standing over there on the right, ringing the bell to signal an elevator to stop. Naturally, I hopped over to her.



Very soon, out of the tail of his eye, he saw Mrs. Lipton signaling Lohman

## Her Husband

"I said, 'You took that letter.' She looked innocent and said, 'What do you mean?' You can imagine that I was quite a bit het up by that time, Bodet. I absolutely knew she had the letter. It couldn't possibly have disappeared in any other way. I didn't propose to stand any nonsense about it. I said, 'Come back to the office with me.' She came along readily enough—probably knowing she had to. I got her in here and shut the door and I went for her, if I ever went for anybody in my life."

The banker's broad forehead wrinkled in a frown, and, for a moment, he seemed perplexed to find the right explanation.

"They're not in any illegal combination, Bodet; they're not a trust," he asserted earnestly. "But, as I said before, there are things that require delicate handling. I had been recommending a certain course of action. This letter—I've called it a letter, but it isn't really that—is a statement drawn up in the handwriting of Whipple, the treasurer of the Farmington Packing Company. I don't really know, for I haven't seen it; but I wouldn't wonder if there were some notations on it in Ferd Farmington's hand. Probably there were three or four sheets of very thin paper. If a man on the street picked it up, he wouldn't make head or tail of it. But anybody that had the right clues—well, he might make considerable of it. Jim Hambridge would make considerable of it."

The banker frowned more deeply.

"That's the real trouble, Bodet. Looked at from one angle—my angle, say—it's all right. At least there's a good reason for it. But looked at from the other angle, it's all wrong. The nub of it is," he blurted, "that document in Jim Hambridge's hands would simply raise Cain. Every newspaper in the country would be sitting up on its tail, howling. Congress would be turning cartwheels. You see, the country is all stirred up and prejudiced about this packer business, anyway. It's exactly the wrong psychological moment to spill anything like that document." He looked very grave as he added solemnly, "I wouldn't wonder, Bodet—taking all this excitement and prejudice into account—if some men who are just as good men as I am, or even a blamed sight better, might be convicted and locked up on the strength of it."

"Now you see where that leaves me. I'm the sucker that spilled the beans. Good Lord! To go to Ferd Farmington and tell him I've let him in for that—why, I'd blame near as soon go jump in the lake! So you can understand how I felt about it, and how mad I was. I went for that young woman if I ever went for anybody. I told her she had the letter, and she'd got to give it to me. She was cool, and just insisted that she'd never touched the letter. She stuck to it; so I sent over to the Backus Agency for Peter Backus himself to come over here and bring two of the best women on his staff."

"They came, and the two women took her into the directors' room there and locked the doors and searched her. They didn't find the letter. Peter Backus tells me that if those two women couldn't find anything on her, there was nothing to be found. So there was nothing to do but let her go. It's impossible that she should have hidden the letter anywhere outside the office. There's no place to hide it, and there was no time. I ran right after her, and there she was, just in the act of ringing for the elevator. So there you are! A letter just vanishes into the air. But when I thought it over, Bodet, I knew she'd taken that letter. And I've got to have it back. And quick, too. So I sent for you."

The detective smiled slightly at the implied compliment, and asked,

"Who is the young woman—your caller?"

"Her name is Jane Marsh, or that was her name before she married a man named Albert Lipton about two years ago," Mr. Holt replied. "She

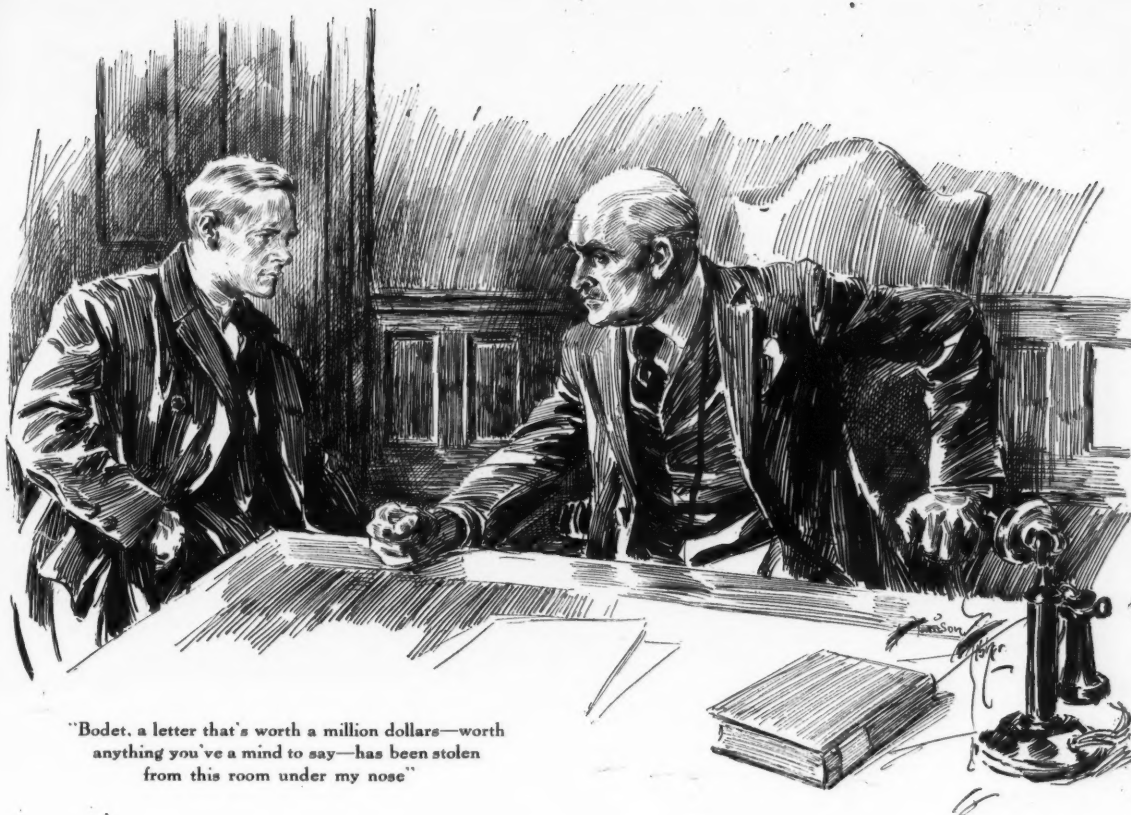
worked in this bank as a stenographer for three years or so. She's a crackerjack stenographer, too, and a mighty smart woman. For three or four months she acted as my private secretary. I had a good mind—sometimes—to give her the job permanently. She was capable enough to hold it—no doubt about that. But, somehow, I could never quite take to her—bank on her, you know. I could never quite trust her. It was understood that she was holding the job only temporarily; but probably she was disappointed when I finally put a man in her place. Anyway, she left the bank soon afterward and married this Albert Lipton. I don't know much about her husband, but he always impressed me as a sort of pretty-boy ass.

"He's in a kind of investment business—small concern that will bear a good deal of watching—Ingersoll, Lipton, & Company is the firm name. Probably you never heard of it. It cuts little ice, and what it cuts probably needs disinfecting.

They've been peddling stock in some sort of patent sausage-machine. Ingersoll, by the way, used to be employed in the financial department of one of the packing-houses. But I learned—or, rather one of our vice-presidents learned, for the affair is hardly up to my line—that Ingersoll, Lipton, & Company are more or less tied up with Jake Lohman. You've probably heard of Jake Lohman. If you haven't, I can tell you that he's a wolf. I wouldn't let him in the door or touch anything he was connected with. We were carrying a couple of little loans for Ingersoll, Lipton, & Company, and we called the loans. Jane



"There she was, just in the act of ringing for the elevator"



"Bodet, a letter that's worth a million dollars—worth anything you've a mind to say—has been stolen from this room under my nose"

telephoned down here asking me to see her. I didn't like to refuse. She'd worked here, and I really had a good deal of admiration for her in a way. I said I'd see her at half-past twelve to-day. That's how she happened to be in my office. She wanted me to renew those loans. Probably it meant a good deal to her husband—and herself. But I'd been getting more information about that sausage deal. I told her my fingers were crossed for anything that Jake Lohman was mixed up in.

"You see, Bodet, she may have been a good deal disturbed and disappointed herself, although she was too good a sport and had too much nerve to show it. She'd worked here—and kept her eyes wide open, you can bet. She knows what's going on. She knows Ferd Farmington's private secretary by sight well enough. She must have guessed that a document in a plain, sealed envelop that he put in my hand that way might be interesting. She swiped that letter. She must have! There's no other way. It can't have disappeared into the air. But if she's got it, probably Jake Lohman will get it. See? Bodet, I simply must have that document—right away!"

"It may mean money," the detective suggested.

"I'll sign a blank check and hand it to you, if you say so," the banker replied.

The detective looked up at the clock and observed:

"It's nearly two hours since the letter disappeared. How long has she been gone from the bank?"

"Half an hour," Holt replied. "You see, when we'd finished searching, it seemed all up—the letter had simply vanished into the air. But, as I thought it over, I couldn't give it up, for I knew she'd taken it. So I sent for you."

"What's her address?" Bodet asked.

The banker gave it, and about twenty minutes later, having paid the cab, the detective was climbing the stairs in a North Side apartment-building, whose flats, he judged, would rent at about twelve hundred dollars a year. He chose to walk up-stairs and knock at the door, rather than to announce his call by ringing the bell down-stairs. He was well pleased when, in answer to his knock, the door was promptly opened by a tall, dark-eyed young woman whom he took to be Mrs. Lipton.

He observed that she was surprised, and had apparently expected to see some one else standing at the door.

"Mrs. Lipton?" he inquired amiably, hat in hand. "My name is Bodet. I've just come from the Consolidated Bank."

The tall young woman was slender, with a feline liteness, and undeniably good-looking. Her profile was boldly sculptured, and while she was certainly surprised to see this indifferently-dressed man at her door, her dark eyes showed no shrinking.

"Very well," she said coolly, after an instant, and walked back through the tiny hall of the flat into its living-room, leaving him to close the door after himself and follow her if he chose. His name was known to her, and when she confronted him again in the living-room, she looked him over with a certain interest, as though, in a fairly impersonal way, she were curious to see what a famous detective looked like. Bodet noticed, with satisfaction, that her hat and hand-bag lay on the center-table in the living-room, from which he judged that she had returned to the flat but recently. He dropped his own hat and overcoat on a chair, laughed, and said,

"Shall we sit down?" She smiled a little, with good-sportsmanly humor, showing beautiful teeth, and they sat down. "Of course I came to talk business," he began good-naturedly.

"You have the letter. How much do you want for it?"

"What I'm thinking about now," she replied, "is how much damages I shall sue for on account of the outrageous way Bedford Holt treated me. Setting a couple of female thugs on a lady isn't what's expected of a bank president in business hours."

"Well, lump in the damages with the letter," Bodet answered.

"How much altogether?"

"I haven't any letter," she said, with a touch of temper. "Bedford Holt ought to know that."

Before he could reply, a knock sounded on the outer hall door. As she looked at him an instant, he caught a swift speculation in her dark eyes, and he surmised that this caller was the one she had expected when she opened the door to him. Certainly she was under no obligation of courtesy to him, and, without any apology, she sprang up lithely and left the room, closing the door of the little hall of the flat behind her—all but the tiniest crack.

Bodet waited. His straining ears caught, once or twice, a mere murmur. He imagined a conversation going on in swift whispers or the lowest undertones. Trying to overhear it was out of the question. He expected the almost shut door to open any moment. Perhaps a minute passed—two minutes. Sitting motionless in the chair which he had taken near the center-table, he was consumed with impatience and curiosity. Finally, he took a chance. That is, rising a little from his chair, he reached

swiftly over and caught up the hand-bag on the table. Undoubtedly it was the same hand-bag she had carried to the bank. He opened it and rummaged, aware that he was taking something of a risk, for Mrs. Lipton might reenter the room at any moment. Fortunately, there wasn't much in the bag, and what was there consisted exactly of such gear as any woman's hand-bag might contain, but one very commonplace, very innocent article in it held his attention for a moment, and when he replaced the bag, he felt very well satisfied indeed.

Another minute passed; then Mrs. Lipton reentered the living-room accompanied by a tall, powerful, well-dressed man of forty or thereabouts, whose thick hair and neatly trimmed beard were almost black. As he came in, he was looking at Bodet—very coolly, indeed. Mrs. Lipton introduced them.

"Mr. Bodet—Mr. Lohman."

Lohman extended a muscular hand, saying, with perfect composure,

"I've often heard of Mr. Bodet."

He stood two or three inches above the detective, and his mighty shoulders put him, physically, in another class. Bodet had heard of Lohman also; for one thing, Bedford Holt had called him a wolf, but he didn't mention that.

"We've all heard of Mr. Bodet," said Mrs. Lipton, showing her beautiful teeth. "Will you sit here, Mr. Bodet?"

Lohman, with excessive courtesy, stepped over to move the indicated chair into better position. Bodet walked over to take the chair, and so, as he turned to sit down, Lohman was at his back. Instantly, the detective's elbows were seized, drawn back, and pinioned by two mighty arms. At almost the same instant, Mrs. Lipton's supple hands were feeling his hip-pockets and the breast of his coat. After the first slight, automatic start of surprise, the detective had offered no resistance. It would have been useless, anyway. As an athlete, he realized the advantage which Lohman's hold and great strength gave him, and he himself was quite unarmed.

Mrs. Lipton announced that fact by saying simply,

"No gun."

Whereupon Lohman immediately released him and laughed, as though the two could appreciate a little joke of that kind.

"Sorry to be rude," he added coolly; "but I am not aimed myself. We'll start at taw."

And, with a mollifying smile, Mrs. Lipton reminded the detective,

"That's nothing to what they did to me."

Bodet had to laugh himself, but he saw the affair from a somewhat new angle. Therefore, guns had not entered into his idea of it. The three sat down with every appearance of good nature, and Lohman promptly took the lead.

"Mrs. Lipton tells me that a document disappeared from Bedford Holt's office while she was there and Holt sent you up here to get it back."

"Yes," said the detective.

"What do you offer?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Of course, there are two sides to this packing affair," Lohman observed. "Holt is one side; but if Mrs. Lipton has anything to sell, it would be only good business to see how much the other side would bid."

"Mr. Holt will pay twenty-five thousand dollars just to save his face," Bodet replied. "I myself doubt that the document would be worth twenty-five thousand cents to the other side. We admit that it would be embarrassing—nothing more. But that document was given to Mr. Holt confidentially. It got out of his hands. He doesn't want to look like a sucker—a bungler who's not to be trusted with important documents. He'll pay twenty-five thousand dollars to keep from being exposed in a humiliating position. That's the limit that I'm authorized to offer."

"How and where would you pay the money?" Lohman asked composedly, adding, "Of course you couldn't expect Mrs. Lipton to put that document within Holt's reach until she had the money."

"I will pay the money right here," Bodet replied. "I'll go down to the bank and get it and fetch it here. Then you give me the letter, and I'll give you the money. You can search me for arms at the door when I come back if you like."

Lohman smiled, also showing very good teeth behind his black beard, and replied:

"That would hardly answer. You might come back alone and unarmed; but once you get in touch with Bedford Holt, I wouldn't be so sure as to who might be following you back here. As Mrs. Lipton said, we've all heard of Mr. Bodet. I'm sure I should feel much more comfortable about it if Mr. Bodet were

right here under my eye until the case is finished." That obviously amounted to a statement that the detective might consider himself kidnapped and a prisoner until the affair was ended. Lohman smiled again, as he added: "Right here, under my eye, I'll know what you are doing. Once out of my sight, I'll not know. You can understand why I'd rather know."

"Well, what do you propose?" the detective asked cheerfully. "I can't produce twenty-five thousand dollars by making a pass in the air. The only way I can produce it is by getting it from Mr. Holt. I'll telephone."

Lohman considered that, coolly, but with eyes full of suspicious speculation.

"I don't much like telephoning," he replied. "You might say too much before I could stop you. Naturally, I don't care to have my name mentioned. You might write him a note."

Bodet liked that even less than Lohman liked telephoning. But, for once, he felt himself fairly checkmated. This burly man and his capable female companion could keep him there as long as they liked—except for some stroke of luck. And they didn't have to sell their document to Bedford Holt. They could sell it to the other side. He considered an instant, and decided to take the only chance that seemed to be open to him, although he had a shaky feeling about that chance.

"Very well," he said. "Give me a sheet of paper and an envelop. I'll write a note."

Mrs. Lipton's handsome dark eyes were uneasily questioning Lohman; but when he gave her a slight nod, she obeyed dutifully, going to the next room and returning with a sheet of note-paper and an envelop. Foreboding, Bodet took a fountain pen from his pocket and wrote:

1948 Wimbledon Place,  
October 15, 4 P. M.

DEAR MR. HOLT:

Take a plain, blank envelop and address it to Mrs. Arthur Lipton, 1948 Wimbledon Place. Put twenty-five thousand dollars in big bills in it and send it up here to me by messenger. Be sure to tell the messenger not to drop it in the mail-chute in the lobby, but to bring it up to the door and deliver it to me.

BEN BODET.

He folded the note and superscribed the envelop, "Mr. Bedford Holt, Consolidated Bank." But, quite as he had expected, Lohman reached a hand for the note before it was sealed. Bodet handed it over with misgivings. Lohman read it gravely, handed it back, and smiled.

"I thought so," he said. "In fact, when Mrs. Lipton told me who was here, I kept an eye on you through the crack in the door there while she talked to me. I saw you open her hand-bag, and I noticed that the little twenty-five-cent book of two-cent postage-stamps in it seemed to interest you. I gave you credit for deserving your reputation. I hadn't a doubt you knew what had become of that letter."

It was, of course, checkmate; but Bodet had fairly expected it, calculating that he could lose little by trying the one forlorn hope that seemed open to him.

"Of course, Mrs. Lipton took the letter," he observed, composedly. "There was no other way it could have disappeared. It wasn't on her person. There was no place where she could have hidden it before Mr. Holt overhauled her. He gave me to understand that she was a very quick-witted young lady with abundant nerve. It was a perfectly plain, unaddressed envelop, and there's a mail-chute on the landing by the elevators where she was standing when Mr. Holt reached her. It would have taken her thirty seconds or so to snatch the envelop out of the drawer, while Mr. Holt's back was turned, seize a pen, and write her own address on it. Being a quick-witted young lady, she doubtless figured that Mr. Holt would open that important letter, or look for it, the minute her back was turned. But she'd have time to pop it into the mail-chute there by the elevator. The only difficulty was a postage-stamp. Probably there wouldn't be any postage-stamps in Bedford Holt's office. Somebody else sticks the stamps on his letters. Luckily for her, she had a little book of postage-stamps in her hand-bag; so it was all easy enough. When I left Mr. Holt's office, and looked round outside and saw that mail-chute, an idea occurred to me. I should have gone back and told that idea to Mr. Holt; but conceit forbade it. I wanted to go to him with the complete solution and the letter—superior, you see—the whole trick performed. I made a great mistake there. I made another mistake in not taking you into the calculation; but I don't charge myself very heavily for that, because it was hardly to have been expected. As to you, luck simply ran against (Continued on page 142)



**M**ARION DAVIES, Cosmopolitan Productions star, has added an eighth to her seven big photo-play successes in "The Restless Sex," by Robert W. Chambers, bringing all her vivacity, beauty, and charm to the rôle of Stephanie Quest.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL STUDIOS



**K**ATHLEEN MARTYN, a newcomer from England, is one of the noted beauties of "The Girls of 1920," the "Nine o'Clock Revue" at New York's Danse de Folies. She also appears in the gay and brilliant "Midnight Frolic."



**E**LSIE FERGUSON has returned to the stage  
in the star rôle of Arnold Bennett's new and  
interesting drama, "Sacred and Profane Love."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STEVENS



**L**OUISE GROODY, a delightful dancer, has captivated New York theatergoers by her work in "The Night Boat," one of the season's best musical plays. She has also been seen in "Toot! Toot!" and "Fiddlers Three."

*A new short story—and  
a corker—by*

Frank R. Adams and Leslie Adams

# The Love- Piker

*Illustrated by*

H. R. Ballinger

MARTIN VAN HUISEN was practically a stranger in town. It was possible to guess that he was about thirty, and it was self-evident that he dressed well, spoke correct English after the colloquial fashion, and was very much in earnest about making his way in the world. He had grown up away from Belle Plain, and the town itself had become a city during his absence. He had been back once before to attend the funeral of his mother; but a funeral is not an occasion on which one becomes well acquainted. Besides, the ceremony had not been attended by important people. Martin's parents were simple folk, originally from Holland—the father a lathe-hand in the industry that had made the town famous and wealthy, and the mother a kindly, ministering soul, not very certain in her diction, but a master mason with biscuits and Irish stew.

So when Martin appeared on the business horizon of the city, he came as "an architect from New York," with the reputation of having been successfully associated with a firm of well-known architects in the East, and no one questioned or helped particularly his obvious intention of striking out for himself in the community, which was growing just about as fast as draftsmen could make blue-prints for it.

Martin could not help but get some of the business. His work happened to appeal to somebody in the social frosting, and he began to get the cream of the modern-dwelling contracts.

What is more important to this narrative is that he received an invitation to Mrs. Carmody's first after-Lent dinner-dance. The fact that he was asked over the telephone almost at the last minute to fill in for a "regretter" cuts no figure. George B. Carmody had suggested Martin to his distracted wife, and guaranteed him to be harmless and the owner of evening clothes. Later, he telephoned Martin to ask if he was.

Anyway, Martin went, and he drew a place at dinner next to Hope Warner, which complicated life for both of them almost immediately and led eventually to platinum rings, newspaper announcements, and all that sort of thing. How he ever forced

her to the engagement stage was a mystery to a great many of the young men of her circle who had tried it and failed.

Because Hope Warner was the spoiled darling of the town. Her training had admirably fitted her to be a queen, but not for anything else. She even knew herself that her head had been turned by adulation, which was the one saving point in the situation, and she frankly pitied the man who was going to attempt to make a domestic pet of her.

"If there wasn't something about this love-thing that I've never even read a description of, I'd never let you try it, but, Martin dear, you're so very adorable I don't hardly ask any questions or anything. I just dream on that everything will come out all right, even when I know it won't. I can remember that at home I have often been cross and almost insulting to my mother, but I foolishly tell myself that I will never lose my patience with you. I've been sarcastic to my grandmother be-

"It isn't too late.  
Pull off this ring  
and run like a  
hellion—whatever  
that is."

cause she did not understand some ultramodern joke I've made, but I pretend that I'll never be sarcastic to you, even if you aren't very bright, either." She tweaked his ear and kissed him to show she didn't mean it. "And I've been told so often that I'm beautiful that I waste lots of my time and intelligence thinking of things to make me more so, and I've gotten used to nice clothes—mother has always given me more and finer dresses and things than any other girl in town. If I don't get them, I stink. It isn't too late. Pull off this ring and run like a hellion—whatever that is."

Martin laughed and cemented the ring on her finger with an extra kiss. He knew, just the same, that there was a grain of truth in what she said. A girl could not be so beautiful as Hope without having been spoiled within an inch of her life. It took a highly optimistic temperament to tackle the job of furnishing personally a lifelong substitute for the fulsome admiration of all hands and the cat to which she had been accustomed.

But Martin was chock-full of confidence and a belief in the new order of things. He belonged to that younger generation which comes on apace—a generation which is not affected with maudlin sentimentality. He had sentiment—yes—but not sentimentality.

He loved his father, revered the toiler who had given him his chance in the world, but he had no desire to be like him. Every detail of his education had been definitely planned to make him different. Neither would it have been fair for him deliberately to select as wife a woman who paralleled his mother in taste and attainments.

But he had not swung to the other extreme. He was not ashamed of having sprung from the working class. He faced the world squarely and looked down on no one. He was no snob. Hope was.

It was Martin's task to train her out of it. She was so fragile that the great problem was not to break her in the process. But she had to be made to see that the world was a place all full of different sorts of people and conditions, not a glass cage, conveniently set apart, in which "our kind of people" lived and viewed with little interest everyone else who was outside.

Martin sighed. He had to begin sometime, and this was a good opening. With a prayer, he plunged in.

"While we're talking all about ourselves," he offered, "I suppose the time has come to tell you that I have a father."

"Have you, now?" She pulled away a little to look at him in mock amazement. "And I always thought that you were found by a fairy under a rose petal one morning after a specially gorgeous sunrise."

"What I mean is, I've got a father right here in town—alive. I want you to meet him. I've told him about you."

"He lives here? What's his name?"

"Puddin'-and-tame, same as mine, goop darling. But the thing I want to prepare you for is that he isn't like your father—not in the least. My dad is much older, not in years so much as in hard work. He has never had any time to rest until now. In a way, he spoiled me, just as much as your parents did you. He and mother went without nearly everything for four years to send me to school. I'm paying him back now the little bit that I can by making him comfortable and happy. He doesn't require much, won't let me do many things for him, in fact, but at least he doesn't have to work hard any more. Get on your hat and come and see him."

"Shall we take the car?"

Martin considered.

"No; we'll walk. It isn't far—in blocks."

Hope thought she was adequately prepared to meet Mr. Van Huisen, senior, but she wasn't. When they approached the neighborhood, she began to have misgivings. For it was in that part of the city which her friends referred to as "Shentytown," a place apparently overlooked by the civic-improvement societies and the gods. There had once been wood-block-paved streets, but some of the blocks had decayed and come out, leaving unsightly black pockmarks. Once there had been fences; now there were only remnants which were fast vanishing before the need for kindling. Every yard looked like the storeroom of a junk dealer, and there were too many dirty children, dogs, cats, and goats. Altogether, it was one of those neighborhoods that are picturesque from a considerable distance.

Conversation languished as detail after detail attached itself to Hope's heart and dragged it down to the soles of her feet.

"This is where I was born," Martin said simply.

He had stopped before the most tumble-down shanty of them all. It was an edifice that looked as if it were held together only

by supreme faith and a couple of hairpins. It had never been painted; the boards wore the hard gray look of an unloved woman; there was useless and torn mosquito-netting tacked over some of the windows, and the porch was gone or never had been, so that the front door opened out onto a four-foot drop to the ground. Only, no one ever opened it.

Martin led the way through a yard beautified only by dusty and dead weeds round to the rear, where there was a short flight of steps that canted at a perilous angle under a door which inconveniently swung outward, so that you had to back down the steps when you opened it.

Martin went in without knocking. Hope followed, her misgiving augmented by a strange and indefinable odor that had assailed her nostrils even while they were still outside.

It was patently the kitchen that they first came upon. A tiny range of prehistoric model was crackling away, and on top was a kettle of something that boiled noisily and noisomely.

"Corned beef and cabbage," Martin explained, noticing the wrinkle in her nose. "Perhaps you never met it before."

But that was not the only odor, powerful though it was. There was something else that hovered in the air—a tangible



thing defined by a bluish haze. This was more dreadful than boiling cabbage.

"Oh, dad!" shouted Martin.

"Yeah," came an answer.

"Front and center—distinguished visitors aboard."

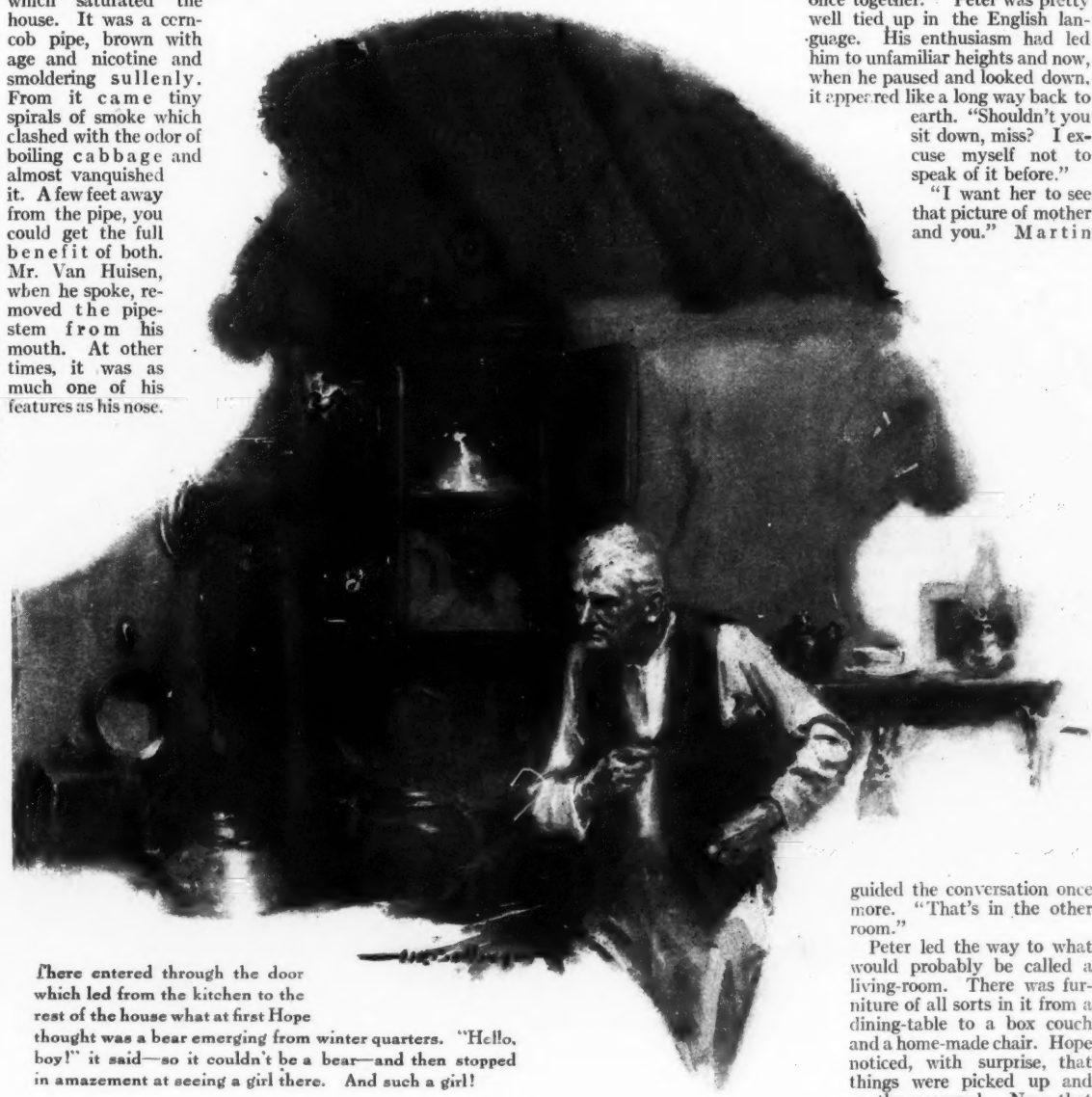
After a few creakings and scrapings of heavy feet, there entered through the door which led from the kitchen to the rest of the house what at first Hope thought was a bear emerging from winter quarters.

"Hello, boy!" it said—so it couldn't be a bear—and then stopped in amazement at seeing a girl there. And such a girl!

Martin's father had been planned for a huge man, twice as large as Martin himself, but he had failed to live up to specifications in the first place, or else he had shrunk afterward. Because now he was spare and knobby. One of the things that made him look sort of unfinished was the fact that they had caught him without his store teeth, and his mouth folded over on itself like one of those rubber tobacco-pouches that everybody has one of but never carries. The store teeth were in the old

man's vest pocket—he wore no coat—and he took them out tentatively, but decided that it would be impossible to don them unnoticed and slipped them back in the pocket.

Inserted in the flap of Mr. Van Huisen's face was the explanation of the bluish odor which saturated the house. It was a corn-cob pipe, brown with age and nicotine and smoldering sullenly. From it came tiny spirals of smoke which clashed with the odor of boiling cabbage and almost vanquished it. A few feet away from the pipe, you could get the full benefit of both. Mr. Van Huisen, when he spoke, removed the pipe-stem from his mouth. At other times, it was as much one of his features as his nose.



There entered through the door which led from the kitchen to the rest of the house what at first Hope thought was a bear emerging from winter quarters. "Hello, boy!" it said—so it couldn't be a bear—and then stopped in amazement at seeing a girl there. And such a girl!

Not having a keyboard in his oral cavity made the old man's conversation a bit more complicated than it was ordinarily. Even under the best of conditions, he often reverted to the idiom of his native Holland, especially if he were a little embarrassed or excited, as now.

"Father, I want to present you to Miss Hope Warner."

Peter Van Huisen looked at his hand to see if it was clean (so did Hope) and extended it.

"So," he said gently. "I like much to meet you." Only, there were many sounds of "s" in place of the dental letters.

"Miss Warner and I were engaged," Martin explained quizzically. "Perhaps we are yet. She hasn't quite decided."

"Then I am glad you have bringed—brought her to your old father. I can explain it to her what a good boy you is, and she will never ever be engaged to some one else. Miss, he is the best boy which ever was, and"—he paused a little bit to master a passing emotion—"he is just like his mother, exact, which was the kindest woman in this world." Believing that he was pleading his son's case made old Peter forget his embar-

assment, and the light of sincere and earnest love brightened his eyes. "Mother and me, we always thanked God for Martin, and now I thank him all alone for both of them. I lost her, and I lose—and Martin and me, we lose each other soon, but I never

forget how happy is all three of us once together." Peter was pretty well tied up in the English language. His enthusiasm had led him to unfamiliar heights and now, when he paused and looked down, it appeared like a long way back to earth. "Shouldn't you sit down, miss? I excuse myself not to speak of it before."

"I want her to see that picture of mother and you." Martin

guided the conversation once more. "That's in the other room."

Peter led the way to what would probably be called a living-room. There was furniture of all sorts in it from a dining-table to a box couch and a home-made chair. Hope noticed, with surprise, that things were picked up and neatly arranged. Now that she thought of it, the kitchen

also had been clean, even if smelly. She grasped feverishly at straws.

Mr. Van Huisen was halted before a crayon enlargement from a photograph, framed oppressively in gilt, which dominated one wall of the room.

"This is it," announced Peter, gesticulating with the stem of his pipe.

In some miraculous fashion, he had blossomed out with a full set of teeth; probably the opportunity had come when he turned his back to lead the way into the "other" room. It gave him a startlingly altered appearance. He looked like Roosevelt—all but the rest of his face.

"It's a good picture of mother—exact," Peter went on, "but of me it is kind of foolish. I only looked like that on the day I was married. The picture-man caught me while I was still wondering what had happened."

Peter was right. It was a sort of a foolish picture of him. He was standing, as the man always stands in those pictures,

with his derby hat in the crook of his left arm. The right hand rested, with an air of timid proprietorship, upon the shoulder of the woman who was uncomfortably seated upon the studio-stool. You could tell without seeing it that her head was being held in that unnatural position by a pair of those rigid iron tongs on a standard which photographers used to affect. Peter had been thin, even then, especially in his neck, which gave his head a sort of detached appearance, but the girl was well cushioned, even without the panniers and the bustle which some one had wished on her with the best of intentions. But she was sweet, and there was a touch of fineness about her that explained Martin and perhaps accounted for the old man's pride in her and her boy.

"Yes, sir; she was exact the finest wife what a man had ever," Peter was saying, half to himself. "And she was a good cook, much better nor me," he added, with a sigh. One does tire of his own culinary skill. "I guess maybe you are a good cook, miss?" he stated interrogatively. "Anyhow, I learn you sometime some of Martin's favorite dishes like his ma done 'em."

One got accustomed to Peter. Already he was not quite so dreadful as he had seemed at first. It was obvious that he was a simple soul subject to primitive emotions and easily pleased.

He had few treasures, and they were valuable chiefly in his own eyes because of associations, but he took great pride in exhibiting them to Hope. A pair of Martin's baby shoes—"Mother she saved 'em, and I keep 'em now because of her"—several pieces of cracked pottery around the Horn from China, a Dutch-lace cap—"Mother wore that when she was by the old country," and, last and most treasured, a Kashmir shawl that had been in Mrs. Van Huisen's family for three generations.

"It is exact beautiful like mother," Peter mused, without any great degree of accuracy in his smile perhaps. "Often, sometimes, I look at it, and it seems like she is sitting by the window in it on Sunday when she waits for me to go with her to church. I wouldn't take couple of million dollars for it."

"It is very beautiful," said Hope, in all sincerity. "I never saw a finer one, and it is almost impossible to get a real one nowadays."

He smoothed it out carefully and laid it back in the lavender of his memories in the box couch.

Altogether, Hope got through the ordeal of the call fairly well. But it seemed good to get out into the street and breathe the undiluted air once more, even in that neighborhood which had previously appeared so horrible.

"Well," said Martin quizzically, "do you want to give back the ring?"

"No-o. But—"

"I showed him to you just as he really is. He didn't know you were coming. I didn't want you to find out anything about him when it was too late. That's my dad—cob pipe, Tanner's Delight tobacco, and all."

"You know that his tobacco is terrible, then?" she questioned eagerly.

"Dear heart, I've known it was scandalous for seventeen years, but I wouldn't hit him with an ax, which is the only thing that would make him give it up,

praise never to treat a piece of corn-cob so cruelly, I think I'll keep you, at least until I can find a new cat."

That was where the matter rested. Martin himself was so ridiculously charming and whimsical that you couldn't hold a father against him, could you? So it was that Hope argued with herself. She appeared to forget Peter, never spoke of him, and let herself be carried away with the dear, delightful romance of engagement-days. And yet she knew that, in the future, her father-in-law-to-be was a factor that must be reckoned with. Some one was sure to find him; he would become an established fact to her own immaculate circle, and some one would laugh.

Hope winced at the thought of that laughter. Her pride had never allowed her to get into a situation where she could be ridiculed.

To her credit be it said that it never occurred to her to free herself from this menacing ridicule by having done, once and for all, with Martin. Her love for him was the one thing that had pierced through her love of herself, had found her out beneath the carefully nurtured armor of pride of place. She could not conceive of giving him up, of slipping back into oneness after having been a part of two.

The time came to send out the wedding invitations. The day was set; the order for the engraving was in. The flurry of getting the trousseau ready had begun. Martin saw

less and less of Hope. Their meetings were perhaps all the more delightful on that account. She saved for him all her moments of sweetness, never let a reflection of the day's trials intrude on their infrequent intimacies.

Once she asked him to make out a list of those to whom he wished wedding invitations sent. He laughed.

"That's all up to you, Funnyface. I don't care who comes to your old wedding except me. Don't forget to let me know about what day it is, but otherwise I'd as lief be married with no more

audience than a bullfrog on a lily-pond yodeling at his favorite star."

He hadn't said anything about inviting his father. Hope pretended to herself that it had never occurred to him and that, if he hadn't thought of it, it was perfectly natural that she should forget. And she

did—she consciously forgot it every day when the thought of it came to haunt her. The thought presented itself always in this wise:

"If I invite him, what shall I do with him? Will he smoke that terrible

pipe all during the ceremony, and will he wear his teeth or not? How can I introduce him to Edith Clooney as my father-in-law? Can I? I don't know Edith with her passion



Someway, Hope sensed that the old man had not trusted to his taste in buying something new for her, and so had chosen, instead, to send the one thing among his belongings which she had sincerely admired



She knelt there on the floor, wedding-dress and all. "Peter dear," she said, "I have a horrible confession to make. You will not want me to marry your boy when you hear what I have done, but I have to tell you about it just the same"

Huisen, Hope's new father-in-law, you know, making a few remarks on the etiquette of the eating-table." It was too dreadful!

"But if I don't invite him, how can I ever square myself with Martin's eyes? He'll never say anything, but I'll be afraid to look at him when my soul is so tiny that a single speck of dirt like this can cover it. I know I'm a love-piker, or I wouldn't act like this, and there wouldn't be any problem. I'd just go ahead and invite him, and let Edith and all the gang go hang."

This was all said to herself, mind you, with variations every day. Meanwhile, she did nothing about it—just forgot to send

But Hope grew irritable under the strain of forgetting, and she fancied that Martin was less loving. If he wanted her to invite his old father, why didn't he say something instead of just sulking about it? She couldn't be expected to read his thoughts.

The day before the wedding, which was to be on Saturday, Hope saw Peter again. She was in the limousine alone, going home from some "shower" or other, and she recognized the old man's back in the crowd on the sidewalk. You couldn't mistake his angularity, somehow, or his walk. He had a sort of side-shuffle movement to his feet that gave his method of locomotion

# In Chancery

*The history of the most interesting family in fiction*

**SOAMES FORSYTE**, prosperous and conservative London solicitor, eldest son of James Forsyte and Emily. He is separated from his wife—

**IRENE**. Soames, twelve years before, employed Bosinney, a young architect (to whom June Forsyte, daughter of young Jolyon by his first wife, was betrothed), to build a home, Robin Hill, for himself and Irene. Irene and Bosinney fell in love, and Irene separated from Soames only a short time before Bosinney was accidentally killed. Years later, Irene meets again—

**OLD JOLYON FORSYTE**, the eccentric, Soames' uncle, who had bought Robin Hill from Soames. Her beauty brings Indian summer into the close of old Jolyon's long life, and, dying, he leaves her, to the shocked amazement of the rest of the family, a legacy, of which—

**YOUNG JOLYON FORSYTE**, his son, a painter, is made trustee. Young Jolyon now lives at Robin Hill with June, and Jolly, at Christ Church College, Oxford, and Holly, a charming girl, two children by a second wife, now dead.

**WINIFRED DARTIE** is Soames' sister. Her man-of-the-world husband has run off to South America with his wife's pearls and a Spanish dancer, and she is taking steps to divorce him. The Darties have four children. The eldest are Imogen, of "coming-out" age, and Val, a student at Brasenose, Oxford, and in love at first sight with Holly Forsyte, young Jolyon's daughter. He is the special care of Soames, who is childless, but who has found—

**ANNETTE**, a French girl, daughter of a Soho restaurant-keeper, whom he would like to marry. The dream of Soames' life is for a son. He has prevailed upon his cousin, young Jolyon, to approach Irene on the subject of a divorce. She merely sends back word that she is sorry Soames is not free. Soames knows that a divorce from her would be difficult to obtain after the twelve years of separation. And such a step would shock his family cruelly. So he decides that he will try to effect a reconciliation with Irene.

XV

## THE THIRD GENERATION

**JOLLY FORSYTE** was strolling down High Street, Oxford, on a November afternoon; Val Dartie was strolling up. Jolly had just changed out of boating-flannels and was on his way to the Frying Pan, to which he had recently been elected. Val had just changed out of riding-clothes and was on his way to the fire—a book-maker's in Cornmarket.

"Hallo!" said Jolly.

"Hallo!" replied Val.

The cousins had met but twice—Jolly, the second-year man, having invited the freshman to breakfast; last evening, they had seen each other again under exotic circumstances.

Over a tailor's in the Cornmarket resided one of those privileged young beings called minors, whose inheritance is large, whose parents are dead, whose guardians are remote, and whose instincts are vicious. At nineteen, he had commenced one of those careers attractive and inexplicable to ordinary mortals for whom a single bankruptcy is as good as a feast. Already famous for having the only roulette-table then to be found in Oxford, he was anticipating his expectations at a dazzling rate. He outcrummed Crum, though of a sanguine and rather beefy type which lacked the latter's fascinating languor. For Val, it had been in the nature of baptism to be taken there to play roulette, in the nature of confirmation to get

back into college, after hours, through a window whose bars were deceptive. Once, during that evening of delight, glancing up from the seductive green before him, he had caught sight, through a cloud of smoke, of his cousin standing opposite

Sensitive to atmosphere, Jolyon soon felt the latent antagonism between the boys, and was puzzled by Holly

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*Nothing is too good for the American reading public. That is Cosmopolitan's motto. That was why this magazine first published Mr. Galsworthy's writings, even while the critics were declaring that England's most distinguished novelist could be appreciated by only a few intellectuals. Cosmopolitan's theory was proved right once again. That theory lies behind the reason why this is America's Greatest Magazine. It gives American readers the best that the world affords.*

till he had riveted his attention. "Rouge gagne, impair, et manquet!" He had not seen him again.

"Come into the Frying Pan and have tea," said Jolly.

A stranger, seeing them together, would have noticed an unseizable resemblance between these second cousins of the third generation of Forsytes—the same bone-formation in face, though Jolly's eyes were darker gray, his hair lighter and more wavy.

"Tea and buttered buns, waiter, please," said Jolly.

"Have one of my cigarettes?" said Val. "I saw you last night. How did you do?"

"I didn't play."

"I won fifteen quid."

Though desirous of repeating a whimsical comment on gambling he had once heard his father make: "When you're fleeced you're sick, and when you fleece you're sorry," Jolly contented himself with:

"Rotten game, I think; I was at school with that chap. He's an awful fool."

"Oh, I don't know," said Val, as one might speak in defense of a disparaged god; "he's a pretty good sport."

They exchanged whiffs in silence.

"You met my people, didn't you?" said Jolly. "They're coming up to-morrow."

Val grew a little red.

"Really! I can give you a rare good tip for the Manchester November handicap."

"Thanks; I only take interest in the classic races."

"You can't make money over them," said Val.

"I hate the ring," said Jolly; "there's such a row and stink. I like the paddock."

"I like to back my judgment," answered Val.

Jolly smiled; his smile was like his father's.

"I haven't got any. I always lose money if I bet."

"You have to buy experience, of course."

"Yes; but it's all messed up with doing people in the eye."

"Of course—or they'll do you; that's the excitement."

Jolly looked a little scornful.

"What do you do with yourself? Row?"

"No—ride, and drive about. I'm going to play polo next term if I can get my granddad to stump up."

"That's old uncle James, isn't it? What's he like?"

"Older than forty hills," said Val, "and always thinking he's going to be ruined."

"I suppose my granddad and he were brothers."

"I don't believe any of that old lot were sportsmen," said Val; "they must have worshiped money."

"Mine didn't," said Jolly warmly.

Val slipped the ash off his cigarette.

"Money's only fit to spend," he said. "I wish the deuce I had more."

Jolly gave him that direct, upward look of judgment which he had inherited from old Jolyon—one didn't talk about money! And again there was silence while they drank tea.

"Where are your people going to stay?" asked Val, elaborately casual.

"Rainbow. What do you think of the war?"

"Rotten, so far. The Boers aren't sports a bit. Why don't they come out into the open?"

"Why should they? They've got everything against them except their way of fighting. I rather admire them."

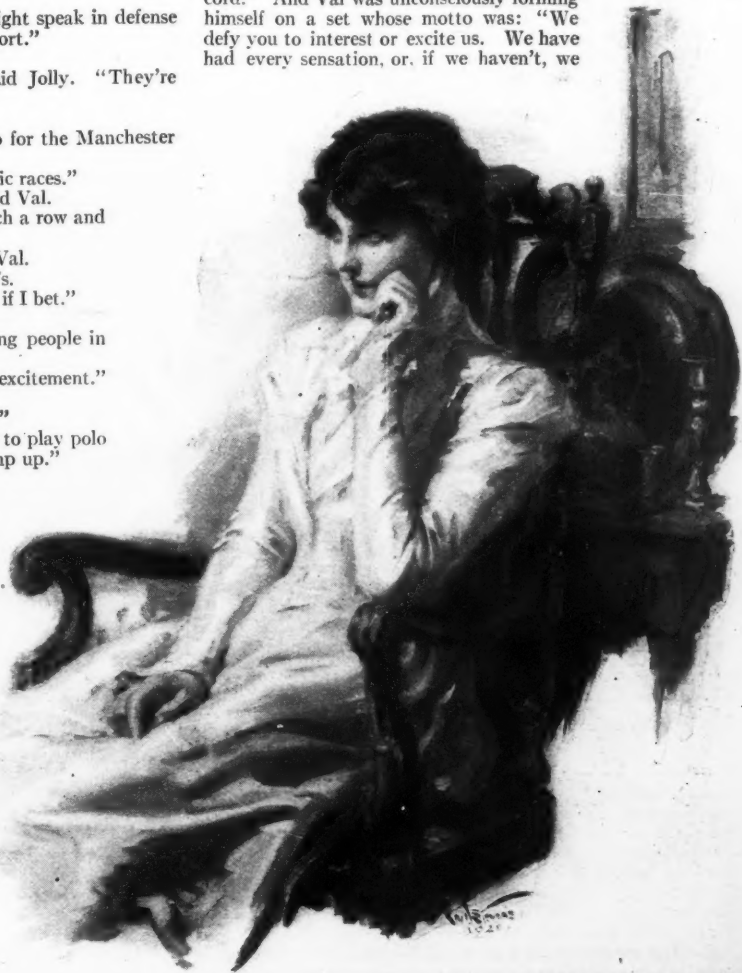
"They can ride and shoot," admitted Val; "but they're a lousy lot. Do you know Crum?"

"Of Merton? Only by sight. He's in that fast set, too, isn't he? Rather la-di-da and brummagem."

Val said fixedly,

"He's a friend of mine."

"Oh! Sorry!" And they sat, awkwardly staring past each other, having pitched on their pet points of snobbery. For Jolly was forming himself unconsciously on a set whose motto was: "We defy you to bore us. Life isn't half long enough, and we're going to talk faster and more crisply, do more and know more, and dwell less on any subject than you can possibly imagine. We are 'the best'—made of wire and whipcord." And Val was unconsciously forming himself on a set whose motto was: "We defy you to interest or excite us. We have had every sensation, or, if we haven't, we



At this moment, Jolyon and Jolly came in, and romance fled

p extend we have. We are so exhausted with living that no hours are too small for us. We will lose our shirts with equanimity. We have flown fast and are past everything. All is cigarette smoke. *Bismillah!*" Competitive spirit, bone-deep in the English, was obliging those two young Forsytes to have ideals; and at the close of a century ideals are mixed. The aristocracy had already in the main adopted the "jumping Jesus" principle; though here and there one like Crum—who was an honourable—stood starkly languid for that gambler's Nirvana which had been the *summum bonum* of the old "dandies," and of "the mashers" in the 'Eighties. And round Crum were still gathered a forlorn hope of blue-bloods with a plutocratic following.

But there was between the cousins another far less obvious antipathy—coming from the unseizable family resemblance, which each perhaps resented, or from some half-consciousness of that old feud persisting still between their branches of the clan, formed within them by odd words or half-hints dropped by their elders. And Jolly, tinkling his teaspoon, was musing, "His tie-pin and his waistcoat and his drawl and his betting—good Lord!" And Val, finishing his bun, was thinking, "He's rather a young beast."

"I suppose you'll be meeting your people," he said, getting up. "I wish you'd tell them I should like to show them over B. N. C.—not that there's anything much there—if they'd care to come."

"Thanks; I'll ask them."

"Would they lunch? I've got a rather decent scout."

Jolly doubted if they would have time.



The warmth which June would have lavished on Bosinney and of which he must surely have tired she now expended in championship of the under dogs and budding "geniuses" of the artistic world

"You'll ask them, though?"

"Very good of you," said Jolly, fully meaning that they should not go; then, instinctively polite, he added, "You'd better come and have dinner with us to-morrow."

"Rather. What time?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Dress?"

"No." And they parted, a subtle antagonism alive within them.

Holly and her father arrived by a midday train. It was her first visit to the city of spires and dreams, and she was very silent, looking almost shyly at the brother who was part of this wonderful place. After lunch, she wandered about among his household gods with intense curiosity. Jolly's sitting-room was paneled, and Art represented by a set of Bartolozzi prints which had belonged to old Jolyon, and by college photographs—of young men, live young men, a little heroic, and to be compared with her memories of Val. Jolyon also scrutinized with care that evidence of his boy's character and tastes.

Jolly was anxious that they should see him rowing; so they set forth to the river. Holly, between her brother and her father, felt elated when heads were turned and eyes rested on her. That they might see him to the best of advantage, they left him at the barge and crossed the river to the towing-path. Slight in build—for all the Forsytes only old Swithin and George were beefy—Jolly was rowing "two" in a trial eight. He looked very earnest and strenuous. With pride, Jolyon thought him the best-looking boy of the lot; Holly, as became a sister, was more struck by one or two of the others, but would not have said so for the world. The river was bright that afternoon, the meadows lush, the trees still beautiful with color. A distinguished peace clung round the old city; Jolyon promised himself a day's sketching if the weather held. The eight passed a second time, spurring home along the barges—Jolly's face was very set, so as not to show that he was blown. They returned across the river and waited for him.

"Oh!" said Jolly, in the Christ Church meadows. "I had to ask that chap Val Dartie to dine with us to-night. He wanted to give you lunch and show you B. N. C., so I thought I'd better; then you needn't go. I don't like him much."

Holly's rather sallow face had become suffused with pink. "Why not?" she asked. "Oh, I don't know. He seems to me rather showy and bad form. What are his people like, dad? He's only a second cousin, isn't he?"

Jolyon took refuge in a smile. "Ask Holly," he said; "she saw his uncle."

"I liked Val," Holly answered, staring at the ground before her; "his uncle looked—awfully different." She stole a glance at Jolly from under her lashes.

"Did you ever," said Jolyon, with whimsical intention, "hear our family history, my dears? It's quite a fairy-tale. The first Jolyon Forsyte—at all events, the first we know anything of—and that would be your great-great-grandfather—dwelt in the land of Dorset on the edge of the sea, being by profession an agriculturalist and the son of an agriculturalist—as your grandfather used to say, 'Very small beer.'"

He looked at Jolly to see how his lordliness was standing it, and with the other eye noted Holly's malicious pleasure in the slight drop of her brother's face.

"We may suppose him thick and sturdy, standing for England as it was before the industrial era began. The second Jolyon Forsyte—your great-



Soames said abruptly: "It's your birthday. I brought you this." And he held out to her the green-morocco case.  
 "Oh! No—no!" "Why not?" he said. "Just as a sign that you don't bear me ill feeling now"

grandfather, Jolly—better known as 'Superior Dosset' Forsyte—built houses, so the chronicle runs, begat ten children, and migrated to London town. It is known that he drank sherry. We may suppose him representing the England of Napoleon's wars and general unrest. The eldest of his six sons was the third Jolyon, your grandfather, my dears, and one of the soundest Englishmen who ever lived, and, to me, the dearest." Jolyon's voice had lost its irony, and his son and daughter gazed at him solemnly. "He was just and tenacious, tender and young at heart. You remember him, and I remember him. *Passons aux autres.* Your great-uncle James, that's young Val's grandfather,

had a son called Soames—whereby hangs a tale of no love lost, and I don't think I'll tell it you. James and the other eight children of 'Superior Dosset,' of whom I think there are still four alive, may be said to have represented Victorian England, with its principles of trade and individualism at five per cent. and your money back, if you know what that means. At all events, they've turned thirty thousand pounds into a cool million between them in the course of their long lives. They never did a wild thing, unless it was your great-uncle Swithin, who, I believe, was once swindled at thimblereg, and was called 'Four-in-hand Forsyte' because he drove a pair. Their day is

passing, and their type, not altogether for the advantage of the country. They were pedestrian, but they, too, were sound. I am the fourth Jolyon Forsyte—a poor holder of the name—

"No, dad," said Jolly, and Holly squeezed his hand.

"Yes," repeated Jolyon; "a poor specimen, representing, I'm afraid, nothing but the end of the century, unearned income, amateurism, and individual liberty—a different thing from individualism, Jolly. You are the fifth Jolyon Forsyte, old man, and you open the ball of the new century."

As he spoke, they turned in through the college gates, and Holly said, "It's fascinating, dad."

None of them quite knew what she meant. Jolly was grave.

The Rainbow, distinguished, as only an Oxford hostel can be, for lack of modernity, provided one small oak-paneled private sitting-room; in which Holly sat to receive, white-frocked, shy, and alone when the only guest arrived.

Rather as one would touch a moth, Val took her hand. And wouldn't she wear this "measly flower?" It would look ripping in her hair. He removed a gardenia from his coat.

"Oh, no, thank you—I couldn't!" But she took it and pinned it at her neck, having suddenly remembered that word: "showy," Val's buttonhole would give offense, and she so much wanted Jolly to like him. Did she realize that Val was at his best and quietest in her presence, and was that, perhaps, half the secret of his attraction for her?

"I never said anything about our ride, Val."

"Rather not! It's just between us."

By the uneasiness of his hands and the fidgeting of his feet he was giving her a sense of power very delicious, a soft feeling, too—the wish to make him happy.

"Do tell me about Oxford. It must be ever so lovely."

Val admitted that it was frightfully decent to do what you liked; the lectures were nothing, and there were some very good chaps. "Only," he added, "of course I wish I was in town, and could come down and see you." Holly moved one hand shyly on her knee, and her glance dropped. "You haven't forgotten," he said, suddenly gathering courage, "that we're going mad-rabbling together?"

Holly smiled.

"Oh, that was only make-believe. One can't do that sort of thing after one's grown up, you know."

"Dash it—cousins can!" said Val. "Next long vac—it begins in June, you know, and goes on forever; we'll watch our chance."

But, though the thrill of conspiracy ran through her veins, Holly shook her head.

"It won't come off," she murmured.

"Won't it?" said Val fervently. "Who's going to stop it? Not your father or your brother?"

At this moment, Jolyon and Jolly came in, and romance fled into Val's patent-leather and Holly's white-satin toes, where it itched and tingled during an evening not conspicuous for open-heartedness.

Sensitive to atmosphere, Jolyon soon felt the latent antagonism between the boys, and was puzzled by Holly; so he became unconsciously ironical, which is fatal to the expansiveness of youth. A letter, handed to him after dinner, reduced him to a silence, hardly broken till Jolly and Val rose to go. He went out with them, smoking his cigar, and walked with his son to



Having listened, eye cocked, to Mr. Bellby's breezy recapitulation the words: "We want to get

the gates of Christ Church. Turning back, he took out the letter, and read it again beneath a lamp.

DEAR JOLYON:

Soames came again to-night—my thirty-seventh birthday. You were right; I mustn't stay here. I'm going to-morrow to the Piedmont Hotel, but I won't go abroad without seeing you. I feel lonely and downhearted.

Yours affectionately,

IRENE.

He folded the letter back into his pocket and walked on, astonished at the violence of his feelings. What had the fellow said or done?



of the facts, he growled and said, "I know all that." And, coming round the corner at Winifred, smothered him back; don't we, Mrs. Dartie?"

He turned into High Street, down "the Turl," and on among a maze of spires and domes and long college fronts and walls, bright- or dark-shadowed in the strong moonlight. In this very heart of England's gentility it was difficult to realize that a lonely woman could be importuned or hunted, but what else could her letter mean? Soames must have been pressing her to go back to him again, with public opinion and the law on his side, too! "Eighteen ninety-nine!" he thought, gazing at the broken glass shining on the top of a villa-garden wall. "And when it comes to property, we're still a heathen people. I'll go up to-morrow morning. I dare say it'll be best for her to go abroad." But the thought displeased him. Why should Soames hunt her out of England? Besides, he might follow, and out there she would be still more

helpless against the attentions of her own husband. "I must tread warily," he thought; "that fellow could make himself very nasty. I didn't like his manner in the cab the other night." His thoughts turned to his daughter June. Could she help? Once on a time, Irene had been her greatest friend, and now she was a lame duck, such as must appeal to June's nature. He determined to wire to his daughter to meet him at the station. Retracing his steps toward the Rainbow, he questioned his own sensations. Would he be upsetting himself over every woman in like case? No; he would not. The candor of this conclusion discomfited him, and, finding that Holly had gone up to bed, he sought his own room. But he could not sleep, and for a long time at his window, huddled in an overcoat, watched the moonlight on the roofs.

Next door, Holly, too, was awake, thinking of the lashes above and below Val's eyes, especially below, and of what she could do to make Jolly like him better. The scent of the gardenia was strong in her little bedroom, and pleasant to her.

And Val, leaning out of his first-floor window in B. N. C., was gazing at a moonlit quadrangle without seeing it at all, seeing instead Holly, slim and white-frocked, as she sat beside the fire when he first went in.

But Jolly, in his bedroom narrow as a ghost, lay with a hand beneath his cheek and dreamed he was with Val in one boat, rowing a race against him, while his father was calling from the tow-path: "Two! Get your hands away there, bless you!"

## XVI

### SOAMES PUTS IT TO THE TOUCH

Of all those radiant firms who emblazon with their windows the West End of London, Gaves & Cortegal were considered by Soames the most "attractive"—word just coming into fashion. He had never had his uncle Swithin's taste in precious stones, and the abandonment by Irene, when she left his house, in 1887, of all the glittering things he had given her had disgusted him with this form of investment. But he still knew a diamond when he saw one, and during the week before her birthday he had taken occasion, on his way into the Poultry or his way out therefrom, to dally a little before the greater jewelers where one got, if not one's money's worth, at least a certain *cachet* with the goods.

Constant cogitation since his cab-drive with Jolyon had convinced him more and more of the supreme importance of this moment in his life—the supreme need for taking steps and those not wrong. And, alongside the dry and reasoned sense that it was now or never with his self-preservation, now or never if he were to range himself and found a family, went the secret urge of his senses roused by the sight of her who had once been a passionately desired wife.

In an opinion on Winifred's case, Dreamer Q. C.—one would much have preferred Waterbuck, but they had made him a judge (so late in the day as to rouse the usual suspicion of a political job)—had advised that they should go forward and obtain restitution of conjugal rights, a point which, to Soames, had never been in doubt. When they had obtained a decree to that effect, they must wait to see if it was obeyed. If not, it would constitute legal desertion, and they should obtain evidence of misconduct and file their petition for divorce. All of which Soames knew perfectly well. They had marked him ten and one. This simplicity in his sister's case only made him the more desperate about the difficulty in his own. Everything, in fact, was driving him toward the simple solution of Irene's return. If it were still against the grain with her, had he not feelings to subdue, injury to forgive, pain to forget? He, at least, had never injured her, and this was a world of compromise. He could offer her so much more than she had now. He would be prepared to make a liberal settlement on her which could not be upset. He often scrutinized his image in these days. He had never been a peacock, like that fellow Dartie, or fancied himself a woman's man, but he had a certain belief in his own appearance—not unjustly; it was well coupled and preserved, neat, healthy, pale, unblemished by drink or excess of any kind. The Forsyte jaw and the concentration of his face were, in his eyes, virtues. So far as he could tell, there was no feature of him which need inspire dislike.

Thoughts and yearnings with which one lives daily become natural, even if far-fetched in their inception. If he could only give tangible proof enough of his determination to let bygones be bygones, and to do all in his power to please her, why should she not come back to him?

He entered Gaves & Cortegal's therefore, the morning of November the ninth, determined on a diamond brooch. "Four twenty-five and dirt cheap, sir, at the money. It's a lady's brooch." There was that in his mood which made him accept without demur. And he went on into the Poultry with the flat green-morocco case in his breast-pocket. Several times that day he opened it to look at the seven soft-shining stones in their velvet oval nest.

"If the lady doesn't like it, sir, happy to exchange it any time. But there's no fear of that." If only there were not! He got through a vast amount of work, only soother of the nerves he knew. A cable came in while he was in the office with details from the agent in Buenos Aires, and the name and address of a stewardess who would be prepared to swear to what was necessary. It was a timely spur to Soames' intense and rooted distaste

for the washing of dirty linen in public. And when he set forth by underground to Victoria Station, he received a fresh impetus toward the renewal of his married life from the account in his evening paper of a fashionable divorce suit. The homing instinct of all true Forsytes in anxiety and trouble, the corporate tendency which kept them strong and solid, made him choose to dine at Park Lane. He neither could nor would breathe a word to his people of his intention—too reticent and proud; but the thought that at least they would be glad if they knew, and wish him luck, was strengthening.

James was in lugubrious mood, for the fire which the impudence of Kruger's ultimatum had lit in him had been cold-watered by the poor success of the last month and the exhortations to effort in the *Times*. He didn't know where it would end. Soames sought to cheer him by the continual use of the word "Buller."

But James couldn't tell. There was Colley—and he got stuck on that hill; and this Ladysmith was down in a hollow, and altogether it looked to him a "pretty kettle of fish;" he thought they ought to be sending the sailors—they were the chaps; they did a lot of good in the Crimea. Soames shifted the ground of consolation. Winifred had heard from Val that there had been a "rag" and a bonfire on Guy Fawkes day at Oxford, and that he had escaped detection by blacking his face.

"Ah!" James muttered. "He's a clever little chap." But he shook his head shortly afterward, and remarked that he didn't know what would become of him, and, looking wistfully at his son, murmured on that Soames had never had a boy. He would have liked a grandson of his own name. And now—well, there it was!

Soames flinched. He had not expected such a challenge to disclose the secret in his heart. And Emily, who saw him wince, said,

"Nonsense, James; don't talk like that!"

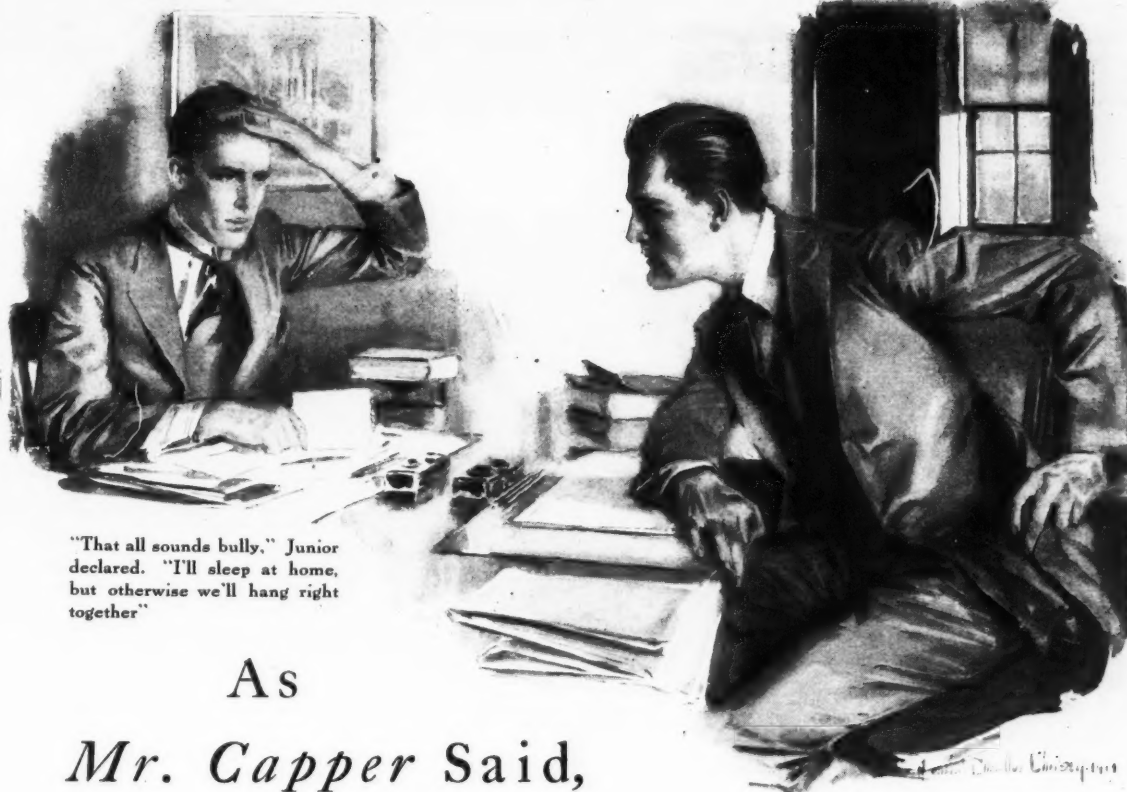
But James, not looking anyone in the face, muttered on. There were Roger and Nicholas and Jolyon; they all had grandsons. And Swithin and Timothy had never married. He had done his best; but he would soon be gone now. And, as though he had uttered words of profound consolation, he was silent, eating brains with a fork and a piece of bread, and swallowing the bread.

Soames excused himself directly after dinner. It was not really cold, but he put on his fur coat, which served to fortify him against the fits of nervous shivering he had been subject to all day. Subconsciously, he knew that he looked better thus than in an ordinary black overcoat. Then, feeling the morocco case flat against his heart, he sallied forth. He was no smoker, but he lit a cigarette, and smoked it gingerly as he walked along. He moved slowly down the Row toward Knightsbridge, timing himself to get to Chelsea at nine-fifteen. What did she do with herself evening after evening in that little hole? How mysterious women were! One lived alongside and knew nothing of them. What could she have seen in that fellow Bosinney to send her mad? For there was madness, after all, in what she had done—crazy, moonstruck madness, in which all sense of values had been lost, and her life and his life ruined! And, for a moment, a sort of exaltation possessed him, as though he were a man read of in a story, who, possessed by the Christian spirit, would restore to her all the prizes of existence, forgiving and forgetting, and becoming the good fairy of her future.

Under a tree opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, where the moonlight struck down clear and white, he took out once more the morocco case and let the beams draw color from those stones. Yes; they were of the first water. But at the hard closing snap of the case, another cold shiver ran through his nerves, and he walked on faster, clenching his gloved hands in the pockets of his coat, almost hoping she would not be in.

The thought of how mysterious she was again possessed him. Dining alone there night after night—in an evening dress, too, as if she were making believe to be in society! Playing the piano—to herself! Not even a dog or cat, so far as he had seen. And that reminded him suddenly of the mare he kept for station work at Mapledurham. If ever he went to the stable, there she was quite alone, half asleep, and, yet, on the home journey going more freely than on her way out, as if longing to be back and lonely in her stable! "I would treat her well," he thought incoherently. "I would be very careful." And all that capacity for home life of which a mocking fate seemed forever to have deprived him swelled suddenly in Soames, so that he dreamed dreams opposite South Kensington Station.

In the King's Road, a man came slithering out of a public house, playing a concertina. Soames watched him for a moment dance crazily on the pavement to his own drawing, jagged sounds, then crossed over to avoid contact with (Continued on page 173)



"That all sounds bully," Junior declared. "I'll sleep at home, but otherwise we'll hang right together"

## As Mr. Capper Said, "We Don't Know It All"

By that famous Hoosier, Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

MISS SHIELDS, will you please ask Tom to step here?" Miss Shields knew everything, and she knew that Thomas J. Capper, junior was not at his desk, hadn't been there for two days, and, in all likelihood, wouldn't honor the office for the rest of the week, the day being Wednesday.

"Mr. Capper hasn't come in yet," she reported, with a lingering stress on the last word that was wholly unjustified by anything in Junior's attitude toward his job as vice-president and sales-manager of the Capper Manufacturing Company.

"Oh, he's probably round the plant somewhere," remarked the president, who knew perfectly well that Junior was nowhere on the premises.

Miss Shields was invaluable, not merely because she was a model of the capable and self-effacing secretary but because she knew all Mr. Capper's vagaries, and knew just how to play up to him when, as in the present instance, he was pretending that he didn't know that Junior's desk was cleared off several times a day by other persons, who really did the work of the vice-president and sales-manager.

The president's inquiry for his son was only an incident of the office routine. But, this morning, Mr. Capper drummed on his desk for a moment and introduced a new line into the sketch.

"If Tom *should* come in"—his emphasis on the "should" was extremely delicate and in nowise betrayed vexation—"if he should come in, please notify me immediately."

"Yes, Mr. Capper."

The president rose, took up a bundle of letters, and, leaning on a pedestal that supported a bronze bust of himself that was reproduced upon all the stationery of the concern, as well as

upon all its products, began to dictate in a slightly oratorical tone. He prided himself on his ability to think straight and phrase his thoughts in clear-cut English. Occasionally, however, Miss Shields took the liberty of doing a little discreet editing to prevent confusion in the company's affairs and resulting profane outbursts among the president's subordinates.

While Mr. Capper had his little vanities, he was in every way a good man and an excellent citizen. He was just, humane, and generous. Many of the ideas which he thought were peculiarly his own and creditable to his broad-mindedness and his understanding of life were not in any sense unique. Like thousands of other American business men, he had wanted his son to enjoy all those educational and social advantages which had been denied his own youth and young manhood. Having left school at fifteen, he was keen for Junior to benefit in the fullest degree from a college education. And when Junior found college interesting chiefly as a place where he could have a bully good time with only occasional admonitions from policemen and deans, his father met the situation with a breadth of view in all ways admirable.

America entered into the war most fortunately at just the moment when it became clear to Thomas J. Capper, junior that he wouldn't land his degree, and he jumped into a training-camp and won a commission and served his country well—so well that his father and his bust shone in the reflected light of Junior's patriotism and valor. Mr. Capper, senior was called upon to preside at a number of mass-meetings on the score of Junior's achievements as a soldier of the republic; and Mr. Capper could speak of our boys "over there" with an emotion that was not personal but expressed the inmost feeling of every other American father.

Junior appeared at the door just as Mr. Capper was finishing his correspondence. This was taking unfair advantage. Junior had no business to spoil his record of non-attendance in this unexpected fashion. Miss Shields, who had learned from the morning paper that Junior was busily engaged in running a golf tournament, felt annoyed that he should have turned up. It was an unwarranted disturbance of the routine. And Mr. Capper did not like to be surprised; he was one of those men who are vastly disturbed when things don't happen as they predict they will happen. But here was Junior, brown and fit, and dressed in an exceedingly becoming gray suit—Junior, with a pleasant grin on his features. No one could help liking Junior; his father was distressed that duty called him to the disagreeable task of warning Junior against his slothful habits and general indifference to the business of the Capper Manufacturing Company, founded by Thomas J. Capper, and known in all the ports of the Seven Seas.

"Excuse me for interrupting, father, but we're pulling off a dinner at the country club to-morrow night for the visiting golfers. They're mighty good fellows, with a number of substantial citizens from neighboring towns in the bunch. I want you to preside at the dinner—just throw in the usual jolly, and make 'em know we're tickled to have 'em here."

"Well, of course, Tom," replied Mr. Capper, a little taken aback by this unexpected appeal, "I always want to do my part toward making visitors feel at home. It's only decent, and, incidentally, it's good business."

Miss Shields, who had loitered, turning over her notes, left to seek the president's private archives to take down box "P" containing post-prandial speeches uttered on various occasions by the president, with copious notes for others. Mr. Capper would no more have refused a toastmastership than he would have declined the ambassadorship to England or reelection as churchwarden.

"Please wait a moment, Tom," he said, seating himself at his desk and assuming his most presidential manner.

"Really, father—" Junior glanced at his watch.

"The matter is pressing," said Mr. Capper firmly. "I find it difficult to see you at home—you are there so little; and I grieve to add that it is hard to catch you here for the same reason."

"Oh, I'm sorry, father!" said Junior, and, finding himself caught, he sank reluctantly into the chair vacated by Miss Shields, his frank blue eyes meeting the rather stern gaze of his father's gray ones.

"When I made you vice-president of the company the day you came home from the war, I meant it as an expression of my appreciation of the fine spirit with which you threw yourself into the great struggle for the freedom of the world. I had expected that you would need a little time to adjust yourself to new conditions. But you have been home nearly six months, and, in that time, you have rarely, very rarely, visited the plant. Of course, your friends have been anxious to show you social attentions, and I should be sorry if they didn't treat you as the hero you are."

"Oh, come now!" laughed Junior, drawing out a cigarette-case and then, detecting a hostile gleam in the paternal eye, quickly thrusting it out of sight. "It was only a big lark—the most fun I've ever had. I suppose it's because I

got so much fun out of it that I'm finding it hard to sit still at a mahogany desk. As soon as this golf thing's out of the way—"

"I've decided," began Mr. Capper, in the tone of a judge pronouncing a momentous decision, "that you need a little help in catching the spirit and method of this establishment. You know I'm something of a philosopher, Tom."

Mr. Capper smiled, and Junior grinned his full appreciation of his father in the rôle of a philosopher. He could hardly remember the time when his father had not spoken of himself, particularly in moments of displeasure, as a philosopher. It was one of Mr. Capper's little vanities that he knew life and knew, from his serious observation of men and their ways, that through discipline the weak may be made strong.

"I tried to educate you as rich men educate their sons, with every advantage—and in a way, Tom, in a way, you failed to measure up to your opportunity. I wanted you to be everything I haven't been and can't be, Tom."

"Why, father, you pass for a college-man anywhere! I don't know a better-read man than you are; and certainly you've done a lot to give this town art and music—"

Mr. Capper raised his hand deprecatingly.

"The very slightest service, Tom. But I had hoped that you would build upon my little beginnings. I had even thought you might elect for yourself one of the professions, the law, perhaps. As it is, you are not even concerned about the business to which I have given my life. From your indifference, I have begun to fear that, when I pass on, it will fall into the hands of strangers. More than ever it requires initiative, new ideas. You may not know that, with the expiration of certain patents in the near future, we may be seriously crippled as to several of our specialties. And the Staynor concern, at Gordonville, has been cutting into us. You mustn't imagine that our business is all conducted on flowery beds of ease."

"I didn't understand, of course," said Junior uncomfortably. "Staynor is here, by the way; you'll see him at the dinner."

"Every day," Mr. Capper continued, "the correspondence and papers that have been put on your desk are carried away by other employees and taken care of. You may not know it, but your persistent refusal to settle down and master the business is making me ridiculous."

"Why, father—"

Mr. Capper shook his head gently and went on, "The income from the money left you by your dear mother has never been touched. I am not sure that you know that. I have wanted it to accumulate until you had gotten the world well under your feet. Here is the key to the safety box. The securities are all gilt-edge and readily negotiable. I mention this to show you the extent of my confidence."

"Yes, father; I hadn't quite understood about that, but I have never doubted that you always did the best for me. You have dealt with me generously."

Junior took the key, turning it over in his fingers. His father's solemnity depressed him. Money had interested Junior only as a medium of barter and sale. In his twenty-first year, he had signed some papers that had to do with his mother's estate, but without giving particular heed to them. Mrs. Capper had brought money to her



Miss Shields came to say that his father was ready to see him. "Mr. Capper is not well; he is not himself at all," the secretary remarked anxiously



The fact that he was Thomas J. Capper, junior, and lived in a big house with an iron fence round it, did not embarrass her as it had embarrassed Perry's other friends

husband, and her fortune had made the development of the company possible. Two hundred thousand dollars she had kept and bequeathed to her son, and the amount was now considerably augmented by the accumulations of interest.

"I'd rather you'd keep this, father," said Junior humbly.

"It is yours; I have no right to it whatever. Only, I hope you will consider my wishes with reference to it."

"I shall do that—certainly, sir."

"To return to the other matters I have in mind"—Junior's spirits sank to new depths—"I have decided upon a course which will I hope not in any way embarrass you. As I have so often said, you have had everything I should like to have had for myself in the way of preparation for the great tasks of life. Perhaps I erred in this. Now, there's a young man in the office who interests me particularly. He came here as a lad at the age I struck out for myself. His first job was to sweep out the office. He is now an assistant to the sales-manager, capable, energetic, a tireless worker. He's really been filling your place. You may perhaps recall him—Perry Flack?"

There was a slight ironic touch here. Everyone in the plant knew Perry Flack, and Junior had no difficulty in remembering him as an anemic-looking chap of about twenty-seven who always wore collars utterly irreconcilable with, and dissociated from, his neck. And Perry's manner of roaching his fair hair was very painful to Junior.

There was something ominous in the way his father had introduced Perry into the conversation. Junior's duties at the country club were pressing, and he had expected that the invitation to preside at the golf dinner would serve to obscure the fact that he was absenting himself from business rather more regularly than was defensible.

"More and more," continued Mr. Capper, settling back in his chair as though he were launching upon an address of considerable length, "I feel my views changing with respect to many matters about which I had thought myself incapable of change. As you know, I have always been broadly democratic in my sympathies—no snobbishness, a sincere respect for the men and women who work with their hands. We don't know it all, Tom."

## As Mr. Capper Said, "We Don't Know It All"

As I talk from time to time to the workmen in the shops, I find myself humble before them. We may learn much from these people."

"Of course, father," Junior agreed heartily.

Thomas J. Capper was talking strangely, and that, too, in the middle of the day, when department heads were pacing the corridor anxious for interviews. If he had not looked the wholesome specimen of manhood that made him a desirable life-insurance risk at fifty-eight, Junior would have thought his father ill. The new Capper philosophy was revolutionary.

"What is in my mind," continued Mr. Capper, "is the result of much thought, and I hope you will realize that what I have to propose is for your own good. Perry Flack has had every experience of life that you have missed—the discipline of hard labor, the need to swim or sink in the great sea of life. I am aware, my boy, of a sense of defeat with reference to my—er—wish to protect you from hardship. And I have resolved that, before it is too late, you should have the benefit of intimate association with a young man of your own age who—er—has felt the world's rough hand. Do you follow me?"

"I think I get the idea," Junior answered, much as a child anxious to get back to play will agree to anything.

"In your persistent neglect of your responsibilities, Perry has done much of your work, and done it in a way to shield you. He is very ambitious and as loyal an employee as I ever had. I am going to suggest—understand, there is no compulsion about this—that you and Perry work together—for six months—we will say, keeping the same hours. Even in a social way, I should be glad if you knew his friends; there may be much of profit in that, and I should like to see you try the experiment. Perry is thrifty; he has invested his small savings in stock of the company. This pleases me, and I hate to think that my own son, with his larger opportunities, is not—er—quite so alive to his chance for development. In order that you might better have a little more leeway, I should be disposed to place five thousand dollars at the disposal of each of you to see how you manage, placing no restrictions upon your investments."

The tan did not conceal the deep color that dyed Junior's face as it dawned upon him that what his father was proposing was the appointment of Perry of the queer collars as his tutor and chum. It was a bewildering, not to say a stunning idea. But after the first flash of resentment, the humor of the thing struck in upon him hard. He wanted to laugh; but a son does not laugh at a serious-minded father who propounds a new philosophy. And, besides, Junior respected and loved his father, and, for another thing, he felt his guilt heavy upon him. He had poorly repaid his father's generous indulgences, and little regarded the loneliness which had been a poignant thing in his long widowerhood.

"You've been troubled about me a lot, father—I know that—and I can't tell you how sorry I am. This arrangement is all right—perfectly all right. No doubt I can learn a lot from Perry, and I'll buckle right into it."

"Thank you, my boy. I was sure you would meet me in the same spirit of kindness and affection in which I have broached the matter. And now for another thing." The next announcement was, if possible, more astonishing than anything that had preceded it. "It is my hope to see you happily married and our name perpetuated. I have never been aware that you were particularly interested in anyone; you have paid your little at-

tentions to a number of girls, but I fancy never very seriously. For a time, it was Esther Morton—a very charming girl, and the daughter of one of our best families—fine stock, and—er—an only child like yourself. Of the material advantages, I shall not speak—"

The material advantages need no exposition. The Mortons



Genevieve was struggling to free the hand which Junior rose the voice of Thomas J. Capper, senior, to know him lately, you'll

were as rich as Esther was uninteresting. Esther was a girl of his own age. The kindest thing that could be said of her was that she was almost pathetically plain. Junior had been kind to her because he was sorry for her. The idea of marrying her after he had been properly whipped into shape by Perry Flack made him giddy. He needed air, and he rose hastily, laughing with a gaiety that bordered upon hysteria.

"Great Scott, father! You've given me enough to think about without going into matrimony. Sometime I hope to offer you a daughter-in-law, but not yet."

"Esther is devoted to charitable work, and is a thoroughly kind-hearted girl," Mr. Capper remarked.

"That's the trouble. That's what everybody says," laughed Junior. "Well, I must skip, or that tournament will go to smash."

When does the new order begin—Monday morning? All right, father—thank you, and I'll do my best to make good."

## II

THEY said around the office that Junior was a good sport to accept so cheerfully his annexation to Perry Flack. Miss

interest Junior, who had treated them as so much chaff heretofore—when he had paid any attention to them at all.

Student and tutor made a round of the shops every day. This was "to keep in touch," as Mr. Capper phrased it. On the first tour of inspection, Junior saw that the workmen were not pleased by Perry's inspections. Perry walked with a jaunty little step that was rather suggestive of superiority, and having been a second lieutenant of infantry, Junior knew that such assumptions do not make for good feeling in the ranks.

"I've got my week worked out on a schedule," Perry explained to Junior. "I usually play billiards a little while after supper. Then, twice a week I go to a show, if there's anything good in town. And Saturday afternoons I play golf or tennis at one of the parks. And now and then I look in on one of the girls and maybe go to a dance somewhere. It's kind o' nice dancing at the Blue Pavilion down on the river these warm evenings."

"That all sounds bully," Junior declared. "I'll stick right by you. I'll sleep at home, but otherwise we'll hang right together."

"Well, I eat mostly in cafeterias. The food's cheaper, and you don't waste so much time."

It was with an occasional twinge of homesickness that Junior passed the doors of the Little Valley Club on his way to the refectories of Perry's choice. Perry belonged to the Adelphi, a club with a reading-room, billiards, and soft drinks; there was also a card-room. Perry was bitterly hostile to the card-room as an evil place where poker was played by naughty members. Junior insisted on trying his hand one evening and won four dollars and seventy-five cents—a feat for which Perry mildly censured him.

Junior, discouraged by his inability to find in Perry any flash of genius, was almost equally disheartened by his failure to find in his daily companion any yellow streaks. When it came to morals, Perry surpassed the saints. He didn't even chew gum. His only sins were his collars and his coiffure. Junior hadn't known that anyone could be as good as Perry Flack, and his daily association with a perfect young man worried him a good deal.

"I guess we might call on Miss Freer," Perry remarked, one Wednesday evening, as they concluded a game of billiards. Perry was a poor player—he played for the exercise, he said, and he certainly got a good deal of exercise out of it.

"Delighted!" cried Junior, anxious to escape from the club.

Perry read improving literature, and was looked upon, Junior found, as something of a highbrow in the social circle he graced. The girls he had so far introduced to Junior were sober-minded girls, friendly business girls who attended night classes and were bound to get on in the world.

The Freers lived in a flat not far from the Adelphi, and as he climbed the stairs through an atmosphere redolent of vegetable flavors, Junior fortified himself for a meeting with another of the colorless young women whose society Perry affected. Perry had merely mentioned Genevieve Freer as a nice girl, but all the girls Perry knew were nice.

When the Freer door opened, Junior's opinion of his tutor as a judge of young womankind rose so swiftly that he clutched Perry's arm for support. No wonder Perry hadn't prepared him for this meeting. The greatest masters of English couldn't have done justice to Genevieve Freer, much less a man of Perry Flack's scant vocabulary.



has seized to prevent an exit. "My dear Miss Freer, "if you knew that boy as well as I've learned say. 'Yes,' and be done with it"

Shields had expected that Junior would rebel at having Flack planted opposite him at a double desk, but from the fashion in which Junior regarded the doom that compelled him to face the blond roach and queer collars of his preceptor, one might have imagined that Junior himself had proposed the arrangement. Perry had received his instructions direct from Mr. Capper, and undertook the responsibility of making a man of Junior with all solemnity.

If there was a mystery about the talents the president discerned in Perry Flack, Junior meant to fathom it. And at the end of a week of close application, he thought he had found it—Perry was the very devil for detail. He ate up the daily reports; he talked glibly about costs and overhead; the office statistics were meat and drink to him, and these figures began to

## As Mr. Capper Said, "We Don't Know It All"

Genevieve was tall; her hair was golden brown; her brown eyes danced with the general joy of a life she found good and worth the living. There were dimples when she laughed; and, at a glance, anyone could see that she was a girl who would always be laughing.

"I'm very glad to see you. Any friend of Perry's is always welcome."

The fact that he was Thomas J. Capper, junior, and lived in a big house with an iron fence round it, did not embarrass her as it had embarrassed Perry's other friends. Now that he had assimilated the full radiance of her smile and noted the exact habitat of the dimples, he felt that he had always known Genevieve. Genevieve's mother came into the parlor and made a great ado over Perry. She was a business woman, the manager of the candy department of the biggest department store in town. Genevieve was employed by an audit company. Perry was proud of her attainments, and told Junior that there was nothing Genevieve couldn't do about an office.

"I can well believe it," Junior agreed. "I wish as much could be said for me."

Genevieve praised him for his modesty. She had read about him in the papers, she said; and she knew some boys who had been in his company, and they were always bragging about Lieutenant Capper. Mrs. Freer remembered that she had known Junior's father when she was a girl—in fact, that they had attended the same public school.

"I won't say how many years ago that was. I pass him in the street sometimes, but, of course, he doesn't know me from Adam."

"Oh, he'll be sure to remember you; your name was—"

Junior made note that Genevieve's mother's maiden name was Alma Gooding, and suggested that they all go to a movie; but as Mrs. Freer pleaded sewing to do, it was decided that a trolley-ride to Hopkins Park and a dance in the Blue Pavilion would not be a bad idea.

"But we ought to have another girl!" cried Genevieve.

"When one girl is just right, why worry about another?" was Junior's very conclusive answer.

On the way to the park, he hung to a strap, which made it necessary for Genevieve to lift her face to talk to him, with the result that he discovered many perfections that had escaped him in the flat-parlor. He thought of all the girls he knew in his attempt to recall some one who was Genevieve's equal for loveliness, vivacity, wit, and charm; but there had never been such a girl—Genevieve was incomparable. The car was jammed, chiefly with young men and girls who were out for a good time, and it struck Junior that there was far more cheer among them than in companies of the young people he had grown up with and met at country-club parties. For the first time, he felt confident that there was something singularly pure and noble in his father's new philosophy; but his heart sank when he thought of Esther, his father's ideal of the girl he wished to be the mother of his grandchildren.

Perry, who had been huddled in a corner of the platform on the long ride, seemed a trifle depressed when they reached the park. He suggested that they find seats and listen to a band concert; but Genevieve and Junior were most disdainful of this. They had come to dance, and were not to be diverted from the joys of the Blue Pavilion.

Perry was a painstaking, unimaginative dancer. It might be said that he danced statistically, counting his steps as his teacher at the Busby Studios of Dancing and Deportment had taught him. He might have a head for business, Junior grimly reflected, but there was no rhythm in his soul. Torn with jealousy, it was with real anguish that Junior watched Perry dancing with Genevieve. But, when his turn came, he forgot Perry; he forgot everything that had ever existed or ever would be created anywhere in the universe. He and Genevieve danced as though they had been predestined of all time to dance together. It was a wonderful evening, ending with hot beef sandwiches and much light-hearted talk between Genevieve and Junior, whose nimble wits capered away from the brooding Perry.

"Of course, Mr. Capper, mamma and I will always be glad to see you at any time," said Genevieve at the Freer door.

Junior was glad that she included her mother; he read into this a gratifying confidence on Genevieve's part in the maternal sanction of his visits. He stepped high as he left the house. Perry's voice broke in on him gratefully.

"Miss Freer's a mighty fine girl. You don't find 'em much nicer."

"You certainly do not!" Junior assented heartily. "She's a wonder. Known her long?"

"Four or five years. Met her at a church sociable."

"You don't say so!" That church sociables offered such divinities as Genevieve to poor worms like Perry struck Junior as a frightful waste of good material.

"Miss Freer sings in the choir; she's one of the best amateur sopranos in town."

The angelic choir contained, Junior was sure, no such voice as Genevieve's. He asked the name of the church. It was so grudgingly given that Junior inquired carelessly,

"Are you and Genevieve engaged?"

"Well—yes and no. I guess we understand each other pretty well, and as soon as I get on a little, I suppose we'll get engaged."

That Genevieve should marry Perry Flack was unbelievable—a thought so monstrous that when Junior reached home and gained the privacy of his own room, he threw things around noisily to give vent to his fury.

Junior was so lifted and inspired by thoughts of Genevieve that he fell upon his work with a new ardor. He had, he believed, now pretty well got the measure of the laborious Perry's abilities. Perry was a plodder, a routine man, and, with all his devotion to statistics, he had not, in a month's constant contact, suggested a single idea that could possibly be of any material service to the Capper Manufacturing Company. He proposed to Junior the investment of their capital in certain bank stocks, but the price was too high, Junior declared. Perry thought it would be a fine thing to own stock in solid financial institutions where there was no chance of losing, and he would become, in a way, affiliated with the leading citizens of the town.

"There's nothing in that," said Junior. "Those old guys won't know you're on the books."

Whereupon Junior placed his whole five thousand in the stock of a chemical manufacturing company about which he knew nothing except that he had seen a new switch in process of construction at its plant and decided that its business must be booming. It was. Almost immediately, the concern declared a stock dividend. Perry could not understand this, as the accessible reports of the company had given no hint of the ripening of the melon.

## III

WHAT Mr. Capper had said about the competition of the Staynor concern troubled Junior not a little, and, escaping one Saturday afternoon from Perry, he ran over to Gordonville in his machine, ostensibly for a round of golf, but really to have a look at Staynor's plant. After the game, they had dinner together, and Staynor casually turned the talk upon business.

"Do you know, Capper, it has occurred to me sometimes that it wouldn't be a bad idea for our two concerns to merge? I believe it would be to the interest of both of us."

"Well, yes," said Junior cautiously; "there's undoubtedly some truth in that."

"The fact is," Staynor continued, "my father-in-law is anxious for me to go into his bank, with a view to succeeding him when he gives up the presidency. A year ago, I tried to feel your father out as to a combination, but he didn't seem friendly to the idea, so I gave it up. These patents we hold are of more value to you than anyone else. In that case, you ought to have them for your own protection. It ought to please you to know that, in spite of the superiority of our engine, you make the sledding hard for us, simply by reason of the sterling worth of the old Capper trade-mark. No; I'm not joshing you. I've either got to increase my plant or sell out, and with this banking proposition on hand, I'm willing to quit."

"I appreciate your frankness," said Junior. "I'll talk the matter over with father and see you again."

Mr. Capper had gone to Chicago to attend a manufacturers' convention, but Junior decided that his father's absence gave him a chance to study the matter carefully.

"What would I think of it?" Perry ejaculated, when Junior spoke of his talk with Staynor. "I don't think anything of it. Staynor simply wants to unload—that's all."

"He doesn't conceal the fact that he wants to sell out. Here are some statements he gave me. He's satisfied with his profits, but it's to his advantage to go into the Gordonville National. Besides their patents, they've got some nice new machinery up there that we could use in our plant. I believe here's a chance to get rid of a competitor, and, at the same time, pick up a few pretty tricks that would make the Capper engine just about perfect."

"It's always been your father's policy not to recognize competitors," said Perry doggedly. "Certainly (Continued on page 184)"



# The Greatest Show on Any Earth

*What happens every four years when we save the nation*

By Frank Ward O'Malley

*Illustrated with leaves from the sketch-book of John T. McCutcheon*

ON a great day, only a little while away now, a more or less unimportant gentleman—perhaps not particularly prepossessing or impressive-looking to begin with, and probably further handicapped with side-whiskers or detachable round cuffs or one end of a trousers' leg accidentally caught up in the lifting-strap of his Congress gaiters—will rise from his chair on a big stage and advance portentously to the edge of a sort of jutting ship's bridge of new pine swathed in bunting. He will raise his hand commandingly above the crest of that roaring sea of humans and state standards and happiness which compose what is technically known as a national political convention. Despite any physical or sartorial misfortune, however, the gentleman almost instantly will be accorded rapt attention by the holiday mob of about fifteen thousand whooping American patriots—delegates and innocent bystanders—who are gathered for the great quadrennial indoor sport of saving the nation.

Now, any lad who can quiet this riotous herd, especially when it has been suffering for hours from a surfeit of oratory and is panting for action, must have something appallingly momentous to say. He has.

"Gen-tul-mun of this cawn-ven-shawn," he bawls, with exasperating deliberation—and even this seasoned old war-horse's vocables seem a bit affected by the mightiness of the moment—"the seck-ru-tay-ree will now call the roll of sta'es for nawm-muh-nay-shawns for Pres-uh-dunt of theeee U-nye-tud Sta-a-a-a-ats!"

Whoopie!—and the convention, after days of just fuss-fussing round, but now sure it is about to get down to the business of naming "the next president," explodes into bedlam again, does it not?

It does not. The moment is too overwhelmingly emotional for immediate resumption of raucous ructions. The gentleman's Demosthenic "Sta-a-a-ats!" rolls to the flag-draped rafters and back again. There are seconds of silence. One hears one's neighbor's quick intake of breath, then a low hum of subdued but excited whisperings, the clicks of shifting chairs, a fast-rising buzz as of a billion bees. Comes a clatter of preparations as tally clerks begin to clear their decks for action, louder talking, some emotionally surcharged shouts, a gathering roar. And as the glorious storm is about to break full-force, a young and fair-faced stranger comes out to the edge of the stage, a long roll of paper in his hand, his innards blessed with lungs of full morocco, his wild eyes turned to the heavens, and his soft palate struggling to get outdoors as he hallelujahs ecstatically to the universe.

"A!-a-baaamm-a!"

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party! Now the Greatest Show on any Earth really has begun! And, Lordy, but it's lovely to be there!

Just preceding this real beginning, there had been tumultuous hours and days, any given moment of which might have compelled even John Ringling to admit that here, indeed, was the greatest show on earth. There had been that first thrill, back in the tall timbers, when one had marched with the badge-splattered home-town delegation to the home-town deepo!



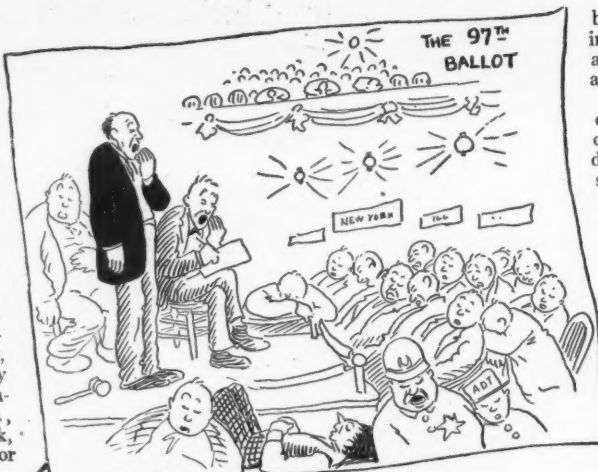
## The Greatest Show on Any Earth

to board the eight-thirty-five for the big convention city perhaps a thousand or more miles away; a big-town railway terminal rocking with reception committees and brass bands, followed by more impromptu parading through erupting streets bandaged with red, white, and blue as one marched toward one's state headquarters in the hotel district of the big city; rows of sky-scraping hotels, each bigger than City Hall back home; the hotel sidewalks paved with human greatness; marble-lined hotel lobbies sinking for the third time beneath still more greatness all day, completely sunk each night; natty bell-hops bellowing through the indoor crush, "Senatah Alfalfa, please!" or "Guv-nah Eaglebeak, please!"—and nobody bothering, for two reasons, to turn round to glimpse the great man answering to his name: one reason being that greatness now has become commonplace, the other being that it is physically impossible to turn

round in the crush, anyway.

And all the time one knows that even these days and nights of ebullience—with the accent on the "bull"—are but a prelude. Minute by minute, that mid-week forenoon is approaching when again an omnipresent brass band will lead the noisy way from state headquarters to a vast convention building festooned all over its four outer walls with still more flags, except where the walls are laced with outdoor temporary stairways of pine climbing to extra entrances up under the eaves.

Indoors, then, and more picky thrills; a far-flung interior so streamered and bannered and starred and striped with color that it might have been scooped out of one of those multicolored bricks of ice-cream, but somewhat hotter than ice-cream—yes, on second thought, several degrees hotter. And the first rumbling thunders are sounding as thousands of feet pound along aisles and stairways toward the allotted sections of undertaker's chairs and added benches of new lumber. Brasses crash and trumpets bray high among the billows of bunting. Catcalls come down from the flag clouds; whoops from the happy, high and low; crackling applause from scattered spots as the gray locks of favorites loom among the badges and palm-leaf fans and fuss and feathers now cramming a little stage built upon a bigger stage built upon a



thunder-roll while seats are regained; the whang of the gavel again—and the big wheels of the complex yet simple machinery of a national convention begin to move with well-oiled, beautiful smoothness, gain momentum, are on their way.

How and why and when and by whom was all this wonderful thing brought into being? Ask hundreds among the thousand or more delegates, ask almost anyone among the ten thousand or more mere spectators, and it's dollars to Bolshevik bonds they cannot give you an intelligent answer. Who is that man, the one wearing the biggest gold badge, who has the power, even before a temporary chairman is chosen, to bang the gavel and call the convention to order? How did he get the best seat in the show? Who rented this tremendous auditorium and decorated it? How is it that the convention's temporary and, next, permanent human organization is built up within a few hours with a smoothness of progress that moves with almost astronomical precision? Why is it that, in the first sessions of the convention, just one man—never three, or even two—rises at just the right time to present a motion or resolution? Who selected this little group from America's hundred million plus and said, "You alone shall be delegates"? Who said the convention was to open in this city and hall at this particular date and hour? And who said he, or they, could decide all these things?

Well, when it comes to writing the Pentateuch of national-convention upbuilding, one is first of all confronted with something like that ancient question as to whether the first chicken

came from the first egg or the first egg came from the first chicken. A national convention, in other words, is brought into being, wholly and unassisted, by fifty-three gentlemen known to their party as the National Committee—nation-savior from each of the forty-eight states, and one each from the District of Col-



umbia, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico; but, on the other hand, each national convention gives birth to the National Committee destined to give birth, in turn, to the next national convention four years hence. Whether the first national

biggest stage—one whole indoor city block alive with a Jovian croon of expectancy and sheer joy.

Faintly above the croon comes a far-away droning of factory whistles and noon-day bells. An unknown some one, his correct morning coat ablaze with the biggest gold badge in the world, bangs a gavel. The croon increases to a thunder-roll as the thousands rise to their feet—dies away to silence. Out of the heavy, hot stillness comes the thin voice of a piate asking God's guidance and blessings to descend upon these many thousand bowed heads.

Once more the

convention, which, as we know the contraption now, was held away back in 1832, was the offspring of the first National Committee, or the first committee came out of that first national convention of almost ninety years ago, I can't say off-hand. I have a memory that is simply terrible.

Let National Committees smooth things out in advance as they will, there always remains the possibility that the convention will run to one of two extremes. One extreme is the canned convention, a sort of ratification meeting wherein the delegates vote aye to anything and everything, the heap-big chiefs of the party having brought every detail to a jell, even to the selections of candidates, weeks or months before the convention opens. Classic examples of this kind of convention are the assemblages that renominate a president for a second term, such as the Democratic convention at St. Louis four years ago.

And then—heaven be praised!—there is the other kind of convention where the politics are all fought out in the convention itself—the sort that the Republicans staged at Chicago in 1912 and the Democrats tried to outdo a week later at Baltimore. And, oh, my dear, dear reader, that's the kind of convention the congenital political patriot hones to see.

!!!!!! Straw hats sailing through the explosions; one statesman hurriedly informing another statesman that he's a gosh-darned liar; the heel of the fist in the face; narrow steps to the chairman's indoor piazza clogged with struggling, panting patriots, each trying to claw a passage to the stage to save the nation before an opponent gets up there and loses it; the chairman playing the "anvil chorus" with his gavel; somebody named Bill Bryan—palm-leaf fan, flapping black-alpaca coat, dome beaded with sweat, fringe of back hair flying—trying to wedge past the front-row knees of Champ Clark's heoun'dawg contingent so that Bill can dive himself into the muss at the foot of the stage; the heoun'dawg contingent meanwhile speaking with extreme disrespect about certain immediate ancestors of a certain anti-Clark statesman trying to wedge past their front-row knees; all the galleries deliriously woof-woofing; young old John Sharp Williams, coatless but beautifully suspended, trying to shinny up a state standard labeled "Mississippi," his head thrown back and John S. just naturally baying toward the rafters like a wolfhound; Cartoonists Rube Goldberg and Tad Dorgan and Special-Writer Geniuses George Ade and Peter "Dooley" Dunne and Irvin Cobb and Rex Beach and Mary Roberts Rinehart and all the other esthetic boys and girls—who, up to this moment, had never aspired to get nearer real ructions than the Hindenburg line or the equally soporiferous ringside seats at a world-championship prize-fight—



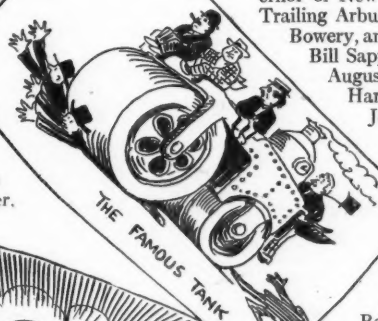
all standing now on tiptoe on top of their pine work-benches and gurgling deliciously but unheard amid the oral whiz-bangs: "O-o-o-oh, gosh! Ain't this lov-a-ly, swell? Go to it, men; go to it!"

Let us withdraw hastily, reader, from the presence of all these distressing persons for a moment. Let us rise from our press-seats—situated right under the guns—and tiptoe round the struggling statesmen at the foot of the chairman's stairway as if they were a swamp. Duck with me into a passage under the resounding stage and come on back to the convention's temporary quick-lunch restaurant, its own little Hasty Pudding Club, which always is to be found behind the stage, right next door to the temporary and deafening telegraph office.

Here it may not be possible this year, as it was in the glad old days, to wash down one's ham sandwich with lubrications guaranteed to lay back their ears and kick; nevertheless, here we still may stand at pine counters stacked with sandwiches, both of us elbow with a jolly little group of brother ham-munchers that numbers—according to the political party convening—the governor of New York and the Honorable Trailing Arbutus Biggie Donovan, of the Bowery, and National Committeeman Bill Sapp, of Bleeding Kansas, and August Belmont, and Mayor Dan Hart, of Wilkes-Barre, and Josephus Daniels, and ex-Representative Chimmie Fadden Townsend, of New Jersey, and Thomas Fortune Ryan, and Jim Corbett, and Art Brisbane, and Big Tom Foley, and Tex Rickard, and Secretary of War Baker, and William G. McAdoo, and Uninstructed, Delegate Clem Hoozis, of Helland-gone, Montana.

There you have the biggest crowd of biggest celebrities in the world, but if you don't like them, you may go down the counter a way and elbow a crowd twice as big and three times as celebrated. And here, amid this comparative quietude, you may take the cotton out of your ears while briefly we discuss the genesis of a national convention.

Any national convention of 1920 indirectly received its impetus on some hot day four years ago. I don't know the exact date, but I do know it was hot that day, because it is an unbearably rule in all political parties that their national conventions must be opened on the first and hottest Tuesday or Wednesday after the hottest Monday in June. Wherefore, on a hot day, four years ago, the candidates for president and



hottest Monday in June. Wherefore, on a hot day, four years ago, the candidates for president and (Continued on page 134)

*A home-town  
story*

# The Kicker

By

Rupert Hughes

*who was a home-town boy*

Illustrated by

O. F. Schmidt

## PART II

**T**HE upshot of the long powwow between Roake and Ambler was a letter written in a palpably disguised script, disguised with all the mis-misspellings that only an educated man would commit. They were so eager to give the letter the air of illiteracy that they even put in the apostrophes. This is the letter they finally compiled:

JAS. AMBLER

Dere surr. my konshuns has been hurtin' mee forr sum tyme. manny veers agoa i stoa a lott off monie off a fellur call'd poke colkins and befoar i dye i want 2 clene up mi debts. Thee amounte with kompond intrust wold amounte 2 about tenn thousand (\$10000) dollars so i send hearwith thatt amounte hopping you will give it to any hairs or relics poke may hav left. I gesse herr naim is Zephy if you do nott give this monie to herr i wil hant you and expose you. one thinge moare i sufered from listening to sum of these agitatters and none of this monie is 2 bee spent on that scunc of a mils Stratty her husband and don't you for get it

Yeurs truelie

X.

Jim Ambler was an excellent banker, but as an actor he was atrocious. He telephoned the next day to ask Zeffie to call at his office.

When she arrived, he showed her the letter, and, with all the fervor of a mummer spying on an audience, watched the sensation it made in her astounded soul. Will Roake, who was in ambush behind a partition, could not see, but he heard.

Zeffie was suspicious at once. Jim Ambler nearly turned a swivel-chair somersault when she broke the long silence with:

"This is Will Roake's work."

Ambler gasped.

"How on earth did you—why do you think so?"

"Because he's the only man in this town that ever had a conscience or ten thousand dollars to spend on it."

Eavesdroppers rarely hear good of themselves, but, then, they rarely give away fortunes anonymously. Will Roake blushed unseen and felt already repaid. But his heart sank when he heard:

"Of course I can't take the money. Just as much obliged, but I just can't."

It had never entered the poor fat heads of Will Roake and Jim Ambler that Zeffie Stratey would rather starve than accept anonymous or suspicious riches.



Ambler did his best to assure Zeffie that her intuitions were all wrong. But she would not be persuaded. She had another objection.

"Besides, nobody ever could have stolen any such amount from my poor father. He never had it to steal."

Ambler was ready for this.

"Oh, the original sum was probably very small, but compound interest makes a big difference."

This jolted Zeffie.

"I never could understand compound interest in school. Maybe a couple of dollars would amount to ten thousand by this time, but, anyway, I simply couldn't take it. I just couldn't."

"But you have no right to refuse it," Ambler urged. "Your children are coheirs with you. You can't decline to accept their property and hold it in trust."

This touched a vulnerable spot.

"That's so," she sighed. "The poor little angels have never had anything and didn't expect to have. Then, I suppose Miles could use it, too, to help in his ideals."

Roake was tempted to break down the partition and take the money back, but Ambler said,

"Unfortunately, in this letter, it says that none of the money is to be spent on that—on your husband."

Zeffie bridled gloriously.

"Oh! Then I certainly couldn't accept it."

"But you have to, my dear Zef—er, Mrs. Stratey. You are a trustee for your children. You must provide for their future,



"Oh, the beast! I'll kill him for this.  
It's shameful! You poor dear!"

send them through college, get the girl nice clothes, and the boys, too."

Zeffie's eyes were beaded with tears as she thought of the little pauperish children for whose comfort she would have given her life. But there are many things one may die for honorably, but not honorably accept money for. Zeffie fluttered.

"I'll have to think it over—talk it over with my husband."

Ambler tried to force her to accept the money and take it off his mind, but she would not be debarred from consulting with Miles. When she had gone, the two conspirators got together and shook their heads dolefully. There is a loyalty that even the unhappiest wives (and husbands) must pay their spouses before other people. And Roake cursed Zeffie's punctiliousness, though he would have respected her less for the lack of it.

On the way home, however, Zeffie had her husband before the bar of her memory, alone. The best of husbands, during the course of years, piles up a dreadful total of excesses and neglects, brutalities and tactlessnesses, and overlooks opportunities for graceful words or deeds or gifts. Miles Stratey was none of the best of husbands, and his offenses were mountainous. Zeffie had never realized them before so vividly. She never had realized before that his devotion to his own hobbies had left her and her children shabby before the world. He would not work and get rich. He would not work even for his family's delight. He would not speak well of anyone who made money. He denounced everybody who gained wealth and spent it. He called the rich "criminals."

She wondered if Miles' unpopularity had, after all, been as much of a tribute to him as he pretended. Perhaps that conspiracy against him was imaginary, too. The people he called

## What happened when he went back

WHAT one of us hasn't dreamed of going back to the scenes of our childhood and "showing off" just a little? We wonder what has happened to the little girl, or the little boy, we used to like. Is she—or he—married—or what?

Will Roake left Carthage when a boy and made good in the East. Retiring from business, he is impelled to return to his home town by the never-forgotten appeal of Zeffie Colkins, his boyhood sweetheart. He finds her married to Miles Stratey, an unsuccessful lawyer, a man whose mind is filled with half-baked socialistic theories. Zeffie has had a life of crushing drudgery, made the harder to bear by constant faultfinding from her husband. Roake is overcome with pity for her and her three children and, determined to help her without wounding her pride, he and Ambler, the bank president, discuss ways and means to do so.

brutes and fiends were awfully nice to her and the children. Mr. Ambler, whom Miles called a bloodsucking vampire, had been as pleasant-spoken a gentleman as ever she'd met.

She was hot with wrath when she reached home. The gloom of her shoddy residence checked her, and her anger chilled like a sweat turned cold. She went to Miles' room—the parlor it had been till he decided to call it his "study." From habit rather than mood, she spoke timidly.

"Miles, may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly not!" he barked.

"But this is very important."

"Good Lord, I suppose my work isn't important! I just had an argument nailed, and you've knocked it out of my head. Will you never learn to let me alone when I'm busy?"

"I will," said Zeffie, with a zinc-like clank he had not heard before in her voice. She closed the door quietly and left him.

Zeffie's final tone seemed to linger in the air. It nagged Stratey and prevented his return to meditation. Then he heard her at the telephone, calling some number. He listened, and heard her say, in a tone of silver rather than of zinc:

"Is this the bank? Mr. Ambler, please."

Miles leaped to his feet in wonder and anger.

"Is this you, Mr. Ambler? This is Zeffie—Mrs. Stratey—yes. That matter we spoke of, you know—"

Stratey marveled what plot this could be. He reached the door just as Zeffie sang into the transmitter:

"I've thought it over. I'll accept—for the children's sake. Fix it so that nobody can take it from them. Thank you ever so much. Good-by."

If the telephone had been a far-seer, she would have caught sight of Ambler motioning to Will Roake and telling him the news. She would have seen the two old fools dancing a hoe-down in honor of her capture. But all she got was the storm of her husband's sally from his sanctum:

"What's all this that you're cookin' up with that man Ambler 'for the children's sake'?"

For one glorious moment, Zeffie thought that her husband was jealous of her. But an eager glance found in his mien only the old familiar expression. She walked round him, and answered with a curt:

"Time to start supper."

Miles followed her through the dining-room to the kitchen in a fury of surprise at her disrespect. Before he could repeat his demand, she said:

"Good Lord, will you never learn to let me alone when I'm busy? I was just thinking what to get for supper, and you've knocked it out of my head."

She slapped the swinging door in his face.

This was a new Zeffie in the house. He could not imagine what could have changed her. The possession of ten thousand unexpected dollars in her own name will make a difference in almost any woman.

For once in his life, Miles was right in suspecting a conspiracy. But Zeffie simply would not let him into it. When he threatened at last to turn her out of the house, she laughed herself into hysterics. He wanted to kill her. But he wanted still more to know what on earth she was laughing at.

## II

If Will Roake could only have known what wretchedness his surreptitious money had inflicted on Miles Stratey, he would have been satisfied that Zeffie was not unrevenged.

But he could not know, and he was still dejected. There seemed to be nothing to do but go back East. He had accomplished none of the things he came home for, and it was not his way to give up.

He had lightened Zeffie's heart a little. He saw her children on the street in beautiful clothes, flitting butterflies just out of the dull chrysalis. Even Zeffie had a new hat when he caught a glimpse of her. And she was taking the children to a movie!

But, after all, that was paltry comfort to a man of Roake's substantial and material sort. To leave Miles Stratey in possession of an enhanced Zeffie and abandon the great enterprise was to accept a calamitous defeat.

His liver emptied itself into his heart and filled it with bile. If he could only have mopped up the floor with Stratey! That would have helped some. But he had not even silenced one of the Kicker's arguments.

Still hanging about the town, he was asked to make a speech on Armistice day. It was a poor speech. It had to be. The armistice had been signed a year before, and the treaty of peace was not yet agreed on.

He thought of his own case. He had declared war on Miles Stratey weeks before and had not yet struck a blow. He had not even undone any of Stratey's industrial damage to the town. He had offered to mediate between the owners of the sawmill and the strikers. Stratey had objected that Roake was a capitalist and not to be trusted.

The men of Stratey's type plotted no murders, and carried out none. They lifted no hands in crime. But they lifted their voices in preparation of the mood. They denounced hard-working men struggling for success as demons of iniquity. They painted ridiculous infernos of the hells in which fat capitalists paid the penalty for lashing the hunger-wrung skeletons of toil to their slavery. They drew caricatures of bathos and bombast, showing the Samsons of Labor breaking the shackles of Capital and lifting their heads at last to the light.

Roake brooded over the venom let loose in the world, and blamed the Strateys more than the illiterates. He felt that there was only one argument they could understand, and that was the swallowing of their own medicine. A diabolic scheme of revenge was hatched in his mind.

He thought he was thinking of the public weal, but his jealousy of the man who got his girl away from him must have been the bitter root of the matter.

## III

ZEFFIE herself stumbled on the first manifestation of his curious purpose. She found him in Topf's notion store, buying chiffon—of all things, chiffon!

She looked at him with strange eyes as she approached him down the aisle. She tried to be formal, to rebuke him for having tricked her into accepting the money. She was not quite sure that he was guilty of the benefaction, and she wanted to give him a look that would sear him if he were, and merely freeze him if he were not.

But her soul could not keep from her eyes a shimmer of the radiance that lighted it. At last, a man had loved her, had felt sorry for her, had poured his bounty about her feet, had built under her feet a stairway out of the mud, had given her children a future. She hated Will Roake for his insolent generosity. But she hated him very tenderly, and could not help the softness and the smile of her voice when she said,

"Why, Will, who on earth are you buying chiffon for?"

This startled him.

"For myself—only for myself."

"But what, in heaven's name, can you want with chiffon?"

"I'm not buying much."

She was miffed at being put off, and she walked out haughtily.

That afternoon, Miles said to her:

"I've got an engagement with Will Roake at three. I don't know what he wants, but I guess it's something about the strike, for I'm to meet him at the sawmill office. He'll soon find he can't get round me, though, so I'll be home early."

But he was not home early.

As he went through the little city of the lumber-yard, with its buildings of heaped-up timber and its empty streets, he felt as triumphant as a conqueror in a deserted town captured from the enemy. He laughed as he trudged past the long sheds where the saws rusted now in silence, the notched wheels that had screamed and flashed through the endless chain of logs.

Outside in the river, the rafts that had once been trees and had been felled to become houses grew water-logged in idleness. Nobody hauled them up and sent them against the circular teeth that made them planks and joists and two-by-fours. Nobody worked in that abandoned wilderness.

Before he went to the office building, Stratey simply had to make a little survey of his conquest. When he entered at last the room where Roake awaited him, he was as near satisfaction as he had ever been. He smiled tolerantly upon the foreign capitalist, but now Roake was curt.

"Say, Stratey, have you heard the latest news about the strike?"

"There's been no news. If there were, I should give it out as the legal adviser and spokesman of the men."

"But there is news," said Roake. "And you're no longer the legal adviser of the men. There are a few Reds that still believe in you, but they're afraid to show their faces in the daylight."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, common sense and common decency are coming back into style. I got a gang of workmen together last night, and talked to them like a Dutch uncle. I showed 'em just how much worse off they would be if they won the strike than if they'd never struck. They don't know much about long-distance bookkeeping and waste; so I showed 'em in plain figures that what was killing their game was its success so far. These agitators have got so powerful they're cutting each other's throats now, and the workmen, the used-to-work men, are beginning to see that they're simply burning up their own money. You've cost these sawmill men about fifty thousand dollars in cash so far, and the owners can sit tight till hell freezes over."

"I read 'em a little article from a New York paper. It might interest you."

Roake handed Stratey a clipping, which he read with disdain.

**STRIKE EPIDEMIC COSTS WORKERS HERE \$6,435,000**  
Three Unauthorized Walkouts in Eight Weeks end in Outright Failures

Stratey sneered. It was merely a statement by a deputy state industrial commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Mediation and Conciliation.

From ninety to ninety-five per cent. of all the strikes in progress on October 1st and started subsequently are due to radical agitators and influences.

The loss in wages to the workers in twenty of the larger strikes in New York city amounted to about \$500,000 a day. This does not include a large number of smaller strikes.

A total of 115,000 were made idle by these twenty strikes.

Outside New York city, there are 16,350 workers out in the larger strikes in the state, together with a large number affected by sporadic walkouts.

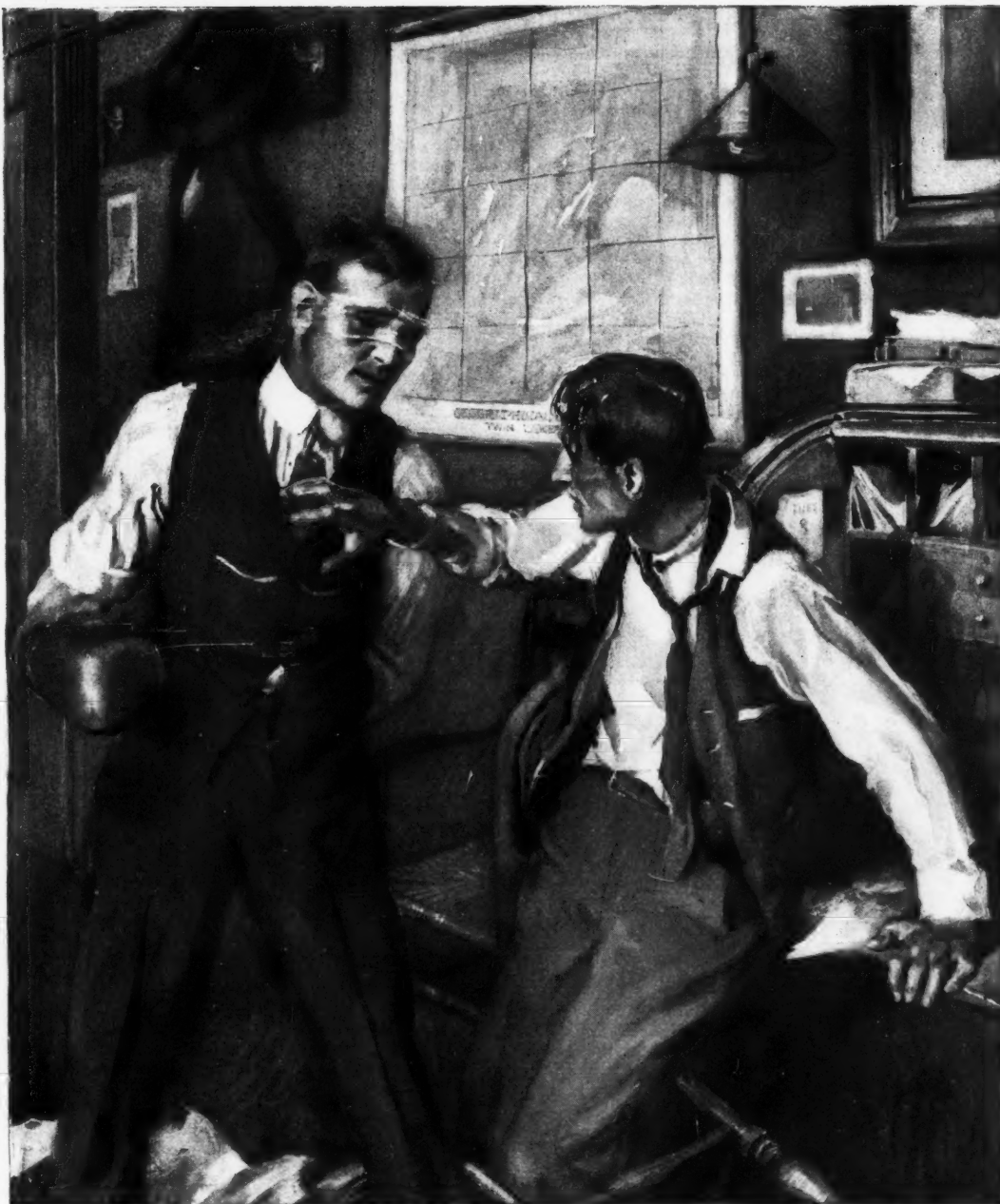
The remedy for labor unrest is a campaign for Americanism.

The method used by radical agitators is to persuade the workers to believe that their wages are to be cut. The agitators tell them the bosses "got theirs" during the war, that the war is over now, and that there'll be a big reduction in pay. "So let's get ours now," the agitators tell them, with the result that demands for big increases are framed, and the next step is a strike.

The jewelry workers of New York city furnish an illuminating illustration of what is sought to be obtained by some of the strikes which have been crippling the industry of the city.

The jewelers, according to the secretary, were getting from eighty cents to three dollars an hour for forty-four hours' work a week. They were satisfied with the pay, but went on strike for a thirty-nine-hour week with the same pay as they received for forty-four hours.

"We saw a chance to better our conditions and we took it," said the secretary. "It might be that, when we get the thirty-nine hours, we will ask for even shorter hours, later maybe thirty hours a week. So far, our strike is just where it started eight weeks ago. But that



It nauseated Roake to strike an unresisting man, but his contempt grew with Stratey's evasion and his ancient grudges gathered in force

doesn't matter. No strike can be a failure, because it educates the masses in self-government. Even our Constitution provides that, if we get tired of our government at Washington, we have a right to put in a new government."

The last words brought a comfort to Stratey.

"What are a few million dollars when a matter of principle is concerned? We are saving the workmen from slavery."

Roake grunted like the capitalist of allegory.

"Yes, you are! You are killing off the collie-dogs because they drive the sheep to pasture and home again, and you're letting in the wolves and mad dogs. The whole flock is crazy with hydrophobia, and the lambs are biting each other. And they're going on one grand stampede, following a few black sheep over the cliff."

"Aren't you getting' your metaphors a little mixed?" Stratey laughed.

"Maybe I am. I'm pretty much excited. When I see what's going on everywhere in this poor world after this long war, I get dizzy. All the nations are torn up and bleeding, and everybody ought to be working day and night to rebuild and to start the wheels going."

"You fellows don't call anybody a workman unless he hates work and does as little as he can for as much as he can scare out of his employer. You dazzle the poor fellows with promises of millions, and you teach 'em to hate their best friends, the employers who build the factories and try to make money for themselves by making money for everybody else."

"Very unselfish," Stratey sniffed.

"They're not so selfish, at that," said Roake. "Anyway, they've got brains enough to realize that the only way anybody can get rich is by furnishing employment for a lot of men."

"I work eighteen hours a day, and crucify myself to extend

## The Kicker

my activities. But I'm not a working man. I don't produce anything, so I don't deserve anything. The only fellow that deserves the name of workman or any money is the fellow that wears overalls, keeps his ears open for the whistle, and keeps his eye on the boss so that he won't have to lift his hand while nobody is looking—"

Stratey broke in.

"Oh, I know how you capitalists despise the poor laborers."

"We don't despise the laborers. They're our only hope. Most of us were manual laborers once. And we know that the ambitious, restless laborer is the hope of the world. We want to give him opportunity, because his success is ours. But he can't succeed so long as he listens to you professional croakers. He can't help himself by taking 'Loaf, and see that the world loafs with you' as his motto."

Stratey yawned ostentatiously.

"Did you call me all the way down here to convert me? If you did, you don't know me."

"I know you better than you know yourself. I called you down here to teach you a few things about yourself. I knew you as a boy, and I didn't like you, and nobody else did. We called

you 'the Kicker.' You were the rottenest sport in town. When you won a game, you were disgusting; and when you lost, you were sickening. You always had somebody else to blame. Nobody ever treated you right.

"The fact was, of course, that you never treated anybody else right; you never had any imagination of the other fellow's side. You didn't know what team-play meant.

"You sneered at the patriotism of the country when we went to war. You did nothing to help. When we came out so glorious, you spit on the laurels. You laugh at our freedom, our equality, all the big, noble things this people of ours has accomplished. The flag doesn't look good to you. Nothing brings a hurrah out of you except the misfortune of somebody else.

"You pretend to preach a gospel of love, but you teach nothing but hate. You have no ambition to build up any big institutions. You can't imagine the blood-sweat and brain-sweat of a man that fights his way to the top. You hate the winner, and you can't imagine how much it cost him to win. You've got no real interest in the poor or the stupid or the lazy, except as clods to throw at the rich and the wise and the industrious.

"You want only the failures to rule, the sleep-walkers to lead the procession, the ignoramuses to teach school, the whiners and shirkers to lead the choir. And it's a queer thing, but all you Reds are cry-babies. You shriek bloody murder when one of your rotten, slanderous sheets is kept out of the mails. You want Uncle Sam to carry your assassination gospel free for you. But the minute you get power, the freedom of the press is the first thing you stop. You shoot down your critics, and free speech ends. It's never failed that the cry-baby is a bully—and his cry is one of his best weapons."

Stratey was astounded at the volubility of Roake, and so was Roake. Stratey put in, when he gulped for breath,

"And are you goin' to change my character?"

"No; but I'm going to change your face."

said Roake. "I'm going to beat you up, as your parents forgot to, and your neighbors haven't got the nerve to. As boys, we always said that somebody ought to kick the pants off you, and I'm going to do it now."

Stratey was startled by the sudden change in Roake's manner. The passionate orator became the ugly mastiff. Stratey backed off, protesting:

"You're not bully enough to attack me. Think of the difference in size. I'm not a prize-fighter. And you can't strike a man with glasses on."

"Take 'em off!"

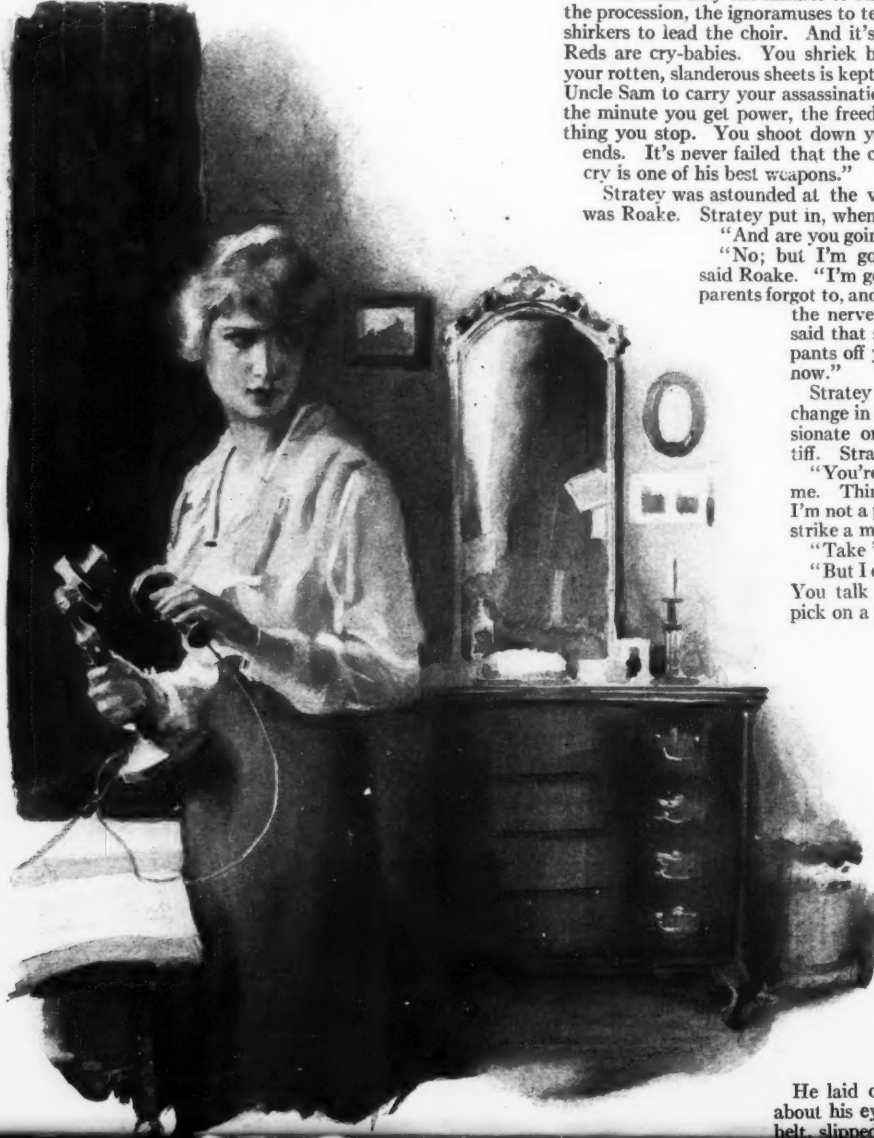
"But I can hardly see without them. You talk about sportsmanship, and pick on a near-sighted man who isn't very well."

It was then that the chiffon appeared. Roake took it from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"I'm going to give you as fair a chance as I can. I'm going to tie one hand behind me and wear a soft boxing-glove on the other. And I'm going to put this chiffon bandage over my eyes. And then I'm going to lick the stuffing out of your ornery hide."

Stratey darted for the door. Roake jumped for him, caught him by the arm, and flung him back. Then he locked the door. He opened a bundle and took out a short rope and one fat mitten.

He laid off his coat, tied a bandage about his eyes, fastened the rope to his belt, slipped his left hand into a noose,



For one glorious moment, Zelle thought that her husband was jealous of her

thrust his right hand into the glove.

He felt more uneasy than he had expected. His pinioned left arm upset his balance. The dimming of his vision gave the surroundings a confusing aspect.

All this while, Stratey had not moved. He was still incredulous. This was the first conspiracy he had actually seen arranged against him. It was not half so convincing as the imagined plots.

There was something uncanny and monstrous about Roake when he advanced with his one grotesque fist waving like an elephant's trunk. Stratey backed away, but Roake followed him close, saying,

"Take off your glasses."

"I won't!"

A feint and a quick swipe brushed them from his nose. The room grew dim and Roake more vaguely menacing.

It nauseated Roake to strike an unresisting man, but his contempt grew with Stratey's evasion and his ancient grudges gathered in force. Finally, with a surly, "Aw, stand up to it and take your medicine!" he cuffed Stratey across the mouth and brought out a yelp of pain.

Stratey grew panicky with distress and the odd tingle of his bruised lips. He ran. Roake followed, pommeling him in the back and kicking him again and again as the supreme rebuke.

Roake was short of wind, and he was panting soon with the chase. He paused for breath, gasping:

"I'm doing you a favor, at that, you poor fool! One of the best things that can happen to a man is a good licking. I've been knocked out a dozen times, and it was the making of me. Come on and give me a good fight. For God's sake, hit me once! Or are you yellow all through?"

But Stratey only winced and cringed and took what he got. Roake tried to justify the slaughter by giving it lofty auspices. He sent a drive into the pit of Stratey's stomach and cried,

"There's one for Uncle Sam!" The next blow, in the chest, staggered Stratey's tumultuous heart—"And one for our forefathers who founded this grand and glorious country!" The next, to the tip of the red-spouting nose—"And one for all the fat capitalists you slander!" The next, on the point of the jaw, with the effect of a private earthquake—"And one for the honest workman that you keep from his job!" The next, and the next, bled each an eye, and set up a process of natural mourning—"And one for a certain party, and one to grow on!"

As a matter of fact, all the blows were really in behalf of "a certain party" whom he dared not name. As a matter of fact, sheer jealousy and envy had maddened Roake to the point where he was capable of such shameless brutishness. In after-years, he would feel that the whole affair was a futile atrocity and the lowest attainment of his evil genius. But, for the moment, he was enjoying himself infinitely.

In pure animality, he began to delight in ferocity and to rain blows upon the unresisting Stratey. He might have beaten the poor craven to death if, at last, more in bewilderment than in dignity, Stratey had not lost his wits and his fears, and reverted to the call of some of his own ancient ancestry. Stratey began to strike back, to curse, kick, scratch, bite.

His first onset surprised Roake so that he gained a black eye and lost a tooth before he could recover from his wonder. And now he really enjoyed himself.

His left hand instinctively jerked at its moorings till it wore his wrist raw. He went to one knee, and Stratey tried to kick him in the face. Roake escaped, by a swift flop and a circling whirl. Then he spiraled to his feet and swung with his right arm like a flail.

He was spent and puffing, and Stratey was fresh in offense. He was maniacal with the novelty of battle, and Roake began to feel like an old Don Quixote engaged with a young windmill.

Only one thing saved Roake from destruction, for Stratey would have killed him with rapture and crowed over his corpse. But Roake all his life had been used to mental and physical conflict. He had learned to grow calm and deliberate in a crisis. He had learned to dodge and duck, and to land when the opportunity flashed past.

Stratey had spent his life in musing on his wrongs, complaining about them, and waiting for some work and events. He was in-

And so, just before Roake keeled over with fatigue, his swimming eyes saw an ideal spot for a perfect blow. He swung all of himself from his toe to his shoulder into the battering-ram of his fist, and sent Stratey into the far-away with a wallop that was a lightning stroke of genius.

Stratey sprawled supine, in a perfect imitation of a man who has fallen from a ten-story building and landed on his back.

Roake was terrified by the sudden stillness in the uproarious room. He pulled off his glove with his teeth, unlashed his left hand, flung the chiffon bandage to the floor, and went down on his quivering knees at Stratey's side. He found that his victim was not dead, and, sobbing prayers of thanksgiving, rose again, tottered into the next room, and finding a fire-bucket there, emptied it, with a loud swish, on Stratey's gory countenance.

Stratey sat up with a gasp of, "Huh?" stared about through eyelids puffed almost shut, and said,

"Where—what—who—huh?"

Roake almost loved him for being kind enough to live. He patted his head and said parentally:

"This hurt me more than it did you, my son. Now get up and go home and try to be a better citizen."

When Roake had put on his collar and (Continued on page 171)



# Kindred of the Dust

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

## The Triangle

**THE OLD LAIRD**—Hector McKaye, millionaire lumber king, a fine old gentleman who has centered the great hopes of a mighty life in his son, to whose broad shoulders he has now shifted the vast McKaye enterprises.

**THE YOUNG LAIRD**—Donald McKaye, who is torn between his love for his father and his love for Nan, his marriage to whom he feels would break his proud old father's heart. He is taken ill with typhoid fever, and the knowledge that if he defers to his father he must give Nan up deprives him of the will to get well.

**THE OUTCAST OF PORT AGNEW**—"Nan of the Sawdust Pile," ostracized by the townsfolk, who has made two mistakes in life. She has been deceived into motherhood by a bigamist, whom she left, and she has fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she has named her child. Her father dies, and she is faced with the problem of existence for herself and her child. With The Laird's assistance, she goes to New York, but comes back to Donald's bedside and thence saves his life. Knowing The Laird's feelings, she has refused to marry Donald.

You will also know, incidentally, Andrew Daney, the McKayes' veteran general manager, fanatically loyal to the old laird; Mrs. McKaye and Donald's two socially ambitious sisters, and "Dirty Dan" O'Leary, a faithful lumberjack, who once saved Donald's life from assassins' knives. It is his knowledge of Nan's whereabouts that enables Daney and Mrs. McKaye to get her back.

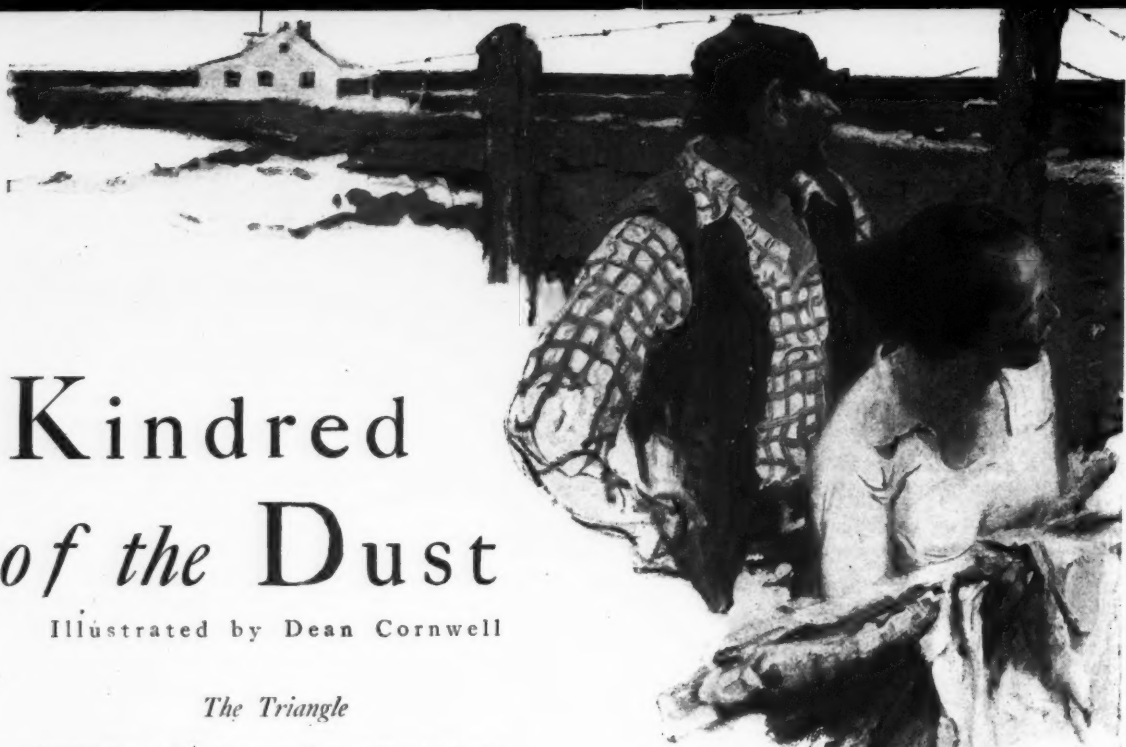
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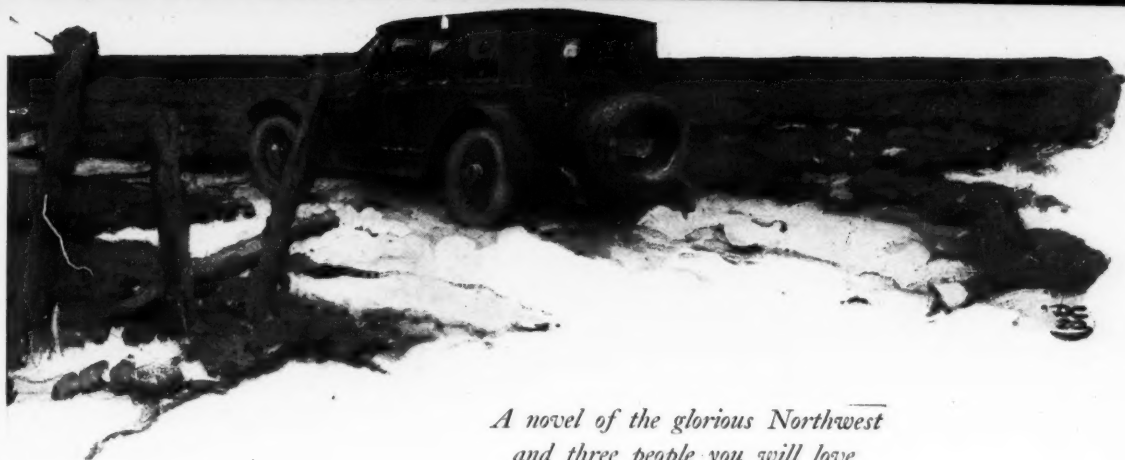
**A**T the Sawdust Pile, the monotony of Nan Brent's life remained unbroken; she was marking time, waiting for something to turn up. Since the last visit of the McKaye ambassador, she had not altered her determination to exist independent of financial aid from the McKaye women or their father, for, according to her code, the acceptance of remuneration for what she had done would be debasing. Nan had made this decision even while realizing that, in waiving Mr. Daney's proffer of reimbursement, she was rendering impossible a return to New York with her child. The expenses of their journey and the maintenance of their brief residence there, the outlay for clothing for both, and the purchase of an additional wardrobe, necessitated when, with unbelievable good luck, she had succeeded in securing twenty weeks' time over a high-class vaudeville circuit for her "Songs of the 'Sixties," had, together with the cost of

transportation back to Port Agnew, so depleted her resources that, with the few hundred dollars remaining, her courage was not equal to the problem which unemployment in New York would present; for, with the receipt of Mrs. McKaye's message, Nan had written the booking-agent explaining that she had been called West on a matter which could not be evaded, and expressed a hope that at a later date the "time" might be open to her. Following her return to The Sawdust Pile, she had received a brief communication, stating that there would be no opening for her until the following year. The abandonment of her contract and the subsequent loss of commissions to the agent had seriously peeved that person.

The receipt of this news, while a severe disappointment, had not caused her to flinch, for she had, in a measure, anticipated it, and, with the calmness of desperation, already begun giving thought to the problem of her future existence. In the end, she had comforted herself with the thought that good cooks were exceedingly scarce—so scarce, in fact, that even a cook with impedimenta in the shape of a small son might be reasonably certain of prompt and well-paid employment. Picturing herself as a kitchen mechanic brought a wry smile to her sweet face, but it was honorable employment, and she preferred it to being a waitress or an underfed and underpaid saleswoman in a department store. For she could cook wonderfully well, and she knew it; she believed she could dignify a kitchen, and she preferred it to cadging from the McKayes the means to enable her to withstand the economic siege incident to procuring a livelihood more dignified and remunerative.

Thus she had planned up to the day of her unexpected meeting with Jane and Elizabeth McKaye in the Port Agnew telegraph office. On that day, something had happened—something that had constituted a distinct event in Nan Brent's existence and with which the well-bred insolence of the McKaye girls had nothing to do. Indirectly, old Caleb Brent had been responsible.





*A novel of the glorious Northwest  
and three people you will love*

**By Peter B. Kyne**

for, by the mere act of dying, his three-quarter pay as a retired sailor had automatically terminated, and Nan had written the Navy Department notifying it accordingly.

Now, the death of a retired member of the army or navy, no matter what his grade may be, constitutes news for the service journals, and the fact that old Caleb had been a medal-of-honor man appeared, to the editor of one of these journals, to entitle the dead sailor to three hundred words of posthumous publicity. Subsequently, these three hundred words came under the eye of a retired admiral of the United States navy, who thereby became aware that he had an orphaned granddaughter residing in Port Agnew, Washington.

As a man grows old, he grows kindlier; those things which, at middle age, appear so necessary to an unruffled existence frequently undergo such a metamorphosis, due to the corroding effects of time, that at eighty one has either forgotten them or regards them as something to be secretly ashamed of. Thus it was with Nan's grandfather. His pride and dignity were as austere as ever, but his withered heart yearned for the love and companionship of one of his own blood; now that Caleb Brent was dead, the ancient martinet forgot the offense which this simple sailor had committed against the pride of a long line of distinguished gentlemen, members of the honorable profession of arms. He thought it over for a month, and then wrote the only child of his dead daughter, asking her to come to him, hinting broadly that his days in the land were nearly numbered and that, in the matter of worldly goods, he was not exactly a pauper.

Having posted this letter, the old admiral waited patiently for an answer, and when this answer was not forthcoming within the time he had set, he had telegraphed the postmaster of Port Agnew, requesting information as to her address. This telegram, the postmaster had promptly sent over to Nan, and it was for the purpose of replying to it that she had gone to the telegraph office on the day when fate decreed that Jane and Elizabeth McKaye should also be there.

After her return to the Sawdust Pile that day, Nan's thoughts frequently adverted to the Biblical line: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Certainly, in her case, he appeared to be working at cross-purposes. At a time when she had resigned herself to domestic labor in order to avoid starvation, her aristocratic, arrogant, prideful grandfather had seen fit to forgive her dead father and offer her shelter from the buffets of the world; yet, even while striving, apparently, to be kind, she knew that the reason underlying his invitation was plain, old-fashioned heart-hunger, a tender conscience, and a generous admixture of human selfishness. She smiled bitterly at his blunt hint of a monetary reward following his demise; it occurred to her that the stubborn old admiral was striving to buy that which he might have had for a different asking.

She read the admiral's letter for the twentieth time—and from the thick white page her glance went to her child. Would he be

welcome in that stern old sea-dog's home? Would his great-grandfather forget the bar sinister of little Don's birth, and would her own misfortune be viewed by him with the tenderness and perfect understanding accorded her by old Caleb? She did not think so, and, with the remembrance of her dead father, the flames of revolt leaped in her heart. He had been loyal to her, and she would be loyal to him. No, no! She was not yet prepared to come fawning to the feet of that fierce old man who had robbed her father of his happiness.

With a bitter smile, she wrote him a long letter, relating in detail the incident of her marriage, the birth of her child, her standing in Port Agnew society, and her belief that all of this rendered acceptance of his invitation impossible, if she were to act with deference to his point of view and still remain loyal to the memory of her dead father. For these reasons, she declined, thanked him for his kindness, and remained his very sincerely. When she had posted this letter, she felt better, and immediately took up the case of the McKayes.

Until that moment, she had not considered seriously the possibility of a marriage with the young laird of Port Agnew as a means of humiliating these women who had humiliated her. The thought had occurred to her in the telegraph office, and, at the moment, had held for her a certain delightful fascination; prior to that meeting, her resolution not to permit Donald McKaye to share her uncertain fortunes had been as adamant. But long and bitter reflection upon the problem thrust upon her by her grandfather had imbued her with a clearer, deeper realization of the futility of striving to please everybody in this curious world, of the cruelty of those who seek to adjust to their point of view that of another fully capable of adjusting his own, of the appalling lack of appreciation with which her piteous sacrifice would meet from the very persons who shrank from the ignominy incident to non-sacrifice on the part of her whom they held in open contempt.

Donald McKaye was not unintelligent. He was a man grown, with all a man's passions, with all the caution to be expected in one of his class. If he still loved her sufficiently, following a period of mature deliberation and fierce opposition from his people, to offer her honorable marriage, would she not be a fool to cast away such a priceless gift?

In rejecting his proffered sacrifice, she had told herself that she acted thus in order to preserve his happiness, although at the expense of her own. By so doing, Nan realized that she had taken a lofty, a noble stand; nevertheless, who was she that she should presume to decide just wherein lay the preservation of his happiness? In her grandfather's letter before her, she had ample evidence of the miscarriage of such pompous assumptions.

There is a latent force in the weakest of women, an amazing capacity for rebellion in the meekest, and a regret for lost virtue even in the most abandoned. Nan was neither weak, meek, nor abandoned; wherefore, to be accorded toleration, polite contempt, and resentment where profound gratitude and admiration

were her due had aroused in her a smoldering resentment which had burned like a handful of oil-soaked waste tossed into a corner. At first a mild heat; then a dull-red glow as spontaneous combustion progressed—and presently flame and smoke.

It is probable that mere man, who never has been able to comprehend the intensity of feeling of which a woman is capable, is not equal to the problem of realizing the effect of solitude, misunderstanding, and despair upon the mind of a woman of more than ordinary sensibilities and imagination. The seed of doubt, planted in such soil, burgeons rapidly, and when, upon the very day that Mr. Daney had made his last call at the Sawdust Pile, Nan, spurred to her decision by developments of which none but she was aware, had blazed forth in open rebellion and given the Tyee Lumber Company's general manager the fright of his prosaic existence.

### XXXIX

AFTER leaving the Sawdust Pile, Mr. Daney walked twice round the Bight of Tyee, trying to decide upon his future conduct in this intrigue, participation in which had been thrust upon him by his own loyalty to his employer and the idiocy of three harebrained women.

At length, Mr. Daney arrived at a decision. He would have nothing further to do with this horrible love-affair. "I'll carry no more of their messages," he declared aloud. "I'll tell them so, and wash my hands of their entire matter. If there is to be any asking of favors from that girl, the McKaye women can do it." It was after midnight when he returned to his home.

The following morning, he again summoned the ladies of the McKaye family to his office for a conference. However, the capable Elizabeth was the only one of the trio to present herself, for this young woman—and not without reason—regarded herself as Mr. Daney's mental superior; she was confident of her ability to retain his loyalty should he display a tendency to betray them.

"Well, dear Mr. Daney," she murmured, in her melted-butter voice, "what new bugaboo have you developed for us?"

"You do not have to bother calling upon the Brent girl, Miss Elizabeth. She says now that if Donald asks her to marry him, she'll accept. She has an idea she'll be mistress of The Dreamerie."

Elizabeth arched her eyebrows.

"What else?" she queried amiably.

"That's all—from Nan Brent. I have a small defi to make on my own account, however, Miss Elizabeth. From this minute on, I wash my hands of the private affairs of the McKaye family. My job is managing your father's financial affairs. Believe me, the next move in this comedy-drama is a wedding—if Donald asks her in all seriousness to marry him—that is, if he insists on it. He may insist, and then again he may not, but if he should, I shall not attempt to stop him. He's free, white, and twenty-one; he's my boss, and I hope I know my place. Personally, I'm willing to wager considerable that he'll marry her; but whether he does or not—I'm through."

Elizabeth McKaye sighed.

"That means we must work fast, Mr. Daney. Donald will be feeling strong enough within two weeks to call on her; he may even motor down to the Sawdust Pile within ten days. Mother has already broached the subject of taking him away to southern California or Florida for a long rest; dad has seconded the motion with great enthusiasm—and that stubborn Donald has told them frankly that he isn't going away for a rest."

"Gosh!" Mr. Daney gasped. "That makes it a little binding, eh?"

She met his clear glance thoughtfully and said:

"If her house should burn down—accidentally—to-day or to-night, when she and her baby aren't in it, she'll have to leave Port Agnew. There isn't a house in town where she could find shelter, and you could see to it that all the rooms in the hotel are taken."

"You forget, my dear," he replied, with a small smile, "I have no further interest in this affair, and, moreover, I'm not turning firebug—not this year."

"You refuse to help us?"

"Absolutely."

"Well—thanks awfully for what you've already done, Mr. Daney. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Miss Elizabeth."

As she left the office, Mr. Daney noted her débutante slouch and gritted his teeth. "Wonder if they'll call on Nan now, or

make a combined attack on the boy and try bluff and threats and tears," he soliloquized.

As a matter of fact, they tried the latter. The storm broke after luncheon one day, when Donald declared he felt strong enough to go down to Port Agnew, and, in the presence of the entire family, ordered the butler to tell his father's chauffeur to bring the closed car round to the door. Immediately, the astute Elizabeth precipitated matters by asking her brother sharply if his projected visit to Port Agnew predicated also a visit to the Sawdust Pile.

"Why, yes, Elizabeth," he answered calmly.

The Laird scowled at her, but she ignored the scowl.

"Do you think it is quite—ah, delicate of you, Donald, to call upon any young lady at her apartments in the absence of a proper chaperon, even if the lady herself appears to have singularly free and easy views on the propriety of receiving you thus?"

He saw that she was bound to force the issue and was rather relieved than otherwise. With a mental promise to himself to keep his temper at all hazards, he replied:

"Well, Elizabeth, I'll admit the situation is a trifle awkward, but what cannot be cured must be endured. You see, I want to have a talk with Nan Brent, and I cannot do so unless I call upon her at the Sawdust Pile. It is impossible for us to meet on neutral ground, I fear. However, if you will write her a nice, friendly little note and invite her up here to visit me, I will postpone my visit until she gets here."

"Don't be a fool!" she retorted bitterly.

"As for Nan's free and easy views on the subject, who in Port Agnew, may I ask, expects her to act differently? Why, therefore, since she is fully convinced that I possess a few of the outward appearances of a gentleman, should she fear to receive me in her home? To conform to the social standards of those who decry her virtue? Elizabeth, you expect too much, I fear."

"Hear, hear!" cried The Laird. He realized that Elizabeth was not to be denied, so he thought best to assume a jocular attitude during the discussion.

"Father," his eldest daughter reminded him, "it is your duty to forbid Donald doing anything which is certain to bring his family into disrepute and make it the target for the tongue of scandal."

"Oh, leave him alone, you pestiferous woman!" old Hector cried sharply. "Had it not been for the girl, he would not be living this minute; so the least he can do is to express his compliments to her. Also, since this disagreeable topic has again been aired, let me remind you that the lass isn't going to marry Donald. She came out here, Donald," he continued, turning to his son, "with the distinct understanding that her job was to humor you back to health, and for that you owe her your thanks, and I'm willing you should call on her and express them. Don't flatter yourself that she'll marry you, my boy. I've had a talk with her—since you must know it, sooner or later—and she promised me she wouldn't."

The young laird's face paled a little.

"I greatly fear you misunderstood her, father," he replied gently. "She promised me she'd marry me. You see," he added, looking the old man resolutely in the face, "I think she's virtuous; so I'm going to marry her."

His father smiled sadly.

"Poor lad! God knows I'm sorry for you, but—well, go see her and let's have the issue settled once and for all. For God's sake, lad, grant me peace of mind. End it to-day—one way or the other."

"Ah, yes, you're brave," Elizabeth flung at her father. "You're so certain that girl will keep her promise, aren't you? Well, I happen to have been informed, on very good authority, that she intends to betray you. She has made the statement that she'll marry Donald if he asks her—again."

"The girl doesn't impress me as one who would lie, Elizabeth. Who told you this?"

"Andrew Daney."

"Bear with me a moment, son, till I call Andrew on the telephone," The Laird requested, and went into the telephone-booth under the stairs in the reception-hall. When he emerged a few minutes later, his face was pale and haggard.

"Well? What did I tell you?" Elizabeth's voice was triumphant.

Her father ignored her. Placing himself squarely before his son, he bent forward slightly and thrust his aggressive face close to Donald's.

"I command you to respect the honor of my house!" he cried furiously. "For the last time, Donald McKaye, ha' done wie this woman, or—" And his great arm was outflung in a sweep-



"I understand just how you feel, dad. I hold no resentment," Donald assured him, and dragged The Laird close to him in a filial embrace

ing gesture that denoted all too forcibly the terrible sentence he shrank from speaking.

"Are you offering me an alternative?" Donald's voice was low and very calm, but his brown eyes were blazing with suppressed rage. "The Dreamerie or—" And he swung and pointed to the Brent cottage far below them on The Sawdust Pile.

"Aye!" his father cried, in a hard, cracked voice. "Aye!" Donald looked over at his mother.

"And you, mother? What do you say to this?"

She thought she would faint.

"You—you must obey your father," she quavered. Until her

son should marry Nan Brent, she could not force herself to the belief that he could possibly commit such an incredible offense.

"The opinions of you and Jane," Donald continued, turning to each sister in turn, "do not interest me particularly, but while the polls are open, you might as well vote. If I marry Nan Brent, are you each prepared to forget that I am your brother?"

Elizabeth nodded calmly. She had gone too far now to develop weakness when an assumption of invincible strength might yet win the day.

"I couldn't receive such a peculiar sister-in-law," Jane murmured, evidently close to tears.

"I did not build The Dreamerie for you lass!" the Laird burst forth passionately.

His son stood with bowed head.

"Have you, mother, or you, my sisters, been down to the Sawdust Pile to thank Nan for inspiring me—no matter how—with a desire to live? I think you realize that, until she came, I was too unhappy—too disgusted with life—to care whether I got well or not."

"We have not," Elizabeth's calm voice answered him. "What the girl did was entirely of her own volition. She did it for your sake, and since it is apparent that she plans to collect the reward of her disinterested effort, we have considered that a formal expression of thanks would be superfluous."

"I see. I see. Well, perhaps you're right. I shall not quarrel with your point of view. And you're all quite certain you will never recede from your attitude of hostility toward Nan—under no circumstances to recognize her as my wife and extend to her the hospitality of The Dreamerie?"

He challenged his father with a look, and the old man slowly nodded an affirmative. His mother thought Donald was about to yield to their opposition and nodded likewise.

"I have already answered that question," Jane murmured tragically, and Elizabeth again reminded him that it was not necessary for him to make a fool of himself.

"Well, I'm glad this affair has been ironed out at last," Donald assured them. "I had cherished the hope that when you knew Nan better—" He choked up for a moment, then laid his hands on his father's shoulders. "Well, sir," he gulped, "I'm going down to the Sawdust Pile and thank Nan for saving my life. Not," he added bitterly, "that I anticipate enjoying that life to the fullest for some years to come. If I did not believe that time will solve the problem—"

The Laird's heart leaped.

"Tush, tush, boy! Run along, and don't do anything foolish." He slapped Donald heartily across the back, while the decisive sweep of that same hand, an instant later, informed the women of his household that it would be unnecessary to discuss this painful matter further.

"I understand just how you feel, dad. I hold no resentment," Donald assured him, and dragged The Laird close to him in a filial embrace. He crossed the room and kissed his mother, who clung to him a moment tearfully; seeing him so submissive, Jane and Elizabeth each came up and claimed the right to embrace him with sisterly affection.

The butler entered to announce that the car was waiting at the front door. Mrs. McKaye wound a reefer round Donald's neck and tucked the ends inside the coat. Then The Laird helped him into the car; as it rolled slowly down the cliff road, old Hector snorted with relief.

"By Judas," he declared, "I never dreamed the boy would accept such an ultimatum!"

## XL

WITH the license of long familiarity, Donald knocked at the front door of the Brent cottage to announce his arrival; then, without awaiting permission to enter, he opened the door and met Nan in the tiny hall, hurrying to admit him.

"You—Donald!" she reproved him. "What are you doing here? You shouldn't be out."

"That's why I came in," he retorted dryly and kissed her. "And I'm here because I couldn't stand The Dreamerie another instant. I wanted my mother and sisters to call on you and thank you for having been so nice to me during my illness, but the idea wasn't received very enthusiastically. So, for the sheer sake of doing the decent thing, I've called myself. It might please you," he added, "to know that my father thought I should."

"He is always tactful and kind," she agreed.



"My worldly assets consist of about a hundred dollars and all the love and honor and respect a

She led him to her father's old easy chair in the living-room.

"As Dirty Dan O'Leary once remarked in my presence," he began, "it is a long lane that hasn't got a saloon at the end of it. I will first light a cigarette, if I may, and make myself comfortable before putting you on the witness-stand and subjecting you to a severe cross-examination. Seat yourself on that little hassock before me, and in such a position that I can look squarely into your face and note the flush of guilt when you fib to me."

She obeyed, with some slight inward trepidation.

"Nan," he began, "did anybody ever suggest to you that the sporty thing for you to do would be to run away and hide where I could never find you?"

She shook her head.

"Did anybody ever suggest to you that the sporty thing for you to do would be to return to Port Agnew from your voluntary exile and inspire me with some enthusiasm for life?"

"I object to that question, your Honor," Nan replied, with cleverly simulated gaiety, "on the ground that to do so would necessitate the violation of a confidence."

"The objection is sustained by the court. Did my father, or



in cash and a six-dollar wedding-ring which I bought as I came through Port Agnew. With these worldly goods man can possibly have for a woman, I desire to endow you. Answer me quickly. Yes or no?"

Andrew Daney, acting for him, ever offer you any sum of money as a bribe for disappearing out of my life?"

"No. Your father offered to be very, very kind to me the morning I was leaving. We met at the railroad station, and his offer was made *after* I informed him that I was leaving Port Agnew forever—and why. So I know he made the offer just because he wanted to be kind—because he *is* kind."

"Neither he nor Daney communicated with you in any way following your departure from Port Agnew?"

"They did not."

"Before leaving New York, or immediately after your return to Port Agnew, did you enter into verbal agreement with any member of my family or their representative to nurse me back to health and then jilt me?"

"I did not. The morning I appeared at the hospital, your father, remembering my statement to him the morning I fled from Port Agnew, suspected that I had had a change of heart. He said to me, 'So this is your idea of playing the game, is it?' I assured him then that I had not returned to Port Agnew with the intention of marrying you, but merely to stiffen your morale, as it were. He seemed quite satisfied with my explanation."

"Did he ever question you as to how you ascertained I was ill?"

"No. While I cannot explain my impression, I gathered at the time that he knew."

"He credited Andrew Daney with that philanthropic job, Nan. He does not know that my mother communicated with you."

"Neither do you, Donald. I have not told you she did."

"I am not such a stupid fellow as to believe you would ever tell me anything that might hurt me, Nan." He added bluntly, "One does not relish the information that one's mother has not exhibited the sort of delicacy one expects of one's mother."

"It is not nice of you to say that, Donald. How do you know that Mr. Daney did not send for me?"

He smiled tolerantly.

"Before Daney would dare do that, he would consult with my father, and if my father had consented to it, he would never have left to Daney the task of requesting such a tremendous favor of you for his account. If Daney ever consulted my father as to the advisability of such a course, my father refused to consider it."

"What makes you think so, old smarty?"

"Well, I know my father's code. He had no hesitancy in permitting you to know that you were not welcome as a prospective daughter-in-law, although he was not so rude as to tell you why. He left that to your imagination. Now, for my father to ask a favor of anybody is very unusual. He has a motto that a favor accepted is a debt incurred, and he dislikes those perennial debts. My father is a trader, my dear. If he had, directly or indirectly, been responsible for your return to Port Agnew for the purpose of saving his son's life, he would not be—well, he just wouldn't do it," he explained, with some embarrassment. "He couldn't do it. He would say to you: 'My son is dying because he finds life uninteresting without you. If you return, your presence will stimulate in him a renewed interest in life, and he will, in all probability, survive. If you are good enough to save my son from death, you are good enough to share his life, and although this wedding is about going to kill me, nevertheless we will pull it off and make believe we like it.'"

"Nonsense!" she retorted.

"Knowing how my father would act under such circumstances, I was dumfounded when he informed me this afternoon that you had agreed to perform under false pretenses. He was quite certain you would proceed to jilt me, now that I am strong enough to stand it. He said you had promised him you would."

"I did not promise him. I merely told him truthfully what my firm intention was at the time he demanded to be informed as to the nature of my intentions. I reserved my woman's right to change my mind."

"Oh!"

"Had I made your father a definite promise, I would have kept it. If I were party to such a contract, Donald dear, all of your pleading to induce me to break it would be in vain."

"A contract without a consideration is void in law," he reminded her. "Dad just figured he could bank on your love for me. He did you the honor to think it was so strong and wonderful that death would be a delicious delight to you in preference to spoiling my career by marrying me. Well, Elizabeth disillusioned him." Nan's eyebrows lifted perceptibly. "She informed my father, in my presence," Donald continued, "that you had had a change of heart, that you were now resolved to accept me should I again ask you to marry me. It appears you had told Andrew Daney this—in cold blood, as it were. So dad went to the telephone and verified this report by Daney; then we had a grand show-down, and I was definitely given my choice of habitation—The Dreamerie or the Sawdust Pile. Father, mother, Elizabeth, and Jane jointly and severally assured me that they would never receive you; so, Nan dear, it appears that I will have to pay rather a heavy price for the privilege of marrying you—"

"I have never told you I would marry you!" she cried sharply.

"Yes, you did. That day in the hospital."

"That was a very necessary fib, and you should not hold it against me."

"But did you tell Daney that you would accept me if I should ask you again to marry me?"

She was visibly agitated, but answered him truthfully,

"Yes, I did."

"You said it in anger?"

"Yes"—very softly.

"Daney had come to you with an offer of monetary reward for your invaluable services to the McKaye family, had he not? And since what you did was not done for profit, you were properly infuriated and couldn't resist giving Daney the scare of his life—that was the way of it, was it not?"

Nan nodded, and some tears that trembled on her long lashes were flicked off by the vigor of the nod.

"I suppose you haven't sufficient money with which to return to New York," he continued. Again she nodded an affirmative. "Just what are your plans, dear?"

"I suppose I'll have to go somewhere and try to procure a position as a cook lady."

"An admirable decision!" he declared enthusiastically. "I'll give you a job cooking for me, provided you'll agree to marry me and permit me to live in your house. I'm a man without a home, and you've just got to take me in, Nan. I have no other place to lay my weary head."

She looked at him, and, through the blur of her tears, she saw him smiling down at her, calmly, benignantly.

"You've—you've—chosen the Sawdust Pile?" she cried incredulously.

"How else would a man of spirit choose, old shipmate? I'm not going back."

"You will—if I refuse to marry you."

"I do not anticipate such a refusal. However, it does not

enter into the matter at all in so far as my decision to quit The Dreamerie is concerned. I'm through! Listen, Nan: I could win my father to you—win him wholeheartedly and without reservation—if I should inform him that my mother asked you to come back to Port Agnew. My mother and the girls have not told him of this, and I suspect they have encouraged his assumption that Andrew Daney took matters in his own hands. Father has not cared to inquire into the matter, anyhow, because he is secretly grateful to Daney (as he thinks) for disobeying him. Mother and the girls are forcing Daney to protect them; they are using his loyalty to the family as a club to keep him in line. With that club, they forced him to come to you with a proposition that must have been repugnant to him, if for no other reason than that he knew my father would not countenance it. When you told him you would marry me if I should ask you again, to whom did Daney report? To Elizabeth, of course—the brains of the opposition. That proves to me that my father had nothing to do with it—why, the story is as easily understood from deduction as if I had heard the details from their lips. But I cannot use my mother's peace of mind as a club to beat dad into line; I cannot tell him something that will almost make him hate mother and my sisters; I would not force him to do that which he does not desire to do because it is the kindly, sensible, and humane course. So I shall sit tight and say nothing—and, by the way, I love you more than ever for keeping this affair from me. So few women are true-blue sports, I'm afraid."

"You must be very, very angry and hurt, Donald."

"I am. So angry and hurt that I desire to be happy within the shortest possible period of elapsed time. Now, old girl, look right into my eyes, because I'm going to propose to you for the last time. My worldly assets consist of about a hundred dollars in cash and a six-dollar wedding-ring which I bought as I came through Port Agnew. With these worldly goods and all the love and honor and respect a man can possibly have for a woman, I desire to endow you. Answer me quickly. Yes or no?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"You chatterbox! When?"

"At your pleasure."

"That's trading-talk. We'll be married this afternoon." He stretched out his long arms for her, and as she slid off the low hassock and knelt beside his chair, he gathered her hungrily to him and held her there for a long time before he spoke again. When he did, it was to say, with an air of wonder that was almost childlike:

"I never knew it was possible for a man to be so utterly wretched and so tremendously happy, and all within the same hour. I love you so much it hurts." He released her and glanced at his watch. "It is now two o'clock, Nan. If we leave here by three, we can reach the county-seat by five o'clock, procure a license, and be married by six. By half-past seven we will have finished our wedding-supper, and by about ten o'clock we shall be back at the Sawdust Pile. Put a clean pair of rompers on the young fellow, and let's go. From this day forward we live, like the Sein Finn, 'for ourselves alone.'"

While Nan was preparing for that hurried ceremony, Donald strolled about the little yard, looking over the neglected garden and marking for future attention various matters such as a broken hinge on the gate, some palings off the fence, and the crying necessity for paint on the little white house, for he was striving mightily to shut out all thought of his past life and concentrate on matters that had to do with the future. Presently, he wandered out on the bulkhead, and his eyes rested on a familiar sight.

Through the Bight of Tyee, his father's barkentine, Kohala, was coming home from Honolulu, ramping in before a twenty-mile breeze with every shred of canvas drawing. Idly Donald watched her until she was abreast and below The Dreamerie and her house-flag dipped in salute to the master watching from the cliff; instantly the young laird of Tyee saw a woolly puff of smoke break from the terrace below the house and, several seconds later, the dull boom of the signal-gun. His heart was constricted.

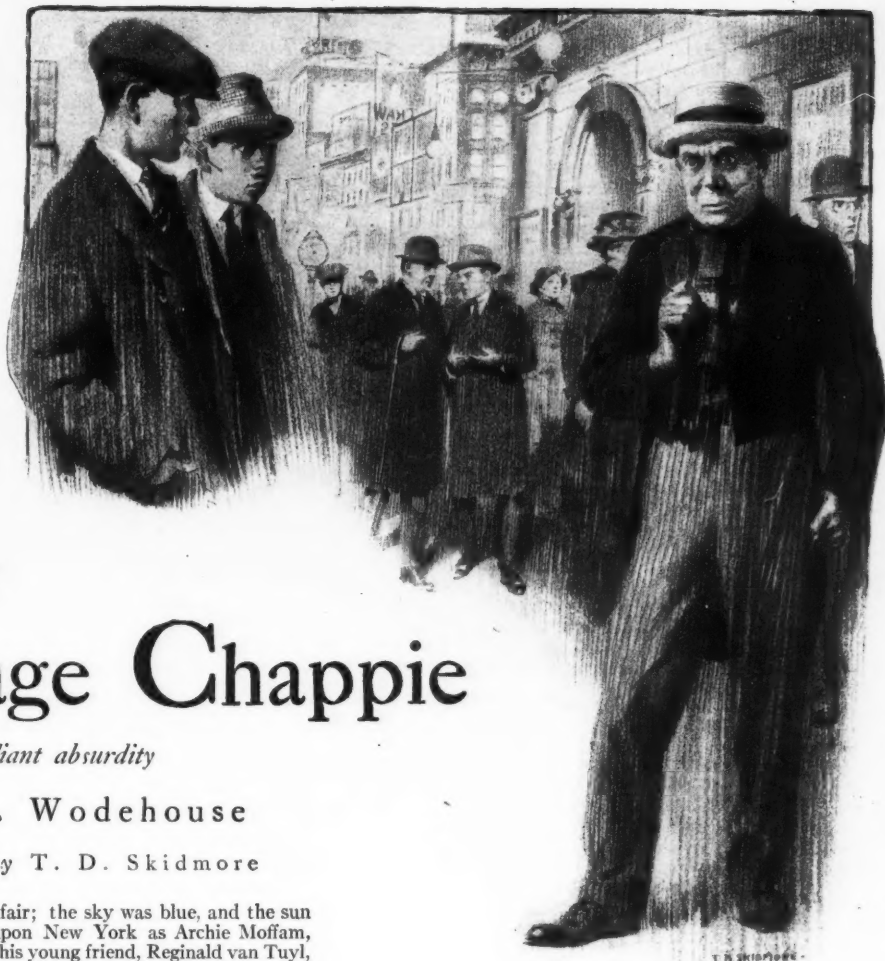
"Ah, never for me," he murmured; "never for me—until he tells them to look toward the Sawdust Pile for the master!"

He strode out to the gate, where his father's chauffeur waited with the limousine.

"Take the car home," he ordered, "and, as you pass through town, stop in at the Central Garage and tell them to send a closed car over to me here."

The chauffeur looked at him with surprise, but obeyed at once. By the time the hired car had arrived, Nan and her child were ready, and, just before locking the house, Nan, realizing that they would not return to the Sawdust Pile (Continued on page 159)

Being an Englishman, Mr. Wodehouse sees, to its last chuckle, the ridiculous side of another Englishman. That's why no other character has ever been so delightfully ludicrous as Archie in America



# The Sausage Chappie

*A brilliant absurdity*

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THE morning was fair; the sky was blue, and the sun shone genially upon New York as Archie Moffam, arm in arm with his young friend, Reginald van Tuyl, sauntered into Broadway. For the first time since he had married Lucille, the only daughter of Daniel Brewster, millionaire proprietor of the Cosmopolis Hotel, things had begun to break right for Archie. Relations between himself and his father-in-law had at last been placed upon a satisfactory footing. "The relief, dear old bean," he said to Reggie, "is something terrific. It seems that old Brewster—a fellow who absolutely has to be seen to be believed—had hoped for a different sort of son-in-law, and I am revealing no secrets when I say that, on my rolling in and trying to dig a father's blessing out of him, he nearly expired on the door-mat. True, he put me up at the Cosmopolis and let me sign for my meals, but, apart from that, he was far from matey—very, very far! Oh, far indeed! However, just as I was getting fed to the gills with my sufferings and beginning to crack under the strain, I'm dashed if there wasn't a happy ending. Absolutely! A regular close-up and slow fade-out of Virtue Triumphant. You see, the old boy is most fearfully keen on building another hotel, and he'd got the site and what-not when he suddenly discovered that one of the waiters he'd sacked from the Cosmopolis—great pal of mine—owned a shop in the very middle of it and wouldn't sell. I offered to intercede, bit his ear for three thousand of the best and crispest to buy the shop, bought it, and then told him that I wouldn't sell unless he chucked his imitation of Simon Legree and became matey. So now everything's fine. The Dove of Peace flaps its little wings—Hello, old lad, what's the matter?"

Archie broke off his recital abruptly. A sort of spasm had passed across his companion's features. The hand holding Archie's arm had tightened convulsively. One would have said that Reginald had received a shock.

"It's nothing," said Reggie. "I'm all right now. I caught sight of that fellow's clothes rather suddenly. They shook me a bit. I'm all right now," he said bravely.

Archie followed his friend's gaze, and understood. Reggie van Tuyl was never at his strongest in the morning, and he had a sensitive eye for clothes. He had been known to resign from

Archie started. He stared at the man. "Great Scott!" he cried. "It's the sausage chappie!"

clubs because members exceeded the bounds in the matter of soft shirts with dinner jackets. And the short, thick-set man who was standing just in front of them in an attitude of restful immobility was certainly no dandy. Take him for all in all and on the hoof, he might have been posing as a model for a sketch of "What the Well-Dressed Man Should Not Wear."

In costume, as in most other things, it is best to take a definite line and stick to it. This man had obviously vacillated. His neck was swathed in a green scarf; he wore an evening-dress coat, and his lower limbs were draped in a pair of tweed trousers built for a larger man. To the north, he was bounded by a straw hat; to the south, by brown shoes.

Archie surveyed the man's back carefully.

"Bit thick!" he said sympathetically. "But, of course, Broadway isn't Fifth Avenue. What I mean to say is, bohemian license and what-not. Broadway's crammed with deuced brainy devils who don't care how they look. Probably this bird is a master mind of some species strayed from Greenwich Village."

"All the same, a man's no right to wear an evening-dress coat with tweed trousers."

"Absolutely not! I see what you mean."

At this point, the sartorial offender turned. Seen from the front, he was even more unnerving. He appeared to possess no shirt, though this defect was offset by the fact that the tweed trousers fitted snugly under the arms. He was not a handsome man. At his best, he could never have been that, and in the recent past he had managed to acquire a scar that ran from the corner of his mouth half-way across his cheek. Even when his

## The Sausage Chappie

face was in repose, he had an odd expression; and when, as he chanced to do now, he smiled, "odd" became a mild adjective, quite inadequate for purposes of description. It was not an unpleasant face, however. Unquestionably genial, indeed. There was something in it that had a quality of humorous appeal.

Archie started. He stared at the man.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "It's the sausage chappie!"

Reginald van Tuyl gave a little moan. He was not used to this sort of thing. A sensitive young man as regarded scenes, Archie's behavior upset him. For Archie, releasing his arm, had bounded forward and was shaking the other's hand warmly.

"Well, well, well! My dear old chap! You must remember me—what? No? Yes?"

The man with the scar seemed puzzled. He shuffled the brown shoes, patted the straw hat, and eyed Archie questioningly.

"I don't seem to place you," he said.

Archie slapped the back of the evening-dress coat.

"We met outside St. Mihiel in the war. You gave me a bit of sausage. One of the most sporting events in history. Nobody but a real sportsman would have parted with a bit of sausage at that moment to a stranger. Never forgotten it, by Jove! Saved my life—absolutely! Hadn't chewed a morsel for eight hours. Well, have you got anything on? I mean to say, you aren't booked for lunch or any rot of that species, are you? Fine! Then I move we all toddle off and get a bite somewhere." He squeezed the other's arm fondly. "Fancy meeting you again like this! I've often wondered what became of you. But, by Jove, I was forgetting. Dashed rude of me! My friend, Mr. van Tuyl."

Reggie gulped. The longer he looked at it, the harder this man's costume was to bear.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Just remembered— Important date— Late already— Er—see you sometime—"

He melted away, a broken man. Archie was not sorry to see him go. Reggie was a good chap, but he would undoubtedly have been *de trop* at this reunion.

"I vote we go to the Cosmopolis," he said, steering his newly found friend through the crowd. "The browsing and sluicing isn't bad there, and I can sign the bill, which is no small consideration nowadays."

The sausage chappie chuckled amusedly.

"I can't go to a place like the Cosmopolis looking like this." Archie was a little embarrassed.

"Oh, I don't know, you know, don't you know?" he said.

"Still, since you have brought the topic up in the course of general chit-chat, you *did* get the good old wardrobe a bit mixed this morning—what? I mean to say, you seem, absent-mindedly, as it were, to have got hold of samples from a good number of your various suitings."

"Suitings?" How do you mean—"suitings?" I haven't any suitings! Who do you think I am? Vincent Astor? All I have is what I stand up in."

Archie was shocked. This tragedy touched him. He himself had never had any money in his life, but, somehow, he had always seemed to manage to have plenty of clothes. How this was, he could not say. He had always had a vague sort of idea that tailors were kindly birds who never failed to have a pair of trousers or something up their sleeve to present to the deserving. There was the drawback, of course, that, once they had given you the things, they were apt to write you rather a lot of letters about it; but you soon managed to recognize their handwriting, and then it was a simple task to extract their communications from your morning mail and drop them in the waste-paper basket. This was the first case he had encountered of a man who was really short on clothes.

"My dear old lad," he said briskly, "this must be remedied. Oh, positively! This must be remedied at once. I suppose my things wouldn't fit you? No? Well, I tell you what. We'll wangle something from my father-in-law. Old Brewster, you know, the fellow who runs the Cosmopolis. His'll fit you like the paper on the wall, because he's a tubby little blighter, too. What I mean to say is, he's also one of those sturdy, square, fine-looking chappies of about the middle height."

"I gather," said the man with the scar, "that you have a pull with your father-in-law?"

"Absolutely! Quite the spoiled child and what-not! By the way, where are you stopping these days?"

"Nowhere just at present. I thought of taking one of those self-contained park benches."

"Are you broke?"

"Am I!"

Archie was concerned.

"You ought to get a job."

"I ought. But, somehow, I don't seem able to."

"What did you do before the war?"

"I've forgotten."

"How do you mean—'forgotten?' You can't mean—'forgotten?'"

"Yes. It's quite gone."

"But I mean to say—you can't have forgotten a thing like that!"

"Can't I? I've forgotten all sorts of things. Where I was born. How old I am. Whether I'm married or single. What my name is—"

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Archie, staggered. "But you remembered about giving me a bit of sausage outside St. Mihiel."

"No, I didn't. I'm taking your word for it. For all I know, you may be luring me into some den to rob me of my straw hat. I don't know you from Adam. But I like your conversation—especially the part about eating—and I'm taking a chance."

Archie was concerned.

"Listen, old bean! Make an effort! You must remember that sausage episode. It was just outside St. Mihiel, about five in the evening. Your little lot were lying next to my little lot, and we happened to meet, and I said, 'What ho?' and you said, 'Hullo!' and I said: 'What ho? What ho?' and you said, 'Have a bit of sausage?' and I said: 'What ho? What ho? What ho? What ho?'"

"The dialogue seems to have been darned sparkling, but I don't remember it. It must have been after that that I stopped one. I don't seem quite to have caught up with myself since I got hit."

"Oh! That's how you got that scar?"

"No. I got that jumping through a plate-glass window in London on Armistice night."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time."

"But if you can remember a thing like that, why can't you remember your name?"

"I remember everything that happened after I came out of the hospital. It's the part before that's gone."

Archie patted him on the shoulder.

"I know just what you want. You need a bit of quiet and repose, to think things over and so forth. You mustn't go sleeping on park benches. Won't do at all! Not a bit like it! You must shift to the Cosmopolis. It isn't half a bad spot, the old Cosmop."

"Is the Cosmopolis giving free board and lodging these days?"

"Rather! Take it from me—I've had some. That'll be all right. My father-in-law's frightfully keen on me. Refuse me nothing. Well, this is the spot. We'll start by trickling up to the old boy's suite and looking over his reach-me-downs. I know the waiter on his floor. He'll let us in with his pass-key."

And so it came about that Mr. Daniel Brewster, returning to his suite in the middle of lunch in order to find a paper dealing with the subject he was discussing with his guest, the architect of his new hotel, was aware of a murmur of voices behind the closed door of his bedroom. Recognizing the accents of his son-in-law, he breathed an oath and charged in.

The sight that met his eyes when he opened the door did nothing to soothe him. The floor was a sea of clothes. And in the middle of this welter was Archie, with a man who, to Mr. Brewster's heated eye, looked like a tramp comedian out of a burlesque show.

"Great Godfrey!" ejaculated Mr. Brewster.

Archie looked up with a friendly smile.

"Oh, hullo-ullo!" he said affably. "We were just glancing through your spare scenery to see if we couldn't find something for my pal here. This is Mr. Brewster, my father-in-law, old man." Archie scanned his relative's twisted features. Something in his expression seemed not altogether encouraging. He decided that the negotiations had better be conducted in private. "One moment, old lad," he said, to his new friend; "I just want to have a little talk with my father-in-law in the other room. Just a little friendly business chat. You stay here."

In the other room, Mr. Brewster turned on Archie like a wounded lion of the desert.

"What the—"

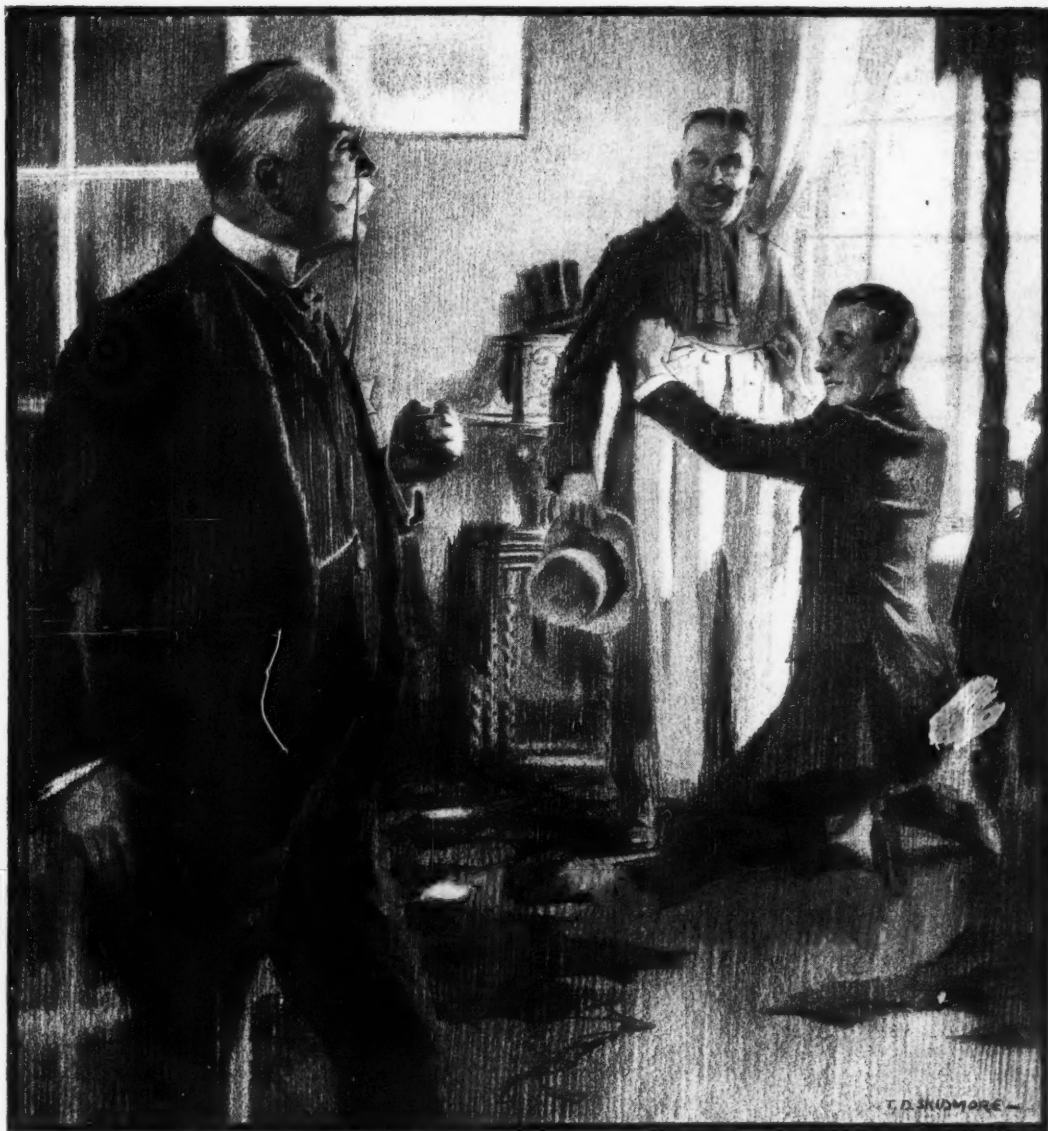
Archie secured one of his coat buttons and began to massage it affectionately.

"Ought to have explained," said Archie. "Only, didn't want to interrupt your lunch. The sportsman on the horizon is a dear old pal of mine—"

Mr. Brewster wrenched himself free.

"What do you mean, you angleworm, by bringing tramps into my bedroom and messing about with my clothes?"

"That's just what I'm trying to explain, if you'll only listen."



Archie looked up with a friendly smile. "Oh, hullo-ullo!" he said affably. "We were just glancing through your spare scenery to see if we couldn't find something for my pal here"

This bird is a bird I met in France during the war. He gave me a bit of sausage outside St. Mihiel. He can't remember who he is or where he was born or what his name is, and he's broke, so, dash it, I must look after him. You see, he gave me a bit of sausage."

Mr. Brewster's frenzy gave way to an ominous calm.

"I'll give him two seconds to clear out of here. If he isn't gone by then, I'll have him thrown out."

Archie was shocked.

"But you don't understand. You haven't grasped the good old situash. This chappie has lost his memory because he was wounded in the war. Keep that fact firmly fixed in the old bean. He fought for you—fought and bled for you. Bled profusely, by Jove! And he saved my life!"

"If I'd got nothing else against him, that would be enough!"

"But you can't sling a chappie out into the cold, hard world who bled in gallons to make the world safe for the Hotel Cosmopolis! Think of all he went through!"

Mr. Brewster looked ostentatiously at his watch.

"Two seconds!" he said.

There was a silence. Archie appeared to be thinking.

"Right-o!" he said, at last. "No need to get the wind up. I know where he can go. It's just occurred to me. I'll put him up at my little shop."

The purple ebbed from Mr. Brewster's face. Such was his

emotion that he had forgotten that infernal shop. He sat down. There was more silence. Then,

"I knew you would be reasonable about it," said Archie approvingly. "Now, honestly, as man to man, how do we go?"

"What do you want me to do?" growled Mr. Brewster.

"I thought you might put the chappie up for a while, and give him a chance to look round and nose about a bit."

"I absolutely refuse to give any more loafers free board and lodging."

"Any more?"

"Well, he would be the second, wouldn't he?"

Archie looked pained.

"It's true," he said, "that, when I first came here, I was temporarily resting, so to speak; but didn't I go right out and grab the manership of your new hotel? Positively!"

"I will *not* adopt this tramp."

"Well, find him a job, then."

"What sort of job?"

"Oh, any old sort."

"He can be a waiter if he likes."

"But I say, you know," said Archie doubtfully, "this chappie is a gentleman, you know."

"Oh, indeed! Then, perhaps, he would rather be manager of the hotel."

## The Sausage Chappie

"That's a sound idea! I'll ask him."

Mr. Brewster exploded.

"Listen: I'll give your dilapidated friend two seconds to decide if he wants to be a waiter or not. If he doesn't, he knows the way out."

"That 'two seconds' thing seems to be a perfect obsession with you. All right; I'll put the matter before him."

He returned to the bedroom. The sausage chappie was gazing fondly into the mirror with a spotted tie draped round his neck.

"I say, old top," said Archie apologetically, "the Emperor of the Cooties out yonder isn't in one of his sunniest moods to-day. Don't know why. He has delivered what you might call a jolly old ultimatum. He says you can have a job here as waiter, and he won't do another dashed thing for you. How about it?"

"Do waiters eat?"

"I suppose so. Though, by Jove, come to think of it, I've never seen one at it."

"That's good enough for me," said the sausage chappie. "When do I begin?"

The sausage chappie made rather a good waiter. He was brisk and attentive, and did the work as if he liked it. But Archie, brooding on his case, was not satisfied. Something seemed to tell him that the man was fitted for higher things, and, as the days went by, it began to seem to him that it was he, Archie Moffam, who had been selected by destiny to find the other's real place in the sun. Archie was a grateful soul. That sausage, coming at the end of a five-hour hike, had made a deep impression on his plastic nature. Reason told him that only an exceptional man could have parted with half a sausage at a moment when half-sausages were worth considerably more than their weight in gold, and he could not feel that a job as waiter at a New York hotel was an adequate job for an exceptional man. Of course, the root of the trouble lay in the fact that the fellow couldn't remember what his real life-work had been before the war. It was exasperating to reflect, as the other moved away from his table to take his order to the kitchen, that there—for all one knew—went the dickens of a lawyer or doctor or architect or what-not, debarred from the exercise of his legitimate profession by the mere accident of having received a section of a German shell in the side of his head. The thing kept Archie awake at night.

One night, when he was not awake—it was, as a matter of fact, four o'clock in the morning—he was jerked from sleep by the ringing of the telephone-bell. He drowsily unhooked the receiver. The voice of the sausage chappie sounded at the other end of the wire.

"Hello! Is that you?"

"Absolutely!" said Archie.

"It's a trifle late," said the sausage chappie.

"No, no!" said Archie courteously. "Any time you're passing."

"I wanted to tell you I've just remembered something. I was born in—half a minute—I've forgotten again."

Archie held the receiver patiently.

"Hello," said the sausage chappie.

"On the spot!" said Archie.

"Springfield, Ohio," said the sausage chappie.

"I say, that's fine—what? Congratulations, old top! Anything else?"

"Nothing at present. But I feel as if a sort of mist were beginning to lift. I'm expecting further dope any minute."

"Splendid! Stick to it, old bean; stick to it!"

Archie hung up the receiver. He was thrilled. He wanted to chat about this extraordinary affair with some one. He unhooked the receiver again.

"Number, please," said the girl at the switchboard.

"I say, will you put me through to Mr. Brewster's room." Presently the sleep-laden voice of his father-in-law greeted him.

"Hello!"

"Oh, hello!" said Archie. "Is that you? I say, isn't it topping? You know our pal with the groggy memory—the one you lent your blue suit to? Well—"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm just telling you. You remember the bird you gave the waiter job to? The sausage chappie, you know. Well, he's just remembered he was born in Springfield, Ohio."

There was a long pause at the other end of the wire.

"Did you get me out of bed at four in the morning," said Mr. Brewster, in a strained voice, "to tell me that?"

"I thought you would be glad to know."

Mr. Brewster hung up the receiver without a word. There were no words, in or out of the dictionary, which would have even begun to express his feelings. He might have done it in Russian, but he knew no Russian. He was not interested in the sausage chappie's birthplace. He was, indeed, sorry the sausage chappie had been born at all. And he was still sorrier that Archie Moffam



The stout man patted the girl's cheek, and to seize a huckle-

had been born. He had long since come to look on that event as one of the worst calamities the world had ever seen.

Something of this view-point he expressed to Archie by word of mouth in the lobby of the hotel later, when he met the latter on his way to lunch in the grill-room. And it was in a somewhat subdued mood that Archie finally extracted himself from the machinery and passed on. He sank down in his favorite

corner in a frame of mind comparable to that of one who has been kicked in the head by a mule and run over by a motor-truck.

The grill-room had begun to fill up. The sausage chappie was attending to a table farther down the room, at which a woman with a small boy in a sailor-suit had seated themselves. The woman was engrossed with the bill of fare, but the child's attention seemed riveted upon the sausage chappie.

"Mummie," he asked interestedly, as the man disappeared toward the kitchen, "why has that man got such a funny face?"

"Hush, darling!"

"Yes; but why *has* he?"

"I don't know, darling."

The child's faith in the maternal omniscience seemed to have received a shock. He had the air of a seeker after truth who has been baffled. His eye roamed the room discontentedly.

"He's got a funnier face than that man there," he said, pointing at Archie.

"Hush, darling!"

"But he has! Much funnier!"

In a way, it was a sort of compliment, but Archie felt embarrassed. He buried himself behind the bill of fare. Presently, the sausage chappie returned, attended to the needs of the woman and the child, and came over to Archie. Archie ordered a chop. The sausage chappie booked the item, added French fried potatoes on his own responsibility, and then, dismissing business for the moment, became communicative.

"Why, it's—that's funny. It's gone again. I have an idea it began with an S. What was it? Skeffington? Skillington?"

"Sanderson?"

"No; I'll get it in a moment. Cunningham? Carrington? Wilberforce? Debenham?"

"Dennison?" suggested Archie helpfully.

"No, no, no! It's on the tip of my tongue. Barrington? Montgomery? Hepplethwaite? I've got it! Smith!"

"By Jove! Really?"

"Certain of it."

"What's the first name?"

An anxious expression came into the man's eyes. He hesitated. He lowered his voice.

"I have a horrible feeling that it's Lancelot!"

"Good God!" said Archie.

"It couldn't really be that, could it?"

Archie looked grave. He hated to give pain, but he felt he must be honest.

"It might," he said. "People give their children all sorts of rummy names."

The head waiter began to drift up like a bank of fog, and the sausage chappie returned to his professional duties. When he came back, bearing the chop and potatoes, he was beaming again.

"Something else I remembered," he said, removing the cover. "I'm married."

"Good Lord!"

"At least, I was before the war. She had blue eyes and brown hair and a Pekingese dog."

"What was her name?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you're coming on," said Archie. "You only need patience. Everything comes to him who waits." Archie sat up, electrified. "I say, by Jove, that's rather good—what? Everything comes to him who waits, and you're a waiter—what, what? I mean to say—what?"

"Mummie," said the child at the other table, still speculative, "do you think something trod on his face?"

"Hush, darling!"

"Perhaps it was bitten by something."

"Eat your nice fish, darling," said the mother, who seemed to be one of those dull-witted persons whom it is impossible to interest in a discussion on first causes.

Archie attacked his chop vigorously. He felt stimulated. Not even the advent of his father-in-law, who came in a few moments later and sat down at the other end of the room, could depress his spirits. He champed his chop with an appetite.

The sausage chappie came to his table again.

"It's a funny thing," he said. "Like waking up after you've been asleep. Everything seems to be getting clear. The dog's name was Marie. My wife's dog, you know. And she had a mole on her chin."

"The dog?"

"No. My wife. Little beast. She bit me in the leg once."

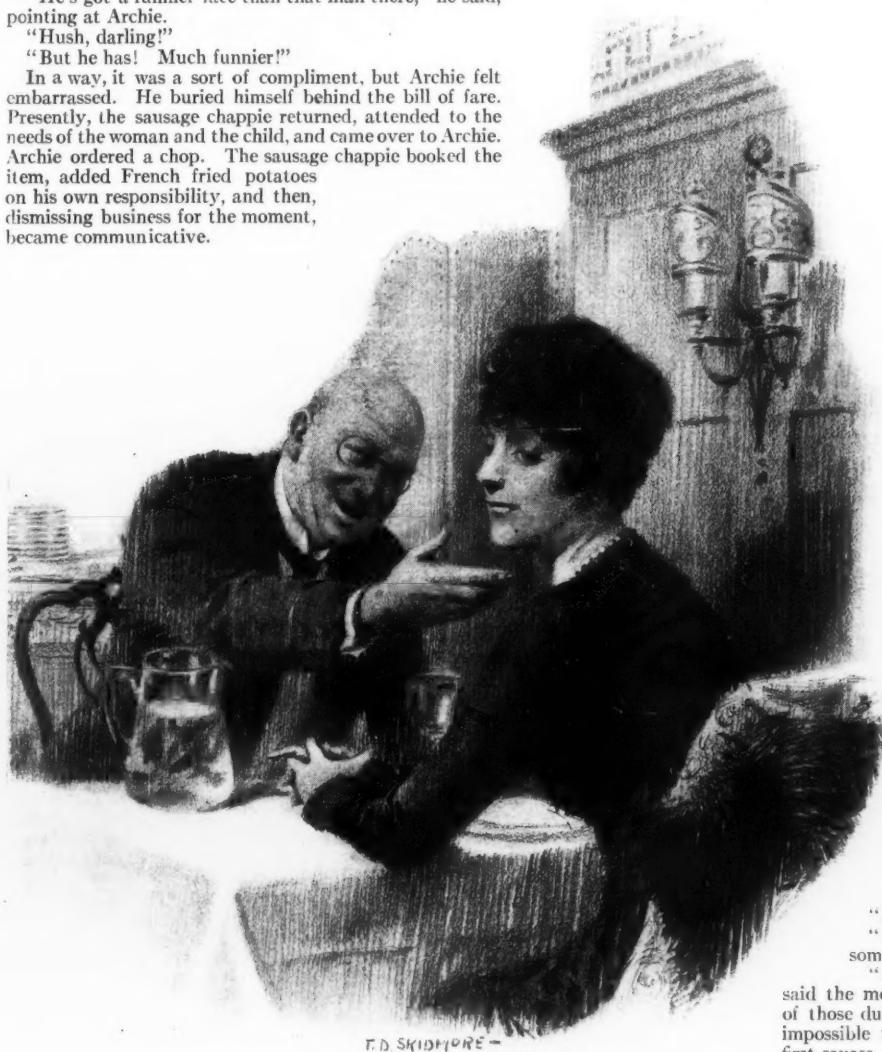
berry pie was with the sausage chappie the work of a moment

"I had a big night last night," he said, leaning on the table. "That's good!" said Archie. "The old bean beginning to stir a bit—what?"

"I should say so! Something seems to have happened to the works. Just before I went to sleep, I remembered my name as well."

Archie forgot his troubles in his excitement.

"I say—that's topping! What is your name?"



F.D. SKIDMORE -

## The Sausage Chappie

"Your wife?"

"No. The dog."

Archie scanned the bill of fare.

"How about a chunk of French pastry and a demi-tasse?" he said. "Yes; I rather think that's what the doctor ordered."

"Good Lord!" said the sausage chappie.

Archie looked up. The exclamation could hardly be intended for a commentary on his choice of provender, for the other, who always took a kindly and constructive interest in his meals, had himself suggested a bit of French pastry when bringing the chop. Some deeper emotion than disapproval was plainly working within him. Archie followed his gaze.

A couple of tables away, next to a sideboard on which the management exposed for view the cold meats and puddings and pies mentioned in volume two of the bill of fare—*Buffet Froid*—a man and a girl had just seated themselves. The man was stout and middle-aged. He bulged in practically every place in which a man can bulge, and his head was almost entirely free from hair. The girl was young and pretty. Her eyes were blue. Her hair was brown. She had a rather attractive little mole on the left side of her chin.

"Good Lord!" said the sausage chappie.

"Now what?" said Archie.

"Who's that? Over at the table there?"

Archie, through long attendance at the Cosmopolis grill, knew most of the habitués by sight.

"That's a man named Gossett. James J. Gossett. He's a motion-picture man. You must have seen his name around."

"I don't mean him. Who's the girl?"

"I've never seen her before."

"It's my wife!" said the sausage chappie.

"Your wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, well!" said Archie. "Many happy returns of the day!"

At the other table, the girl, unconscious of the drama which was about to enter her life, was engrossed in conversation with the stout man. And at this moment, the stout man leaned forward and patted her on the cheek.

It was a paternal pat—the pat which a genial uncle might bestow on a favorite niece—but it did not strike the sausage chappie in that light. He had been advancing on the table at a fairly rapid pace, and now he bounded forward with a hoarse cry.

Archie was at some pains to explain to his father-in-law later that, if the management left cold pies and things about all over the place, this sort of thing was bound to happen sooner or later. He urged that it was putting temptation in people's way and that Mr. Brewster had only himself to blame. Whatever the rights of the case, the *Buffet Froid* undoubtedly came in remarkably handy at this crisis in the sausage chappie's life. He had almost reached the sideboard when the stout man patted the girl's cheek, and to seize a huckleberry pie was with him the work of a moment. The next instant, the pie had whizzed past the other's head and burst like a shell against the wall.

There are, no doubt, restaurants where this sort of thing would have excited little comment, but the Cosmopolis was not one of them. Everybody had something to say. Mr. Brewster bounded from his seat and bellowed incoherently. Waiters discussed the matter animatedly among themselves in the background. The girl uttered a scream, the stout man an expletive. The only one among those present who had anything sensible to say was the child in the sailor-suit.

"Do it again!" said the child cordially.

The sausage chappie did it again. He took up a fruit salad, poised it for a moment, then decanted it over Mr. Gossett's bald head. The child's happy laughter rang over the restaurant. Whatever anybody else might think of the affair, this child liked it, and was prepared to go on record to that effect.

Epic events have a stunning quality. They paralyze the faculties. For a moment, there was a pause. The world stood still. Mr. Brewster bubbled inarticulately. Mr. Gossett dried himself sketchily with a napkin. The sausage chappie snorted. The girl had risen to her feet and was staring wildly.

"John!" she cried.

Even at this moment of crisis, the sausage chappie was able to look relieved.

"So it is!" he said. "And I thought it was Lancelot!"

"I thought you were dead!"

"I'm not," said the sausage chappie.

Mr. Gossett, speaking thickly through the fruit salad, was

understood to say that he regretted this. And then confusion broke loose again. Everybody began to talk at once.

"I say!" said Archie. "I say! One moment!"

Of the first stages of this interesting episode, Archie had been a paralyzed spectator. The thing had numbed him. But when he reached the gesticulating group, he was calm and business-like. He had a constructive policy to suggest.

"I say," he said; "I've got an idea."

"Go away!" said Mr. Brewster.

Archie quelled him with a gesture.

"Leave us," he said. "We would be alone. I want to have a little business talk with Mr. Gossett." He turned to the movie magnate, who was gradually emerging from the fruit-salad rafter after the manner of a stout Venus rising from the sea. "Can you spare me a moment of your valuable time?"

"I'll have him arrested!"

"Don't you do it, laddie! Listen!"

"The man's mad! Throwing pies!"

Archie attached himself to his coat button.

"Be calm, laddie! Calm and reasonable!"

For the first time, Mr. Gossett seemed to become aware that what he had been looking on as a vague annoyance was really an individual.

"Who are you?"

Archie drew himself up with dignity.

"I am this gentleman's representative," he replied, indicating the sausage chappie with a motion of the hand. "His jolly old personal representative. I act for him. And, on his behalf, I have a pretty ripe proposition to lay before you. By Jove, you ought to rise up and embrace this bird! He has thrown pies at you, hasn't he? Very well. You are a movie magnate. Your whole fortune is founded on chappies who throw pies. You probably scour the world for chappies who throw pies. Yet, when one comes right to you without any fuss or trouble, and demonstrates before your very eyes the fact that he is without a peer as a pie-propeller, you get the wind up and talk about having him arrested. Consider! Be sensible! Why let your personal feelings stand in the way of doing yourself a bit of good? Give this chappie a job, and give it him quick, or we go elsewhere. Did you ever see Fatty Arbuckle handle pastry with a surer touch? Has Charlie Chaplin got this fellow's speed and control? Absolutely not! I tell you, old friend, you're in danger of throwing away a good thing." He paused. The sausage chappie beamed.

"I've always wanted to go into the movies," he said. "I was an actor before the war. Just remembered."

Mr. Brewster attempted to speak. Archie waved him down.

"How many times have I got to tell you not to butt in?" he said severely.

Mr. Gossett's militant demeanor had become a trifle modified during Archie's harangue. First and foremost a man of business, Mr. Gossett was not insensible to the arguments which had been put forward.

He mused a while.

"How do I know this fellow would screen well?" he said, at last.

"Screen well!" cried Archie. "Of course he'll screen well! Look at his face! I ask you! The map! I call your attention to it!" He turned apologetically to the sausage chappie. "Awfully sorry, old lad, for dwelling on this, but it's business, you know." He turned to Mr. Gossett. "Did you ever see a face like that? Of course not! Why should I, as this gentleman's personal representative, let a face like that go to waste? There's a fortune in it. By Jove, I'll give you two minutes to think the thing over, and, if you don't talk business then, I'll jolly well take my man straight round to Mack Sennett or some one. We don't have to ask for jobs. We consider offers."

There was a silence. And then the clear voice of the child in the sailor-suit made itself heard again.

"Mummie!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Is the man with the funny face going to throw any more pies?"

"No, darling."

The child uttered a scream of disappointed fury.

"I want the funny man to throw some more pies!"

A look almost of awe came into Mr. Gossett's face. He had heard the voice of the public. He had felt the beating of the public's pulse.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said reverently. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Come round to my office."

The next escapade of *Archie in America* will appear in *July Cosmopolitan*.

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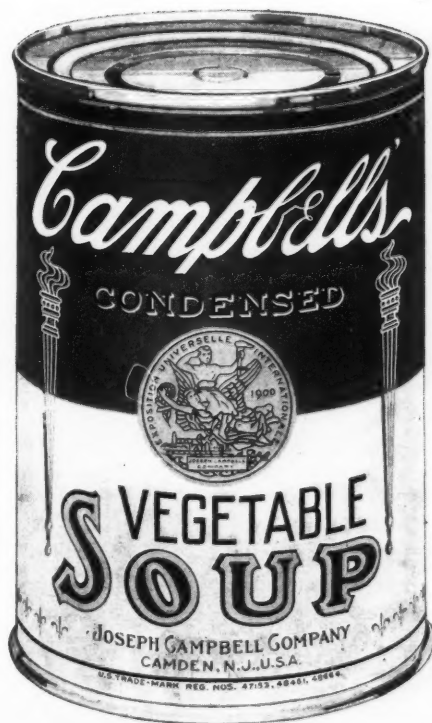
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## The Bride's Waltz

(Continued from page 42)

And, of a sudden, the *motif* ran in his brain again, and inspiration came to him.

He took the manuscript to Doris, and she sat by him as he played from it. When he had ended, he remained motionless until he heard her speak.

"It's beautiful, Arturo—it's beautiful!" she said, hushed.

Iglesia could hardly breathe.

"Does it—convince? I know it is good music, but—does it convince?"

"It's the loveliest thing I ever heard—and it's mine?"

"Yours—and mine."

"What did you call it, Arturo?"

"The Bride's Waltz."

"Oh!"

His hand, as it touched hers, was icy.

"I understand that your father has been reading in the library. May I kiss you—once—before I go to him?"

"Y—yes, Arturo—because I'm afraid."

To Doris's father, the interview was distinctly embarrassing. He was a cosmopolitan, and he was proud to have his house frequented by greatness; but Iglesia as an acquaintance or as a friend and Iglesia as a son-in-law were two separate matters. And, in his best diplomacy, he tried to make Iglesia see that Doris's mother must also be consulted. They liked him; they admired him; they approved of him, but—

"I am calm enough—and I am man enough," said Iglesia, "to listen respectfully to the exception."

Doris's father looked Iglesia straight in the eye.

"It is the—er—the international feature, my dear sir. And I repeat, without prejudice to you or—"

"International?" Iglesia threw back his head. "And what do you mean—'international?'"

"Isn't it quite evident?"

Iglesia reddened and stood up.

"Evident?" Oh, yes; quite evident. That is the sole objection?"

"From my own point of view, yes."

Iglesia went pale and sat down again.

"Then I shall have to tell you what fills me with shame. It is a secret. It is not my fault. You are not sure of me, because of my name, my nationality. Your daughter was afraid of that; she told me she was afraid of something. I did not guess. She was afraid of *this*. Listen: Because of your daughter, I have risked my reputation as an artist with my public. I have done it gladly. There is no need to be alarmed—it was music I wrote to please her. Now, because of her, I gladly risk the reputation of my parents, as people of discrimination and tact, with you. My name was Arthur Church, and when it was changed, we were living in Scranton, Pennsylvania—if that is international, I will be hanged. If I look like a Spaniard, it is because I was born so; if I have the name of a Spaniard, it is because it was done by law when I was young, to make capital of it; if I speak like a Spaniard, it is because I was trained in Spain for this music business. But, I say again, it is not my fault. I refer you to the record in the courts. Iglesia! Arturo Iglesia!" He laughed oddly. "And my father was



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In half an hour the pretty thing will be bright and sweet and summery again, looking as calmly new as if it had just come out of the specialty shop's tissue wrappings!

The old way of washing was so heartless. Many a fragile blouse has Madame wept over in the old days—actually scrubbed to death! But the Lux way is so different. It is so gentle, so careful with her fine things.

There's never a bit of pasty cake soap to stick to the silk thread and be ironed into it! Never a thought of a cruel rub! The pure suds just whisk the dirt away and leave the fabric whole and new, the color clear. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready for Madame. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down in the rich lather. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron. Jersey silk and georgette crêpe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron.

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Abraham Lincoln Church, and my mother was Mary Elizabeth McGraw. "International!" He laughed again, more oddly still. "Well, possibly—but not in the way you mean."

A day or two after the engagement was announced, Señor Arturo Iglesia, the famous concert pianist, rode in a taxi-cab to that part of the metropolis known as "Tin Pan Alley," and told the chauffeur to wait.

Three stories nearer heaven, he presently intruded upon the privacy of a young man who, together with a battered upright piano and a stool, was the sole occupant of a large and dusty loft. The young man, who wore a wrinkled green suit and a checked waistcoat, had neglected to remove his derby hat, which was pushed far back on his head. As he played, he smoked a thin, dyspeptic cigar.

"Good-morning, Mr. Milliken," said the genius, bowing.

The young man stopped playing and greeted him effusively.

"Oh, hello, Iglesia! How's every little thing?"

"Most excellent, thank you. I have made the contract. The advance payment is ten thousand dollars. There is also five thousand for exclusive privileges for one month for some idiotic musical comedy. They are mad over it. They say it will sweep the country. I have here your check for one-half the amount."

The young man at the piano crossed his legs and hugged them.

"That's fine! Much obliged. Almost wish I hadn't agreed to keep my name off it. Oh, it was generous of you to split even. I don't dispute *that*. But if you'd used my name on it, I wouldn't 'a' asked for a nickel. I got a rep, too. Say—I tell you what we'll do: You put my name on it and take back your check."

"Too late," said Iglesia. "Besides, it was our agreement."

The young man sighed heavily.

"Sure. I know it was. Only—oh, well—I'll never spill the beans. Don't worry. Only, that's a peach of a waltz—a peach! Best I ever wrote."

"You forget," said Iglesia coldly "that I provided the *motif*."

"I don't forget nothing. Then I wrote her; didn't I?"

"Then I," said Iglesia, "I rewrote her. And made it what it is now. I could not have done your part; you could not have done mine."

"Oh, well, we won't quarrel. But I wish my name was on it, though. Well—young lady like it?"

"Very much," said Iglesia.

"Funny thing," said the young man, absently striking discords. "You're Iglesia, and the young lady don't like your stuff. She likes mine; she don't know it, but she likes mine better. I'm married myself. I make a living out of this here business, and the old woman, she hates music like poison. Can't even have a phonograph in the house. Piano? Well, not on your life. Say, I'm doin' part of the music for this here Red Roof revue. If you should happen to want to dig up some new tune or other and collaborate again, why, I—"

"Mother of God!" said Iglesia, insulted, on the threshold. "Because I am an artist, do you think I am a bigamist also? And, besides, I am composing a sonata."

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*Cosmopolitan for June, 1920*

## The Love-Piker

(Continued from page 57)

unexpected in one of his years. His step was doubtless the result of chilblains or rheumatism, but the effect was one of gaiety none the less.

"Draw up at the curb," Hope directed her chauffeur impulsively, and then, when the car was opposite Peter, she leaned out and said, "Get in, Mr. Van Huisen, and I'll take you home."

It was the least she could do to make amends.

His face lighted up with pleasure as he saw who it was, and he climbed awkwardly and timidly to the seat beside her. Under his arm was a package done up in wrinkled wrapping-paper and tidily tied with two different colors of string.

She asked him his address, and he told her, which information she relayed to the chauffeur.

"I was glad to see you," he offered, when he had seated himself gingerly on the edge of the upholstery. "I got here a wedding presents for you. Maybe you will like it." He gravely gave her the package.

"I'm sure I shall like it," Hope agreed courteously. "I hope you have been well lately."

He looked at her quickly, as if to ask why the sudden change in the topic of conversation.

"Yes; I have been so good as I expect. It looks like I'm going to last a long time—too long, I guess." He added the last with a sigh.

"What do you mean?" Hope asked.

"Nothing, except when a man gets so old his son is ashamed of him, he ain't got so much use for himself, neither."

"I'm sure you're wrong," Hope insisted hastily. "Martin loves you more than anything in the world, except maybe, me, and he wouldn't hurt your feelings."

The old man absorbed this slowly.

"Then why did he give me a ticket to the matinee on Saturday, the day he is to be married? I ask you. But I know why. He thinks maybe I didn't notice by the papers when he will be married. He didn't say I should stay away—he couldn't quite do that—once or twice he nearly said it, but he couldn't. I see it."

Peter was silent for a while. So was Hope. She was fighting her fight all over again, and losing ground every minute.

"When they is little," Peter said, out of his reflections, and omitting to specify what he meant by "they," "when they is little and they steps on you, you laugh, because it's only maybe your finger or something that gets hurt, but when they gets older, it's different, because then they steps on your heart."

The car drew up in front of the number which Peter had given as his address.

"Why, this isn't your home!" Hope said, startled.

"Yes, it is, miss." Peter was clambering out. "Yes, it is. I moved. Martin hired me a room in a swell boarding-house. I guess maybe he thinks if I get nice things and good grub, I shouldn't notice he is ashamed of me. Well, I don't notice it every minute—but I don't guess I should go to that show on Saturday just the same."

Hope took her guilty conscience away

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at last. What had she done? Absolutely destroyed an old man's faith in his son, made him unhappy for the tiny balance of his life, and all because she was afraid some one would laugh at her own insignificant self. For she realized what Martin had done—how, rather than excuse himself at the expense of the girl he loved, he had kept silent and not explained to his father that, according to social usage, wedding invitations are always posted from the home of the bride.

She hadn't quite faced the thing before, had never pictured old Peter as a creature of easily damaged sensibilities. Like all spoiled children, she had thought only of the way it would affect her comfort.

And now this ray of light, filtering through from the outside, showed up some ugly spots she had kept carefully hidden.

"Whatever have you got in the funny old package?" Hope's sister Ethel demanded, when she came into the sewing-room, where the neglected bridesmaids' costumes were being rushed to completion.

"That?" Hope looked at the package Peter had given her. "That's—er—a wedding present."

"And you brought it home yourself, tied up with that crazy piece of string? Let's see it."

Hope reluctantly untied the parcel. She had no particular desire to put Peter's present in judgment before her slangy and exquisitely modern younger sister.

"Oh, isn't it funny and old-fashioned?" exclaimed the girl.

But Hope couldn't see anything funny or old-fashioned about it. Tears of shame made it almost impossible to see at all the wonderful Kashmir shawl, "exact beautiful, like mother," which Peter wanted her to have. Someway, Hope sensed that the old man had not trusted to his taste in buying something new for her, and so had chosen, instead, to send the one thing among his belongings which she had sincerely admired.

"What's the aroma?" Ethel sniffed the air suspiciously. "Camels or moth-balls?"

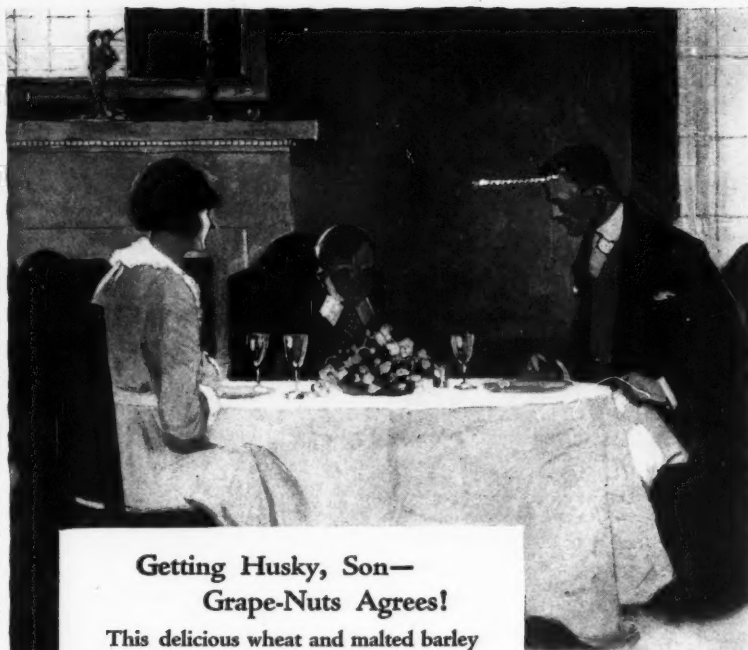
Hope did not reply. But she knew. It was stale pipe-smoke, which was there because old Peter had held it close to his heart in that last hour before he had wrapped it up.

She didn't sleep that night, which is no way for a bride to prepare for her day of days, and when she got up, there was a nagging headache to be dealt with. That headache personified her new opinion of herself, someway, and it kept getting steadily worse as the morning wore on and the hour approached which ought to have been bringing her happiness.

Finally, the car came to take her to the church. She was quite ready externally, but internally she was far from prepared. Her very soul was tortured with doubts and scorn.

"I don't see what is the matter with you, Hope," her mother said, as she helped her into the car. Perhaps there was just a little relief in the reflection that this was the last time she would be the butt of her daughter's moods. "You don't act like a bride at all."

"I know it, mother dear," replied Hope, suddenly softening and kissing her maternal parent in a fashion which



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startled Mrs. Warner because of its unexpected tenderness. "Let me ride over to the church all alone. I have something I must think out. When I arrive, I'll be all right."

Her statement, "When I arrive," held an ambiguity which her mother did not appreciate until everybody at the church had been waiting for at least half an hour for a bride who did not appear. Her mother had left much later than Hope, but she got to the church and found no sign of her daughter.

The reason was that Hope, as soon as she was out of sight of the house, gave the driver a different address and urged him to all legal speed in reaching it.

Arrived at her destination, she flew out of the car, a vision of spring whiteness, and demanded of the astonished landlady, who answered the door, that she show her to the room of Mr. Peter Van Huisen.

Peter was in, very much in. When Hope opened the door in answer to his invitation, she found him sitting at the window, his hands uselessly folded, his pipe on the table before him, and his eyes directed outside.

She flew to his side and knelt there on the floor, wedding-dress and all.

"Peter dear," she said, "I have a horrible confession to make. You will not want me to marry your boy when you hear what I have done, but I have to tell you about it just the same."

"You got some confession to make to me?" Peter asked wonderingly. "How could it a white angel like you have something to confess?"

Hope laughed, with a catch in her laugh. "It was not Martin who forgot to send you the invitation to our wedding. It was I. I deliberately forgot. I don't know how I have the courage to tell you this, even here on my knees. I guess it is because I couldn't go on and marry Martin if I didn't. It had to be one or the other, and I couldn't give him up. I have to tell you the whole truth or it won't be any use. I deliberately didn't invite you because I thought some one might laugh at you. And I didn't do it to spare your feelings but to spare my own, and—oh, Peter, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" There was a note of jubilation in Peter's voice. "Forgive you when you bring me back my boy I thought I had lost. My dear, I guess yes. I forgive you. Martin was not ashamed. He—you bet I forgive you!"

"Then come to the wedding with me."

"Maybe somebody will laugh, just like you said. I don't care about the wedding now." He was laughing himself. "I'm a funny old fellow."

"No; I am quite sure no one will laugh except Martin—and he will be laughing at me. But I will love him twice as much, just because he does."

"I don't think I should do it."

"I don't think you can do anything else—that is, if you really forgive me. I shall not be married unless you do."

At last, Peter was persuaded, but he insisted that he be allowed to change his clothes, because, as he said, "I got some fancier ones."

She was prepared for something of a shock, but hardly for the one she got when Peter joined her in the limousine at the front door. For Peter was correctly clad in the morning costume of Fifth Avenue,

frock coat, silk hat, gloves, and all. And everything fitted, too.

"Peter, you look scrumptious!" Hope marveled. "Where did you get those clothes?"

"My boy Martin, he buys 'em for me," Peter explained glibly. "He said I should wear 'em to the show this afternoon."

"Oh!" She saw a ray of light.

The wedding-party was waiting when Hope and Peter arrived. Hope's family and bridesmaids were in one anteroom in the church, and Martin, with his best man, was in another.

Hope violated a time-honored custom, which is supposed to keep a bride and groom apart on their wedding-day until the moment they meet at the altar, and asked an usher to take Peter and herself to where Martin was.

He was mildly surprised when Peter was towed in by his radiant bride-to-be.

"I didn't wish I should come—" Peter began; but Hope cut him short.

"Martin Van Huisen, I'm half an hour late. Why aren't you pacing the floor or out ransacking the city to find me?"

He eyed her quizzically.

"I thought I knew where you were."

She absorbed this in silence.

"And you had those clothes made for Peter because you were sure I would do just what I did, didn't you?"

Some one had seen Hope come in, and the news had been communicated to the organist. He now began the majestic heart-throb of the wedding march.

"What made you think I would?" Hope insisted. "Did you hypnotize me?"

Martin shook his head.

"Then why?"

"Because I thought I knew the kind of a girl I was marrying."

Silence fell between them. Pride blazed a moment in Hope's eyes.

"I don't want to do everything just as you expect me to," she flared. "I don't want to have you know me so well that you can think my thoughts for me in advance. I don't want—" She read the funny look of dismay followed by one of determination which came into Martin's eyes. "Oh, yes, I do," she retracted hastily, and stepped closer to him; "but, Martin dear, while you're breaking my spirit, be very kind to me and kiss me occasionally, so I'll know you are only pretending to be cross and—"

He smothered the rest of her plea in conventional fashion, and Peter, to cover his embarrassment, scratched a match on the seat of his brand-new trousers.

"Peter," admonished Hope, disengaging herself from her almost-husband's embrace, "you can't smoke any Tanner's Delight until after the ceremony."

Peter blew out the match which was poised over his corn-cob pipe and put the latter away in his pocket.

"When the minister is all through with us and you have kissed the bride—that's me—you can light up just as soon as you like. In the mean time, be good boys, both of you. No, Martin; you can't kiss me again until you have promised the minister to be kind to me all my life."

She eluded the groom's arms and whisked out the door. Peter and Martin stared at the portal as it closed after her.

"She'll make you a good wife," said Peter, with a reminiscent smile. "She's just like mother—exact."

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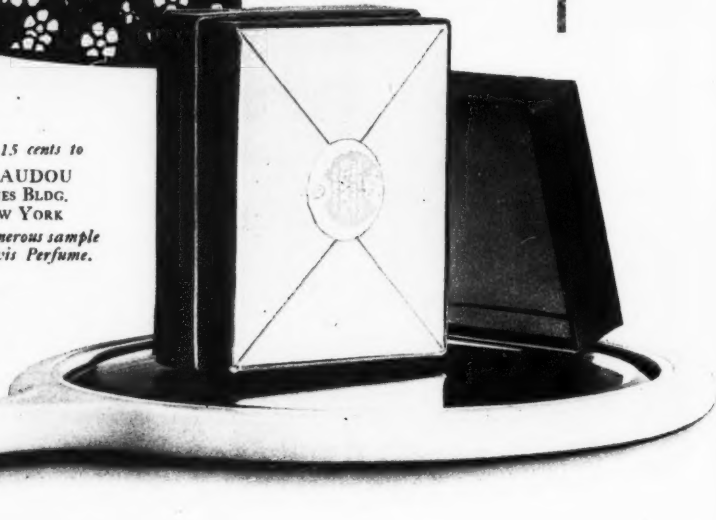
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## The Everlasting Doors

(Continued from page 27)

that a time may come when these disconnected specimens may be welded into a coordinated whole, we may surely be allowed to hope.

Psychology, to the best of my knowledge, uses the words "subconscious" and "subliminal" as, in the main, synonymous. A writer, not Henry Talbot, purporting to communicate with me from another plane—as to whether or not he actually does so, I shall have something to say later—distinguishes between them.

"We are the essence of the things unseen," he says, as a preliminary, "of which your conscious mind is but the evidence. Your conscious mind is the vein in the rock revealing the presence of infinite treasure which must be mined in order to be obtained. We in this state are the treasure after it is mined, but before it is refined, or has passed through the progressive stages which make it of immediate and practical value."

"The special function of the subconscious mind," he says later, "is to store away those perceptions which come to you through the conscious mind, and, by the application of the daily maturing which goes on continuously within you, to bring those perceptions to a more accurate comprehension of truth. Nothing living is static. Therefore, all your great ideas, and also all your unimportant thoughts, from the fact that they have been *thought*, are alive and, if alive, progressive. The subconscious mind, unlike the conscious mind, has no morality. It merely weaves new thoughts into the old, and brings the fabric compounded of these to the notice of your conscious mind at intervals. The subconscious mind is impersonal and mathematically true. Only when directed by conscious personality does it become a moral force. Then it becomes one of the greatest factors that make for power."

Asking why the subconscious mind is impersonal and without morality, I received this reply:

"The subconscious mind is impersonal—that is, it is like a mechanical device, and functions as does a clock. It subjects the stored-up accumulation of thought to a maturing process, but it does not of itself interfere in the action and reaction of one thought upon another. Thinking is essentially a conscious act. Thus, meditation and decision belong to the conscious mind. The vegetable and mineral kingdoms can be differentiated from the animal kingdom by the fact that they have only subconscious minds with a mere glimmering of the conscious. As a creature develops, it acquires consciousness."

"Why," I asked, "do you speak of the vegetable kingdom as having mind?"

"The mind of a vegetable is a mere record of its history as subjected to the maturing process of time. Yet, even the vegetable has its consciousness of existence, of pleasure and pain, which are the first evidences of the possession of a conscious mind. Babies are more advanced examples of the same case, though their conscious minds begin developing with great rapidity. It is the action of the subconscious, however, which enables the

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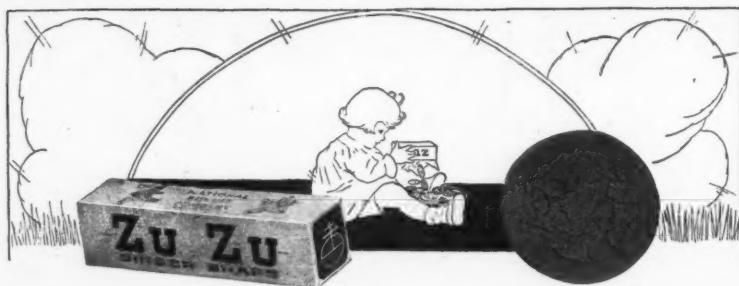
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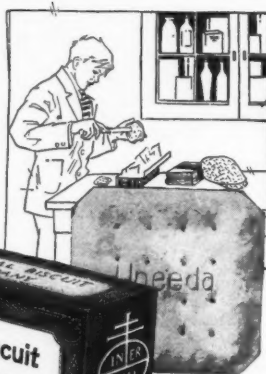
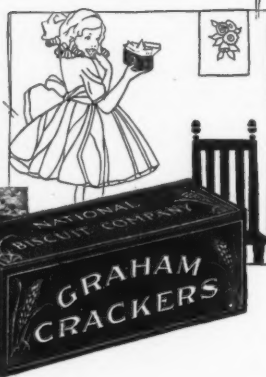
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child to make such amazing progress in so comparatively short a time. In this case, you see what I mean by lack of moral sense in the subconscious, as a baby has no sense of right or wrong."

On my bringing up the theory, on which some psychologists lay stress, that the subconscious is as fertile in evil suggestion as it is in good, the same correspondent—so to call him—says:

"Evil does not enter into the subconsciousness because, being negative, it cannot be affected, nor can it affect the positive. Yet, obviously, if you fill the subconscious mind—a mind intended to deal with positive thoughts—with negative thoughts, you create empty spaces. When we speak of an evil mind, therefore, we mean an empty mind, one on which the maturing process can accomplish little, owing to lack of material."

"The subconscious," he writes again, "furnishes you with power, but with *no* evil. The worst that can be said of it is that it places an instrument in your hands which, like a knife, may be used as a helpful object, but which you may choose to turn into a weapon. The subconscious mind is impersonal force; the subliminal is personal."

He then proceeds to grade the strata of mentality in this way:

- 1, The subconscious; 2, the conscious;
- 3, the conscience; 4, the subliminal.

Of the last, he writes:

"The subliminal is that part of the mind most attuned to God, and which first catches the light of Truth. Any talent or gift or facility or beauty or righteousness has its root in the subliminal, the God within you that urges you toward right. . . . The subliminal is the light illuminating all your thoughts. I may call it the electricity of the mind; but if you want a better light to live by, you must more consciously and more constantly press the button with your consciousness."

When I spoke of the greater use we might make of the subliminal, he wrote:

"That is what we are trying to teach you. . . . You have within your reach a mighty force which can accomplish things greater than any you have seen; but you regard it as a mere natural phenomenon, and make no use of the power."

I asked here if the genius of men like Shakespeare and Wagner, or of great discoverers and inventors, did not have its source in the subliminal rather than in the conscious.

"Yes; that is the case. But it is like this: A man may have a talent—that is, the power to catch the light with that part of his ego which is most greatly endowed. If he keeps his soul clean, that light will shine down through the strata of his personality, illuminating his whole character; but if he clogs himself with evil, the light cannot penetrate, and illumines merely that one portion of his individuality which is the most advanced. Those persons who appear to you most richly endowed are so because of the development which they gave to their gifts through the understanding of truth in at least one aspect. Fame, however, is an accident; and not all qualities make a man conspicuous. There are men known only

benefactors. Talent is not regarded as extraordinary here, because it is under-

stood to be universal, and art is known to be a thing in which all partake."

From leaders in intellect it was easy to pass to those in religion.

"The great religious teachers allowed the light received through the subliminal to shine through them, and were endowed besides with the gifts of understanding, demonstrating, and teaching; but, in other respects, they do not differ from other men who have developed truth to the same degree along other lines. Besides which, art and religion are so interwoven that they cannot be separated. To one man, a painting may explain more of the truth of Being than a sermon, and, to another, religious aspiration may demonstrate a clearer conception of beauty than a statue or a dance."

These citations are given not as authoritative but as reasonable. That, in the vastness of his personality and mentality, man has a "transcendental sense"—a highest point illuminated from a sphere above—may, I think, be taken as admitted by most systems of metaphysics and psychology, some of philosophy, and all of religion.

## IV

On the lines traced by my "correspondent," it becomes easy to explain such a mind as, for instance, that of Shakespeare. His education and experience as the butcher's son of Stratford and the actor-manager-author of the Globe Theatre, in London, would not account for the mental and esthetic treasures he was able to spread before mankind. Given, however, a powerful subconsciousness to mature the product of an eager consciousness, and a practised use of the subliminal to throw the shafts of wisdom and beauty on the output of every day, we have the mechanics, so to speak, of genius. But in that mechanism it is the subliminal that counts for most.

So with the great religious teachers. When Jeremiah declares, "The word of the Lord came unto me," he was doubtless referring to knowledge gained by the "transcendental sense." Ezekiel, with "the hand of the Lord upon him;" Zechariah, when he saw by night, "and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees;" John, "in the Spirit on the Lord's day," and hearing behind him "a great voice as of a trumpet;" Saul, on the way to Damascus; all prophets, evangelists, apostles, in writings which have reached the heart of mankind as nothing else has ever done—all these were surely men in whom the subliminal was wide open to the action of the light above. With the intermediate strata of intelligence kept clean, as my "correspondent" puts it, that light passed readily through the medium of personality, becoming part of the clarifying action of the supernal Light of the World.

Now, it is well to bear in mind that there is not one law for the prophet, the poet, the apostle, the great genius, and another for the common man. Because time and reverence have placed Jeremiah, Shakespeare, and others of the illuminated in a category apart, it does



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that which has given us light already will give it to us again. "Every good gift," writes St. James, "and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." This Father's light is caught by each of us in the degree to which he has kept himself prepared to reflect it. Some throw back its rays as a mirror those of a lamp, others with no more than the blur of a metal surface played on by a candle-beam. But the facts of paramount importance are the power of reflection—and the Light.

I suggest, therefore, that communication with the plane next above us may be taking place indirectly, even if it cannot be established that the connection is direct. Our mental scheme of existence has hitherto been that we live in watertight compartments, being transferred from one to another with some amount of violence, and generally against the will. Being in one compartment, we see ourselves cut off from the next as by an iron wall, knowing nothing of what is on the other side till we are hurtled over it. Hurtled over it, we can neither get back nor give so much as a sign or token to those we have left behind. Should a sign or a token seem to pass, there are materialists to tell us that the origin is material, and Christians who are sure that the devil is the source, lest the stricken should be comforted.

But is it not reasonable to think that one phase of life melts into another by a fusion so gradual that on the highest confines of one and the lowest of the other they may practically intermingle? Most of us have known characters so rarefied that, while living on this plane, they seemed almost on the next. Of this, the supreme example is Jesus Christ, who, while physically in Jerusalem, could speak of himself as "the Son of Man who is in heaven." It must always be remembered that planes, as we call them, are not local or geographical, and in no way resemble layers of existence superimposed upon each other. They are states of development, and can be nothing else. Spiritual impulse must be the determining factor in the rise from plane to plane, not, as we so commonly think, the destruction of the body through disease or violence.

"When a man comes to a time in life," writes Henry Talbot, in speaking of the natural method of transition, "at which the bodily restrictions fret the soul, the soul is released from its earthly fetters. This occurs at different periods in the life of man, not necessarily according to his development, but according to the order of his gifts. Some gifts flourish better and give greater results in our sphere than in yours. . . . As a soul discovers its function to be in a new sphere, the bodily appurtenances may cease by degrees to continue their work, because it is no longer needed."

Transition being in this way simple, easy, natural, the point where those of us who stay behind catch the radiance of those who have gone on before would seem to be that highest reach of the ego which we know as the sublime or the subliminal. It is the portion of the mind to be kept most open. Though, as far as specific action is concerned, we may have no conscious control of it, it would appear that we have power not only to close its doors but to bolt them and bar

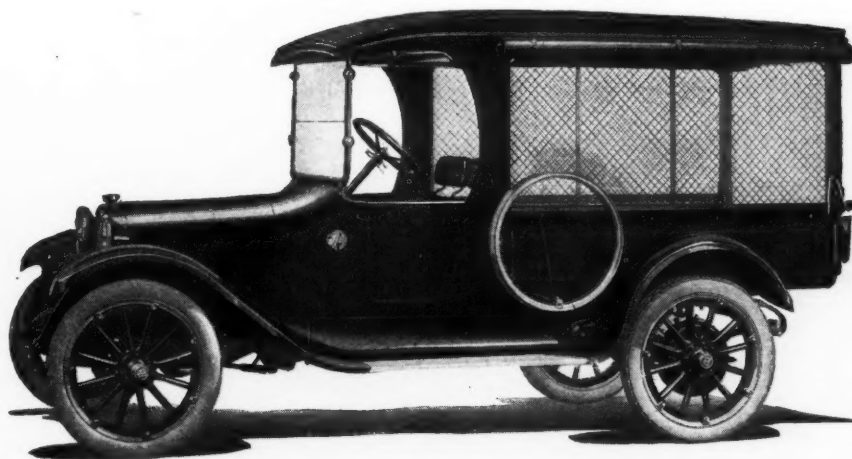


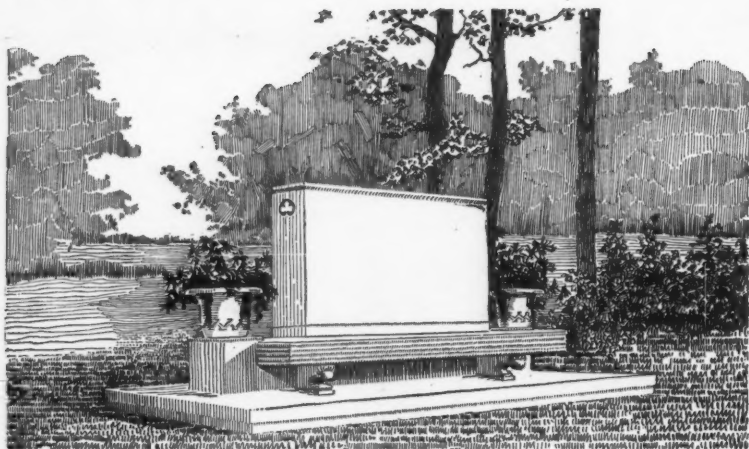
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them by unspiritual thought. Light may still reach us even then, but, in that case, it would be through the conscious only, and more or less at second hand. For direct reception, there must be a place where its brightness can be held. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Something that is in us, of us, and the highest evidence of self of which we are aware, must be flung wide open to the central sun.

### V

As a small contribution to the study of immortality, I suggest, therefore, that the means of communication with the plane next above us may be through the everlasting doors by which the subliminal opens upward. Through these doors, the mind may go up and out; through these doors, the light may come in and down. I say this, not as using a figure of rhetoric but in the endeavor to express a fact. Just as prophets, psalmists, poets, painters, musicians, explorers, scientists, all teachers and helpers of the human race have taken the inspirations caught through these doors from more celestial realms of God's universe, transmuting them into preaching or lyric or drama or picture or discovery or song, so we, in our smaller ways, may catch an occasional beam that may be worth turning into utterance.

I come thus to the main point at issue: Is there any connection between those who have preceded us to the next stage of development and the automatic pencil, the tipping table, and the ouija-board? I should say that there was this much at least: Those who take these manifestations seriously are trying to give expression to something that has taken shape in the highest stratum of their minds. That highest stratum of the mind, according to some of our best psychological authorities, is open to constant influence from spiritual spheres. We speak of receiving light from these spheres, but we mean receiving ideas, since, in this connection, light and idea must be synonymous.

As spiritually imparted and mentally imbibed, these ideas are doubtless instinct with truth. It is when the subliminal transmits them downward that confusion is likely to occur. Whether it occurs or whether it does not must depend on the clarity of the intervening phases of mentality. Here there must obviously be great risk. Even on our own plane, a message that passes through three or four minds and mouths seldom reaches its destination without some degree of distortion. In the same way, that which has left the subliminal as fact may easily have become fiction by the time it is written by the pencil, or spelled out by the raps of a table or the darts of planchette.

At the same time, it may not. There is that possibility as well as the other, and it is important that it should not be forgotten. The phases of the mind are not always obscured. If they were, truth would be rarer than it is. For the unthinking opponent of this investigation, it is a stock remark that all that comes by way of automatic writing and the ouija-board is trivial when it is not false. This is not true. Much is false and more is trivial, but much, too, is at least as cor-

# WHAT I THINK OF

## PELMANISM- By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failures, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

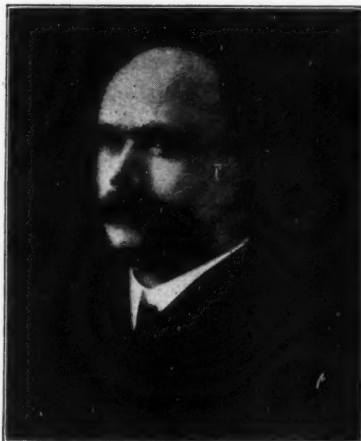
### Pelmanism Comes as an Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

Either think back on your own experience or else look into a schoolroom in your own town. Routine the ideal, with pupils drilled to do the same thing at the same time in the same way. There is no room for originality or initiative because these qualities would throw the machinery out of gear. Individuality is discouraged and imagination frowned upon for the same reason. No steadfast attempt to appeal to interest or to arouse and develop latent powers, but only the mechanical process of drilling a certain traditional ritual on each little head.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts and fears? Instead of walking forward to enthusiasm and certainty, they blunder along like people lost in a fog.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truth may be grasped by anyone of average education.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with "the citizens of tomorrow." His laws and his court-procedure have been made the model for Acts of Parliament in Great Britain. He is as much an authority in France and Germany and Austria and Italy.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

### Pelmanism Pays Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

This point, that is its strength to me, may prove to be the weakness of the course. Americans want everything at once. They love to think that they can find something to take at night that will make them "100 per cent. efficient" by morning. Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

So I say that Pelmanism is one of the great discoveries of the day. Properly followed, the course guarantees the acquisition of the best of all wealth—the functioning to full capacity of that marvelous machine we call "the mind."

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by 500,000 men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

The course takes no account of class, creed or circumstance. Its values are for all. Business men, from the great captains of commerce to their clerks, are ardent Pelmanists.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism will help them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations. Women—both in the home and in business—find Pelmanism an answer to their problems.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

A special system keeps the examiners in close personal touch with the students right through the course, and insures that individual attention which is so essential to the success of a study of this character.

### How to Become a Pelmanist

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstance in their bearing on success—"stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.—all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Mind and Memory" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

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The simple fact is that the subliminal works in one man precisely as it does in another, and the value of what reaches us can only be gaged by its content. That content may be worth much; on the other hand, it may be worth nothing. The standard by which we measure this does not differ from that by which we test everything else. Moreover, everything else must be tested by the standard with which we measure this. There is nothing in which the ridiculous is not a counterpart of the sublime, as the false to the true, and the function of conscious mind is to distinguish between them.

But to reject the right with the wrong in one wild, sweeping gesture, as the over-conservative are apt to do, is not according to the dictates of common sense. To pursue this course in other things would bring effort to a standstill. It would mean to silence Mozart and Beethoven because the music-hall ditty is vulgar, to scrape Leonardo's "Last Supper" and Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" from off their walls because some amateur paints a daub, to throw "Paradise Lost" and the "Intimations of Immortality" into the fire because the poetaster's lines are silly.

As means to an end, the automatic pencil, the tipping table, and the ouija-board have no other value than that which belongs to any other instrument that will write or spell words. By what force they are moved I do not know, but I suppose that unconscious will must have something to do with the operation. Similarly, I cannot tell why they will move for one and not for another, unless it is that unconscious will is not exerted with equal ease in all cases. In themselves and as themselves, they are about as dangerous as a paint-brush or a pen.

The danger lies in overcredulity and superstition, neither of which is confined to the use of these objects. When the counselors who appeal against them have, in respect to overcredulity and superstition, cast the beam out of their own eye, they may more effectively help their brothers whose peril is the mote. At the same time, no danger is to be ignored, and as most of us are trained to credulity and superstition from our childhood up, we cannot be too carefully on our guard against them. My chief complaint is that nothing can be gained by warning people of one form of error to hoodwink them by another.

That directly behind the automatic pencil or any other means for writing words there is a discarnate intelligence I have had no personal experience to convince me. In saying this, however, I speak only of myself. I know others who sincerely believe that they have such proof, and it is no part of my mission to attempt to controvert them. The point is one on which personal proof is the only proof that counts. But just as each must be free to make up his own mind as to what personal proof he will accept, so each of us must leave another free to make up his.

I may be permitted to quote here what is said by the correspondent who speaks of himself as *not* Henry Talbot of the relation of his messages to the transmitter, giving the passage for what the reader may think it worth.

*Cosmopolitan for June, 1920*

"They come by way of her subliminal mind, but their source is in us. Sometimes her mind may intervene and leave traces in the writing, and sometimes your own mind dictates to hers. But since your subliminal minds are in the light of truth, it matters little what source the mere words come from. Nevertheless, for purposes of communication between planes, we beg you to think of us as personalities. I mean that, when we write of abstract things, it matters little who we may be so long as you get truth; but as we wish to establish personal relations, we ask you, when you get our messages, to think of individuals here and to love them as much as you can. We do not want you, however, to do violence to your convictions."

Nevertheless, I repeat that, as far as my efforts at investigation go, I have always been baffled when the point of fixing identity has been reached. On the other hand, I find much to make me think that the messages purporting to come from Henry Talbot and other "correspondents" are those which the subliminal mind of the transmitter sends out by spontaneous formulation. But that they are not to be rejected as valueless on that account is my underscored contention.

It would explain, too, what I may call the tendency to impersonation. A, with the pencil in his hand, writes that B, a glorified intelligence, is speaking and saying this or that. What may really be happening is that A's mind, irradiated by B's ideas, may involve the idea with the author. A child who sees a lamp reflected in a mirror may easily take the reflection for the lamp. In our understanding of the laws of immortality, we are as yet no more than children, liable to confuse the light with the light's source or to make any other mistake. Mistake cannot, however, vitiate endeavor; otherwise, human life could not go on. No means has ever yet been found for infallibly transmitting the knowledge of facts even between us who are on this plane, with all the advantages of speech. When it comes to the transmutation of supersensual perceptions into the gross phraseology hardly delicate enough for our common daily purposes, we may well be prepared for error, and should learn to bear with it.

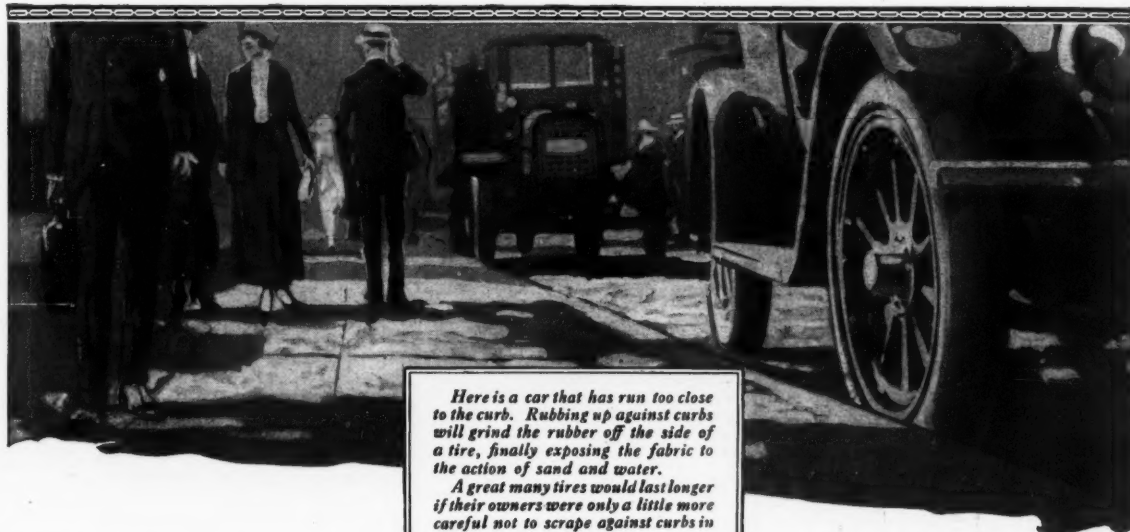
VI

ASSUMING, for our argument, that the so-called communications received by the means I have mentioned come from the subliminal of the transmitter, and further assuming that the matter transmitted may often be erroneous, the question arises as to how far the use of these means should be permitted or prohibited. Where there is so much unguided recourse to them, a word on the point may not be out of place. I do not, of course, presume to advise, still less to dogmatize; yet, in view of the hundreds of letters written me on the subject since the appearance of my book, "The Abolishing of Death," I may be permitted to give an opinion.

It being understood that the means themselves are harmless, it becomes the more important to remember that our real dread is that of superstition. As a mental foe, it is the more subtle, owing to the fact that it enters into our lives more widely than we generally recognize. Few

# Forty million tires for 1920

## What kind of tires are they



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*A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs in stopping and starting.*

**I**F the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop—watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing—talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of “concessions” and “allowances.”

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of the tire user—putting his problem before the problem of markets.

Every important advance in tire manufacture has come from the United States Rubber Company—the *first straight-side* automobile tire, the first pneumatic truck tire, the *grainless rubber* solid truck tire, for instance.

The U. S. guarantee is for the *life of the tire*, and not for a limited mileage.

\* \* \*

Nearly every man pays for U. S. tire quality, but he doesn't always get it.

If he did the country wouldn't need forty million tires this year.

# United States Tires

United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three  
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The oldest and largest  
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Two hundred and  
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forms of religion are free from it, few phases of scientific research, few philosophies or business undertakings. By it, I do not, of course, mean the fear of walking under a ladder or of the number thirteen, but an excessive and ignorant trust to principles that have not been sufficiently tested. There is, too, a negative superstition as well as a positive, and incredulity may often proceed from the same kind of ignorance as the error it condemns. While the fact that a principle is avowedly tentative is not a reason for disregarding it, it is a reason for defending oneself against ignorance and excess.

The elements of ignorance and excess entering so generally into the handling of the automatic pencil and similar devices for reaching the subliminal—to express it in that way only—I should myself discourage from their use most young people, most nervous people, most people inclined to be excitable or credulous, and all without exception who do not approach this task in a reserved, investigating, and entirely serious spirit. As to what constitutes an entirely serious spirit, the individual must be his own judge. For the reasons I have just expressed, as well as for some others, the Jennifer, from whom I have quoted in this and previous articles, has discontinued the use of the automatic pencil, except on rare occasions for what I may call a test, and I myself to appeal to it. This means caution, not condemnation. The decision is wholly personal, and I think it worth while to state it purely in the hope that some of my readers, uncertain as to what they ought to do, may get some help from it. While I believe that the experience has brought us in touch with a high phase of the subliminal mind—that, at least—I also know that it is not well to take of anything more than one can assimilate. The gaging of one's capacity to assimilate superconscious thought should, I think, be a guide to everyone.

But of all forms of danger, condemnation of anything in the mass strikes me as the most dangerous. Credulity may be bad; superstition may be worse; but the spirit of wholesale condemnation is among the worst of the enemies mankind has to face. The convicted criminal may easily be more sympathetic than the man who ascribes all he does not agree with to the particular devil he believes in. My plea is for tolerance, the blood-brother of the loveliest of all virtues and the surest sign of sanity. It is for patience, and a willingness to wait and see what it is that the good Lord means to work out. Great impulses do not take possession of great sections of mankind without some dynamic urge behind them. Divine passion, as Henry Talbot calls it, is the driving power of all progress. It can be misused, denounced, and denied; but, sooner or later, it will have its way.

Why not be calm, then, and quiet, confident that what the Lord means to do will come to pass and nothing else?

In the next paper of this series, *The First Works*, in *July Cosmopolitan*, Mr. King contends that our psychic powers have a far wider range than we usually ascribe to them, and explains some of the things that, with better understanding of them, we may be able to accomplish.



From actual photograph taken in the Edison Shop, Fifth Ave., New York, when Messrs. Bingham, Farnsworth and Follett came in and asked to hear the Realism Test.

## Noted Psychologists try the Realism Test

*Get remarkable and enjoyable sensation from Mr. Edison's unique musical experiment*

IT was in that temple of music—the Edison Shop on Fifth Avenue, New York. The great rear hall, semi-visible through half-open doors, was steeped in a profound hush. A voice drifted to my ears from within—a voice lovely and full, vibrant with a depth of feeling. I recognized the first appealing notes of a beloved ballad.

The exquisite beauty of the music instinctively drew my eyes through the doors—that I might gaze upon the singer. Instead, I beheld three men seated before a stately Chippendale cabinet. Their heads were bowed. The magic spell of the beautiful song was full upon them.

... The music died away. The three men sat on in silence. They were lost in reverie.

Finally one found his voice: "I could have sworn there was a living singer behind me. It was marvelous. Carried me back to a certain summer I spent in my youth."

The second stirred himself: "I felt the presence of a living singer. She was singing—free and unrestrained. The accompaniment seemed by a separate instrument."

The third spoke up: "The music filled my mind with thoughts of peace and beauty."

### *The Realism Test*

IT was Mr. Edison's unique Realism Test—given specially for three men of international renown in art and science. The man who first spoke was Dr. W. V. Bingham, Director of the Department of Applied Psychology, Carnegie Institute of Technology. His two colleagues were Prof. C. H. Farnsworth, Director of the Department of Music, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Wilson Follett, Esq., distinguished author and music critic.

Perhaps no other three men could be found in America, who have delved so deeply into that fascinating subject of research: *How does music exert its strange power on our minds and emotions?*

Perhaps no similar group of men could combine, to an equal degree, the viewpoint of scientist, musician, and music-lover.

The test was to determine scientific

ally the emotional reactions produced by the realism of Mr. Edison's new phonograph.

The reactions of these highly critical minds demonstrated that Mr. Edison has succeeded in devising a new and fascinating way for you to judge the New Edison. It brings in to play your whole temperament and your fullest capacity to feel the finer emotions.

### *Would you like to try the same Test?*

THE Edison dealer in your city is equipped to give you the Realism Test. Look for his announcement, or if you do not know who he is, write us for his name.

Send for the fascinating book, "Edison and Music." It is a story, written by one of Edison's right-hand men, that helps you understand the marvelous art of Music's RE-CREATION which Edison developed at a cost of 3 million dollars.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.  
Orange, N. J.

**The NEW EDISON**  
*"The Phonograph with a Soul"*

## Star-Dust

(Continued from page 36)

with all the honors we got by our daughter, we're still blain, respectable beoble."

"Of course—"

"For twenty-five years in one business in one neighborhood we've such a standing that from three blocks around they come to my husband he should keep their savings. My girls, I can say it on a Bible, more than anything around them was always respectability."

"But why—"

"If I'm mistaken, Miss Lily, and please God I should be, then excuse me for a foolish old woman; but is—everything all right with you, Miss Lily?"

"Mrs. Neugass, I— What do you mean?"

"I took you in for a student, a girl alone from her home town, but not once since you're with us—I can't help it, I got eyes—so much as a postal card. All right, I said time and time again to my husband, she don't have friends to come and call on her, because she's a stranger in New York. But no letters—not a line! I know *Goyss* ain't so strong on family ties, but once in a while a letter—"

"I don't quite see where the matter of my correspondence can be of interest to you, Mrs. Neugass."

"No; but it is of interest to me if everything is all right with you. If everything is over and aboveboard, as the saying is, Miss Lily—"

There was a throb to the silence, as she sat upright there in bed, that seemed to shape itself about her like a trap. She buried her face suddenly into her hands.

Then Mrs. Neugass rose, edging round the back of her chair as if to get clear of even propinquity.

"I'm right!" she cried hoarsely and rather coarsely. "I'm right, then! I took into my home a bad girl!"

"No—no—no!"

Out of bed, her feet hastily into slippers and fumbling into her kimono so that the flow of her hair went down inside it, Lily approached Mrs. Neugass, her gesture toward her and entreating.

"Mrs. Neugass, you're horribly wrong in what you suspect. You must listen to me—"

"You can explain nothing to me except to get your clothes packed. How it goes to show you never can tell beoble from looks! Even my husband, who never gets deceived in human nature, 'She's a refined, intelligent girl to have around,' he says. My stepdaughter, a girl I am as careful with as if she was still eighteen, should go out of her way to get you before Auchinloss! No wonder he says it you are limited and that you fall just short of fine talent. You don't deserve it no better. Ain't you ashamed, you bad girl, you? I'm only sorry for the mother you say you got—your poor mother!"

"Mrs. Neugass, this is outrageous! You haven't the right to speak to me like this! It was wrong, I admit, to—to deceive you. But I had my reasons—you wouldn't have taken me in—I'm not what—what you think I am."

"I don't care what you are and what you ain't. I only want you to pack your bags and go."



**Live Dealers  
Recommend Oil Stoves  
Equipped With KEROGAS Burners**

Advantages of the KEROGAS Burner in perfecting the operation of oil stoves are so fully demonstrated that live dealers everywhere now handle and recommend one or more makes of KEROGAS-equipped oil stoves.

The KEROGAS Burner makes an oil stove act like a gas range. It virtually duplicates the cooking efficiency and instant heat control of the best type of gas range.

With the KEROGAS Burner you can have *instantly* any degree of heat required—quick, slow, intense or simmering—by simply turning a control wheel. This spells *efficiency* and *economy*—you cook better without waste!



Look for This Mark on the Burners  
of the Oil Stove You Buy

Burning common kerosene or coal oil, in combination with air, the KEROGAS Burner produces a clean, powerful, double flame—"a flame within a flame"—concentrated directly on the cooking vessel. This is the supreme test of a cook stove's merit. "Scattered heat" means waste that detracts from cooking results and adds to fuel cost.

The KEROGAS Burner mixes a large proportion of air with the oil it burns. This special aerating process insures not only a highly concentrated flame, but also a substantial fuel saving—as air costs nothing!

KEROGAS Burner is built for long-time service. Simple construction. No complicated parts to require adjustment. Made from one piece of genuine brass; rust, leak and "fool-proof." It should last as long as the oil stove itself.

Ask your dealer to show you a demonstration of the magic KEROGAS "flame within a flame."

DEALERS' NOTE—The best jobbers are prepared to supply various excellent brands of oil stoves equipped with the KEROGAS Burners.

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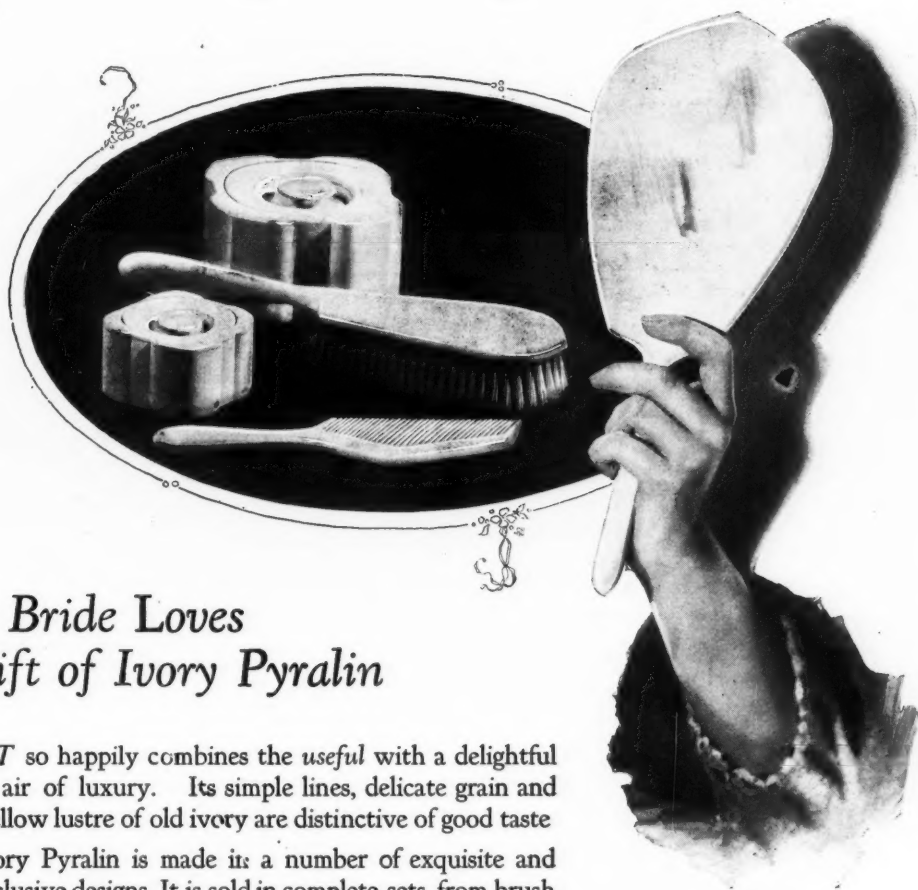
**PATENTED KEROGAS BURNER**

Now there's a KEROGAS OVEN, too.  
It's a splendid oven. Try one.



DU PONT

# Ivory Pyralin



## The Bride Loves a Gift of Ivory Pyralin

*I*T so happily combines the useful with a delightful air of luxury. Its simple lines, delicate grain and mellow lustre of old ivory are distinctive of good taste.

Ivory Pyralin is made in a number of exquisite and exclusive designs. It is sold in complete sets, from brush to puff-holder, or in single articles, if preferred. Each piece is stamped, "Ivory Pyralin," in tiny letters. Because it cannot tarnish, chip or break, and is easily cleaned, it is unquestionably the ideal toileware.

One cannot appreciate the full beauty of Ivory Pyralin without seeing it. On exhibition at the leading merchants'.

*The La Belle Pattern,  
featuring the transverse  
handle, exclusive in  
Ivory Pyralin.*

## June Mornings



### Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

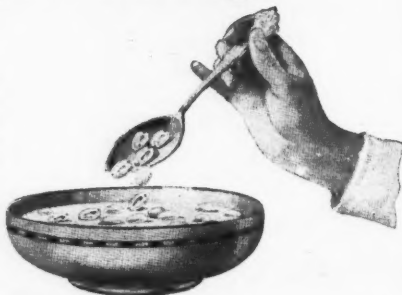
At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

## June Evenings

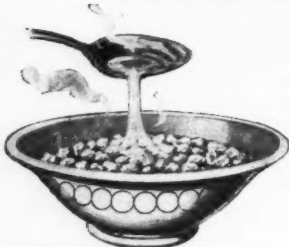
### Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tid-bits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.



## June Afternoons



### Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

**Puffed  
Wheat**

**Puffed  
Rice**

**Corn  
Puffs**

**Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour**

### Prof. Anderson's creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

3369

"I won't go until you've heard me out!"

"We're respectable beoble."

"Oh, I know, Mrs. Neugass, your kind of respectability. I was reared on it. It's the cruellest respectability in the world. It has no outlook except through the narrow little bars of the small decencies you have erected about yourselves."

"That fine talk don't save a girl's skin when she's in such a fix like you!"

"I've more claims to your precious kind of respectability than you—than you think!"

"I don't think no more. I know! I don't say it's the nicest thing I should have looked once through your things. Even then, I must have felt it in my bones. That little dress with the nursery rime on the yoke—how it was I didn't get suspicious then! All of a sudden, last night, though—even while you was singing, it come over me—all these weeks I must have been blind."

"I tell you I'm a married woman. I was married the fourth of last July in the Leffingwell Rock Church in St.—in a city I don't care to name. I suppose that constitutes me a moral woman in your world of cautious morality. But, in my eyes, I'm a moral leper. Not because I did not marry, but because I did. Married a man for every reason in the world except love. No marriage ceremony in the world can condone the immorality of that! Society may, but God doesn't. From your point of view, then, I'm a respectable woman. From mine, I'm rotten."

"I don't know what it is you're talking about. If you are what you say you are, what does it mean living around in decent beoble's houses in a condition like yours? It's an insult to my daughters you should be here. The right kind of a married woman don't live around New York in such a way like you. There is something very crooked in the wood-pile."

"If that is what bothers you, won't you please, dear Mrs. Neugass, let me tell you the whole story? I need you—"

"The 'whole story,' Miss—Mrs. Parlow, or whatever it is you call yourself, ain't what bothers me. All I want is you should go while my husband is down in his store and my daughter in her position. I am ashamed they should know. I'm lucky yet I saved myself from having a disgrace in the house a few weeks from now."

"Oh, Mrs. Neugass, be careful—you may have cause some day to—"

"A singer she wants to be! Is it any wonder, miss, you got no luck? A girl like you don't deserve it. I'm sorry enough for your poor mother. Married or no married, I want you should leave here. Quick, you bad girl, you! I'll wait outside till you go."

So Lily was subjected to the bitter, the unspeakably vulgar humiliation of gathering her belongings like any culprit servant-girl, cramming them, blind with tears and frenzy, into the suitcase and valise, scalding tears rolling down while she dressed.

As she staggered, finally, down the hallway, the two bags grating the walls and her hat awry from haste, Mrs. Neugass stood at the door, holding it open.

"Here," she said, "is your rent back from four days—"

"Don't you dare, Mrs. Neugass, to offer me that! Only let me out, please, from this outrageous predicament."



L O N G W E A R

MATERIALS OF ENDURING  
STRENGTH AND WORKMAN-  
SHIP OF SCRUPULOUS CARE  
MAKE B·V·D WEAR FAR BEYOND  
WHAT IT IS FAIR TO EXPECT.

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Never before have there been so many splendid opportunities for trained accountants—men whose training combines a knowledge of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Income Tax Work, Management and Finance. Few professions offer better opportunities to young men of ambition and intelligence. The tremendous business growth of this country has created a rich field for the expert. There are only about 3,000 Certified Public Accountants to do the work of the half million concerns needing proficient accounting service. The expert accountant is needed today in every big business organization.

### Knowledge of Bookkeeping Unnecessary to Begin

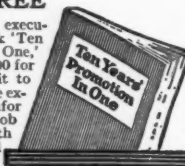
If you are ambitious, you can train for one of these big positions. The LaSalle method will train you by mail under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be given whatever training, instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any expense to you. Our big free book on the accountancy profession fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs, from the simplest bookkeeping principles to the most advanced accounting problems. All text material supplied in the course has been especially prepared in clear, easy-to-understand language so that you can readily master the principles by home study.

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"You got right. It is a outrageous predicament. Ach—shame on you! Such a fine, clean-looking girl like you! Indeed, you don't got to ask to be let out twice."

Thirty minutes later, and because her wildly beating brain could figure out no alternative, Lily sat on a bench in the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station, bags at her feet, trying to subdue her state of trembling.

Eleven o'clock moved 'around largely on the station clock. She was due at the Broadway Melody Shop. Still she sat on, the palpitating surface of her gradually slowing its throb. The reverberating terminal, then at the excavating state of its gigantic reconstruction, rang to the crash of steel with the fantastic echo of tunnel and of blasting. Its constant conglomerate of footfalls reduced to the common denominator of a gigantic shuffle, it swelled toward its noonday schedule with more and more rapid comings and goings. A light January snow was announcing itself in little white powderings across overcoat shoulders and in the crevices of derbys.

The new brown coat enveloped her warmly enough, but she shivered as she sat, at the same time committing the paradox of unbuttoning and flinging its double-breastedness away from the beating of her very being. After a while, she gave over her bags to the obliging eye of a shawled Polish girl on the bench beside her, and crossed to the information bureau. A clerk gave her precedence over two men.

Yes; there was a St. Louis train out at two-five. Another at six.

She returned and sat in the midst of a third bustling hour. A young woman with an infant and a whole archipelago of luggage surrounding her finally replaced the Polish girl. She was as fadedly and stragglingly pretty as a doll that has been left lying on the lawn throughout a night of heavy dews. Every so often the tiny head would spring back from the soft fount of her breasts, a cry rising thin and spiral as smoke.

"Sh-h, baby! He won't eat," she said plaintively. "It's just terrible! We've tried everything, and he won't eat."

Lily put out her hand toward the small ball of head, but withdrew it.

"Poor little baby!"

"My sister's gone to the matron to get him some barley-water before he gets on the train. There is a grand matron here at the station. I left him with her all morning while we shopped, and he never whimpered. The barley-water was her idea. He won't eat. It's terrible! He ain't gained in six weeks. The doctor says we've just got to keep trying until we hit a formula that agrees with him."

"Formula." How funny! Sounds like chemistry."

The young mother cast a commiserating eye.

"I'd hate to tell you what it sounds like about two p. x. I've been on a visit to my mother in Brooklyn, but he yelled so of nights the whole flat was kicking. You ain't by any chance taking the two-five St. Louis limited, are you? Brazil, Indiana, is mine."

"I—don't know—yet."

"Ever been there?"

"Where?"

"Brazil."

"I've passed through."

"Some dump—believe me. I keep saying to him, 'Keep me out here much longer, Fred, and you'll have to ship me home in a wooden kimono.'"

"Wooden kimono?"

"Coffin—get me?"

"Then Brazil isn't your home?"

"By transplanting, yes. I never married out there, believe me. We was both born and raised right here on the little long and narrow island till he got a better job out there with the telephone company. Believe me, I'll take my little old fifteen a week in New York to thirty a week out there, bungalow setting thrown in. Bunk-a-low, I call it."

"But isn't it better for the baby?"

"That's right, too. I always say to my twin, I say, 'Myrt, if you don't think I get harder hours than when I worked next to you in the Five-and-Ten, and no pay-day neither, just trade with me one day and take care of the kid and the bunk-a-low.' I always say to Fred, I say, 'If you think you're dog-tired, fasten a speedometer on my ankle and read it when you come home nights and see who's taken the most steps.' It's hell, anyways, when they won't eat and you can't hit the right formula."

"Poor baby!"

"You wouldn't give 'em up after you got 'em; but, believe me, it's a wise girl that 'll think twice before she has 'em. A girl gains a lot by marrying—maybe. But, believe me, she gives up a lot—sure."

"But you married the right man."

"Yeh; but nature is a trickster. How you going to know where her intentions leave off her and your own begin? Fred and me ran off. Regular love-affair. I suppose I am one of them that picked right—right as a girl with my disposition could ever pick. If I hadn't, believe me, eight hours for me behind the counter in preference to eating the rest of my breakfasts across from the wrong face. Sh-h, Freddie baby; can't you see my back is breaking? Sh-h; auntie Myrt's gone to nice matron for barley-water. For the love of Mike, sh-h—or mamma'll spank."

The twin fluttered up then, a vivid, italicized prototype, on slim, tall heels that clicked, and a very small red hat set just at the angle of sauciness. They moved off together, after bickering over luggage, the slim silhouette with the chin sharply flung up and the accentuated swayback figure of the little mother, her skirt sagging over run-down heels and, for want of a free hand, blowing up the loose strands of hair from out her eyes.

For a time, Lily sat quite intently, her gaze on a small sign that hung at right angles from an open doorway: "Matron." After a while, she gathered up her luggage and walked over, entering a little room fitted up with the efficient and institutional unprivacy of public service. On a couch, her face to the wall, a woman in a traveling-duster lay stretched, hat and all, in an attitude of exhaustion; a young girl, with a wayward fling of posture, sitting sullen in a corner, her very pointed and heeled shoes toeing in. A three-year-old child, with a large tag pinned across his little dress, played with railroad-owned blocks; the matron, a sort of stout Lachesis, with a string of keys at her belt, gray with years and the rather sweet tiredness of service, sorted towels at a rack. It was to her that Lily spun out a



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*Splendid for Children*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

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Helene Chadwick,  
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Star

## TALC Jonteel 25c "Just Smell It"

CLOSE your eyes—breathe in the sweetness. What is it you smell? Roses from Southern France? Yes—they are there! Orange-blossoms? They, too. English lavender? Yes. Sandalwood from the East! Jasmine! Vetiver! Geranium! Bergamot! The entire world has been searched for its sweetest scents. And they've *all* been blended into Jonteel.

You, too, will choose it as your favorite perfume. Take home a box of Talc Jonteel today. Sold exclusively by

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Odor Jonteel, for the toilet, \$1.50. Odor Jonteel Concentrate, \$3. Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c. Soap Jonteel, 25c. Manicure Set Jonteel, \$1.50

In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher

ready tale, reddening as she talked, but staunch to it.

"I'm from Indianapolis. I want a quiet place for the next few months. Two, to be exact."

Sweeping her with a look:

"Are you in any kind of difficulty?"

"No—not that! I've left my husband. We agreed to separate. I want a few weeks of quiet until—afterward, and then I can arrange to start out on my own."

"You're too nice a girl to—"

"I'm not asking anything. I am not the kind you are evidently accustomed to deal with here. It is simply that I'm strange."

"Have you no friends?"

"None with whom I desire to communicate."

"Well," doubtfully, "there is the Non-Sectarian Home for Indigent Girls, and the Hannah Larchmont Lying-In Hospital—"

"Oh," cried Lily, with a sting of color to her cheeks, "you don't understand! I have funds. I tell you it is just that I am strange. I want a medium-priced place to live for the next few weeks where it won't be embarrassing."

The matron unlocked a drawer.

"I have a few addresses here of private rooming-houses in the Hannah Larchmont Lying-In Hospital and Bellevue districts, if that is what you want. Personally inspected places that can be recommended for their cleanliness and respectability."

"That is exactly what I need."

"You will find no questions asked as long as you conduct yourself quietly, and, of course, you are expected to make your plans for leaving well in advance of any emergency. There are several private sanitariums in the neighborhood."

"Of course."

"Here are three addresses. The first is in East Seventeenth Street, just back of the Hannah Larchmont. It's a very nice place run by an old Irishwoman, Mrs. McMurtrie, who has a lace-curtain-cleaning establishment in the basement. Here are two others on the same block, in case she has rented her room."

"I'll go there at once," said Lily, taking the memorandum.

"If I were you, I should go back home to friends. It is too bad that a girl like you should find herself in this position. Won't you let me help you?"

"Thank you"—lifting her bags again—"you have helped me a great deal."

That night, Lily slept in a small back room two flights up over the lace-curtain-cleaning establishment. It was cruder and rougher than anything she had yet encountered—a white-pine table with a wash-bowl and toothbrush-mug, and a black iron bed that, at first glance, had sent darting through her a sinking sense of institution. But it was clean, and a sparse Irish landlady with enormous hands, and a moist pink presence that steamed hot suds, had left her without question and one week's advance payment tucked into her bosom.

Before going to bed, after she had looked under it, and turned out the gas-jet, she went over to her single window, opening it wide to the bite of a winter's night and shooting up the shade. Her view was again of roofs and roofs and chimney-pots, dirtier this time, and dingier, and marching against the sky-fire,

like a dark herd of buffalo, a long range of buildings, blackened of bricks.

It was the Hannah Larchmont Lying-In Hospital seen from the rear.

### XXIII

WHEN Lily returned to the Broadway Melody Shop the morning following, there was already a voice driving with such nasal power into the sidewalk din that she hardly needed to enter to learn of her successful replacement.

There was an entirely new hauteur encasing Miss Kirk, who, upon Lily's entrance, wound into an attitude.

"Well?"

"I was ill."

"I—see."

"I guess the place is filled. Oh, it's all right."

"Better go over to the office and see Phonzie about it. All I know is they sent over a pair of lungs that can stop traffic when they let out. Forty copies of 'Cinderella Ella' just like hot cakes the first time she telephones it out to 'em. Hauls in a neuful every time she opened her mouth—and some mouth. 'Phonzie,' I telephones over to him this morning, 'thank God that mouth's screened from the public, or somebody would buy her for codfish balls.'"

"Do you think there might be something over at the office for me? I've had some training for desk-work, too."

"Don't know. I always told you to put some noise into your voice. Let out—that's what they want in this business. You never came out enough from behind your tonsils. The refined stuff through a megaphone has about as much chance as a violet in the six-o'clock rush. In other words, dearie," finished Miss Kirk, her rather close-set eyes focusing on the tip of Lily's nose, "I think you're fired. Canned, so to speak. Replaced, as it were."

Lily laughed, forcing her head high to deny disconcertment.

"Well, anyway, that saves me the trouble of resigning."

"Yes," said Miss Kirk, her gaze suddenly long and full of portent; "I wouldn't be surprised."

To Lily's heated consciousness, the grilling quality in that gaze was so unmistakable that it plunged into her like an arrow. She walked out, stinging with it.

Hurrying toward the music-publishing office, she caught suddenly her reflection in the plate-glass window of a shop devoted to Broadway's intense interpretation of the prevalent in modes. She stood, in the very act of motion, regarding this snap-shot of herself. Then she entered, emerging presently in a full-length dark-blue cape with gilt buttons and little pipings of red along the edge. It was neither so warm nor so durable as the brown coat, and cost her the rather sickening sensation of breaking into a twenty-dollar bill for twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents.

But it was immensely becoming, this flowing wrap, enveloping her like a wimple, her face rising out of it as clear as a nun's. Nevertheless, it was her realization of need for it that quite suddenly ended her quest. She turned for home, stopping at the Public Library for one of her frequent perusals of the St. Louis newspapers.

15  
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Cosmopolitan for June, 1920

She read quickly, her eye skimming the obituary, personal, and social columns. For a week there had daily appeared a little insertion which invariably caused her a twist of heart.

To SUBLET: Furnished. Seven rooms and bath. Brand-new from top to bottom. Every convenience. Will sell furnishings if desired. Spacious front lawn. Poultry-yard. 2640 Page Avenue. Apply 2645 Page Avenue.

Then, one day it disappeared, and something lifted from Lily. This time, as she opened the St. Louis paper of just one week previous, a small oval photograph leaped at her from a row of them, choking her as if it had clutched at her throat.

In a full-page advertisement, Slocum-Hines Hardware Company announced to its many friends a twenty-fifth anniversary, the entire sheet bordered in small oval photographs of the personnel of valued employees.

"Albert Penny, first assistant buyer." Regarding it, her consciousness of his promotion was secondary to a feeling that straight lines joining the four corners of Albert's face would have produced a perfect rectangle. A little farther on was Vincent Bankhead, buyer, and on a lower row, Ralph Sluder, with whom she had graduated from grade-school.

Strangely enough, in this very edition, the name of Horace Lindsley sprang out at her from the tiniest of type in the marriage-license column. "Horace Lindsley, 3345 Bell Avenue. Carol Ingomar Claiborne, 3809 Westminster Place." The name of the bride was associated in Lily's mind with the society columns of the Sunday Post-Dispatch. A hundred little pointed darts shot through her, and even now the old sinking but delicious sensation of too sudden descent in an elevator.

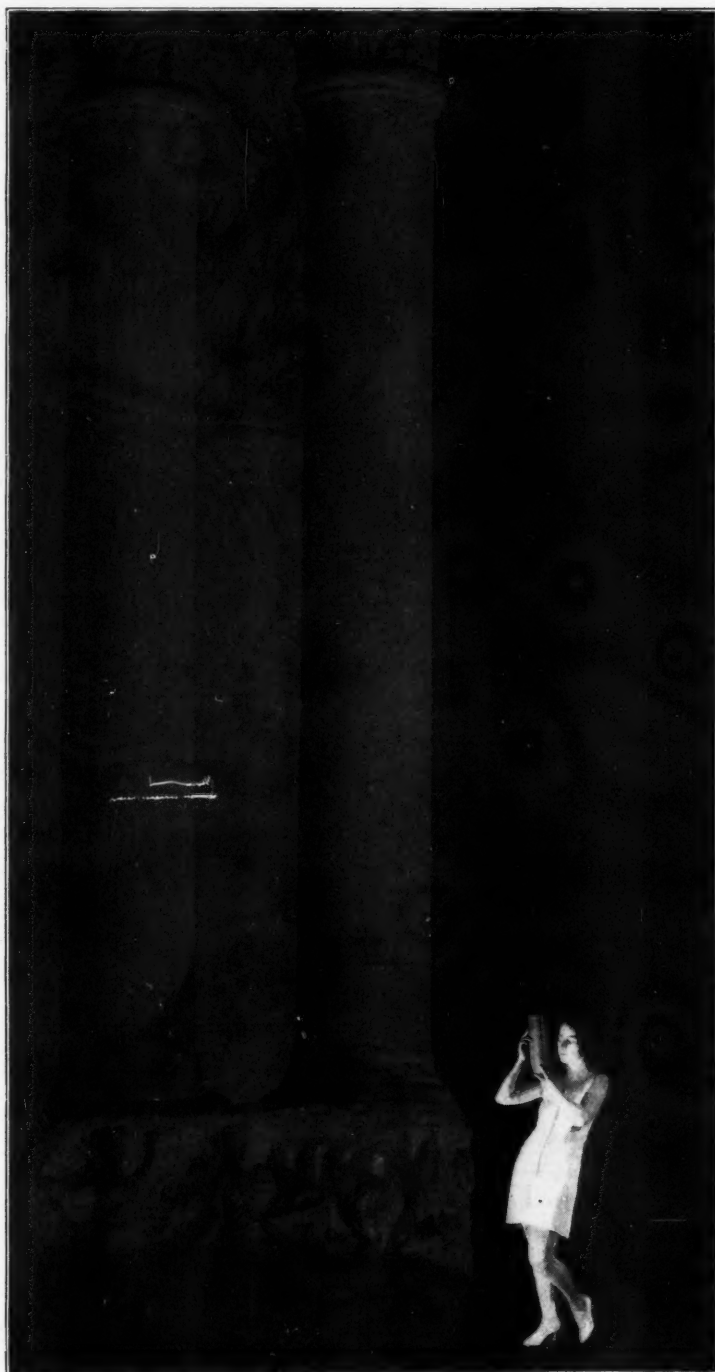
That night, she went to bed with a toothache, a biting little spark of pain that toward morning became a raging flame rushing against the entire inside of her cheek. She could not trace its source, every tooth seeming to stampee.

All of the day following, she lay with her face buried into her pillow, abandoning herself utterly to creature discomfort. Toward evening, she ventured down as far as Fourteenth Street for a bowl of milk and toast, but the pain raged on, tightening her throat against food, and she crept back to the haven of her cheek, to Mrs. McMurtrie's scorched pillow-slip.

After another two nights of local application and the rather futile business of holding warm water in the sag of her cheek, she found out, at the direction of Mrs. McMurtrie, a neighborhood dentist who occupied a suite of rooms over a corner drug store, the large, grinning picture of a boy, with a delighted hiatus of missing front tooth, painted on each window, and glibly inscribed: "It Didn't Hurt A Bit."

It is inconceivable that, except under duress of great pain, Lily could have engaged services so obviously quasi-professional, but she was past that perception by now, her nerves from brow to shoulder crackling like a bonfire.

Examination by a dentist with gray pointed side-whiskers that flared and brushed her cheek unpleasantly revealed a pair of gathering abscesses, and for weeks



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of mornings she lay back to the agony of steel incisions, for the remainder of the day stretched out on the iron bedstead—face to wall.

Then, for a few days, a premature spring came out teasingly—the East Seventeenth Street block, with its rows of houses going down none too debonairly from gentility to senility, showing a bud here and there. There even remained one private residence with a polished door-bell and name-plate and a little cluster of crocuses in an iron jardinière set out in a front yard about the dimension of an army blanket.

Crocuses, whose cold, moist smell, with all the pungency of associations an odor can arouse, somehow suggested to Lily Taylor Avenue and little Harry Calvert. She did not remember it, but Harry had once stolen two satiny red ones for her from a Taylor Avenue flower-bed and been soundly cuffed by a housewife.

A block away, Gramercy Park, a rectangle of the Knickerbocker New York of the woodcut, reddened brick sidewalk, salon-parlor, and crystal chandelier, was already lacy with the first leaf-work of spring. Several times, when the sun lay warmest, Lily ventured into its Old World sobriety, strolling round the tall grill fence that enclosed the park. It was locked against the public, nurse-maids from surrounding homes and a few old ladies stiff with gentility holding keys. Children from the raggedy fringe of Third Avenue played without awareness against the outside of the iron palings, too young and, anyway, too imprisoned in class to resent one more monopoly, even of God's sunshine and the brown, warm earth already swollen with life about to be.

It seemed to Lily that, almost any of these mild days, Washington Irving, in pot-hat, might come strolling this pompous square. She bought a manhandled copy of Vol. I of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" off a second-hand book-stall one day, and read the volume sitting on the sun-drenched stoop of one of the old houses whose eyeless stare and boarded windows bespoke the absent family. Off this same stall she also purchased a copy of Wordsworth's poems, feeling a vague, a procreative, and who shall say mistaken need for beauty. Over and over she read, milking each phrase dry:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home—

She read of daffodils as if she would steep her soul in the sun of their yellowness, bought some one morning, and propped them in the toothbrush-mug.

She practised her shorthand, too, these days, in a blank book bought for the purpose, sometimes an hour, even two or three, until the sun receded off the stoop.

Then for a week it rained, and, from the patch of back yard two stories beneath her window began to mount the moist smell of living earth. Beside this open window, after the harrowing mornings of dentistry, with a soft rain falling from a sky swift and low with clouds, she wrote, her pencil dabbing constantly at



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the well of her tongue, a short story of some six thousand words composed out of the fabric of an idea that suddenly presented itself. She copied it in her most painstaking handwriting on one side of foolscap, and sent it, with return-postage, to a popular magazine.

She was venturing out less and less, preparing over a portable oil-stove her own breakfast, and very often her own lunch and dinner. She tried to sew, too, cutting up one of the sheerest and prettiest of her nightgowns into a litter of small garments, but almost immediately her hands would fall idle and the great waves of terror begin to surge.

Certain inevitable decisions crept closer. She decided against the Hannah Larchmont Hospital, its very foyer wakening in her such a sickening sense of public institution that she ventured no further, but engaged a tiny room in a private sanatorium in Nineteenth Street at twenty dollars a week and the privilege of boarding on two or three weeks after her recovery.

Her bag of three new one-hundred-dollar bills still hung in all their reassuring entirety from the little pink ribbon about her neck, but the confronting dentist's bill of twenty-five dollars and the slow but acid process of daily expenditure eating into the thirty or forty dollars left in her purse lying uncomfortably against her consciousness.

By a series of constantly repeated calculations, particularly if the short story should bring in even a check large enough to cover the dentistry, Lily planned to span the weeks of her narrowing interval with the three bills intact, but pretty shortly the first piece of mail she had, received in New York arrived in a long, bulky envelop.

MY DEAR MISS PARLOW:

Thank you for submitting the accompanying manuscript. It does not quite get across in this office, but is near enough to our standard for us to want to see anything more you may care to submit.

THE EDITOR.

That night, Lily cried again all through her sleep, presenting herself next morning at the dentist's with heavy-rimmed eyes. It was her final visit, and before mounting the chair she laid down her carefully counted-out payment, five five-dollar bills, in a little pile on the revolving stand.

Doctor Hotchkiss, with the offshot of white whiskers from each jowl and who was fond of pinching her cheek as she lay under his touch, moistened his fingers and counted.

"The charges are fifty dollars," he said. She was immediately startled.

"Why, Doctor Hotchkiss, you said twenty-five!"

"Fifty, with the bridge-work, my dear young woman," he said, the words swimming in the oil of his suavity.

"You said twenty-five."

"You misunderstood, my dear young woman. Twenty-five would not pay for the amount of gold I used. Fifty is what I said. Fifty dollars"—his voice rising.

She looked her despair.

"I—it's not honorable! I asked you distinctly. What if I haven't it to spare—"

"That is not my business," he replied, his entire manner roughening up. "You

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For Furniture and Woodwork and Floors.



WILLIAMS



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and varnishes in one operation, so that frequently one coat is all that is required.

It is the manner in which "61" Floor Varnish is manufactured that makes its durability its outstanding characteristic. The finest raw materials and painstaking processes are the secret of its longer life.

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Sold by hardware, stationery, drug and photo supply stores everywhere. **10c per packet** Moore Push-Pin Co., 127 Berkley St., Phila.

**—FLORIDA—**

Fruitland Park in Florida's lake jeweled highlands will appeal to the homeseeker who, whether wishing land or an orange grove, desires the best. Write for book of actual photographs and learn how you can own your own grove on easy payments. **BOARD OF TRADE, 15 Trade Avenue, Fruitland Park, Florida.**

**PEE-CHEE WHITE SHOE CLEANER**

Keep your white shoes snowy-white—remove that worn soiled faded appearance with Pee-Chee.

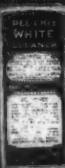
It doesn't cover—but it actually removes all grease and dirt, leaving your white glazed kid, kid, buck calf, suede, nuck, can as or 1 nen shoes as clean and attractive as when first worn.

**Ideal for Cleaning PANAMA HATS**

At shoe, drug, and department stores, also shoe repair shops. If your dealer doesn't carry, write us his name.

**THE PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. CO.** Cleveland, Ohio

**CONTAINS NO ACID**



Won't Injure Shoes

have forty dollars' worth of my gold in your mouth, and the law provides for receiving goods you can't pay for. You've got it all right, and if you haven't, from the look of you there is some one behind you who has."

She colored so furiously that her eyes smarted to tears as she reached down into her blouse for the little chamois bag.

"Give me fifty dollars," she said, cramming the five five-dollar bills back into her purse, holding a crisp new hundred-dollar bill out to him, her voice as fluttering as a broken wing. "But nothing—nothing will ever convince me that you have not taken advantage of me."

He counted her fifty dollars off his own roll, all the more suave.

"You will find you have made a mistake, my dear young woman. This is a strictly one-price office. Now I will take out that temporary filling and finish you up."

She was loath to mount the chair except that the nerve was jumping again. For half an hour, she lay under his touch, finally, as he fumbled to untie the bib-like towel about her neck, his lips descending so close to her cheek that she could feel their cold, liver-colored caress touch her in a kiss. She sprang to her feet, jerking the towel away from her neck and rubbing it across the defiled spot.

"How dare you! You cheat! You miserable creature—how dare you! You come near me, and I'll call the police! Let me out of here! Out!"

She ran from the place with her hat in her hand, across the street and up two flights to her room. Panting and drenched with perspiration, all day she lay on the little iron bed, her face to the wall, shuddering.

"O God, where are you driving me? What are you driving me on for? Where? Why? What does it mean?"

At dusk, with a sense of weakness entirely new to her, she rose to undress, resting after each discarded piece of clothing.

She could hear Mrs. McMutrie passing through the outer hall, a tin bucket, on one of its frequent errands to Joe's place across the street, grating against the wall. The room took on a deeper and soupy color of twilight, the great pachyderm of the Hannah Larchmont Hospital casting its shadow.

Suddenly, after one of those boltlike perceptions that can spring out apparently from space, Lily clapped her hands to her throat, her breast, the back of her neck. Her bag—the little chamois bag—and the pink ribbon at her neck were gone! She shook through her clothing in a frenzy of haste; she tore each piece inside out. Slapped her hands over the wash-stand, flung back her mattress, plunging her fingers into every imaginable crevice. Dragged out the bed. Felt along the dark, narrow halls and down two flights on her hands and knees. Shook out her clothing again. The hair came down over her shoulders, and her reasoning seemed to go.

That hand fumbling to untie that bib-towel! Those pointed whiskers approaching her cheek! The little pink bow at her neck! Those liverlike lips. That soft, boneless hand at the back of her neck had jerked out the bag! O God, that soft, slimy kiss and the little jerk of the bow at the back of her neck—and



## The Right Taste for a Tooth Paste

When you like a tooth paste the first time you try it, and even better the hundredth time you use it, then you know it has the kind of taste that wears well.

The *wholly natural* taste of Pebeco Tooth Paste comes from the ingre-

dients themselves, and from nothing else. And those ingredients are scientifically selected, correctly blended. That is why Pebeco imparts such a clean, refreshed feeling to the teeth, gums, and mouth. It has the right taste for a tooth paste.

# PEBECO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

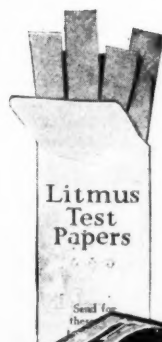
## TOOTH PASTE

### Have You "Acid-Mouth"? Try the Litmus Paper Test

Send for free Litmus Test Papers and 10-day trial tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste. Moisten one of the blue Litmus Papers on your tongue. If it stays blue, you are one of the few who are thought to be free from mouth acids. But if it turns pink, you face the ultimate loss of every tooth unless you check "Acid-Mouth."

Now try this second test: Brush the teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste from the trial tube, and place a second Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will not turn pink, but will remain blue, thus showing that Pebeco Tooth Paste does tend to hold in check any undue acidity of the mouth.

*Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere*



Canadian Agents  
McLean & Wood, 18 Toronto St.  
Toronto

*Mail coupon below today sure*

LEHN & FINK, Inc.  
Greenwich and Morton Sts., New York

In order that I may make my own test for "Acid-Mouth," send me your Litmus Test Papers and Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco without cost or obligation to me.

Name   
Street and No.   
City or Town   
State



had this been

**Raybestos**  
BRAKE LINING

the car owner would have saved \$18.85, much time and a great deal of inconvenience. This illustrates very decisively the economy of Raybestos. For example, we guarantee Raybestos to WEAR one year. If it does not sustain our guarantee, we supply new lining gratis. Therefore, Raybestos users do not have to meet a bill for new lining within a period of 12 months.

Raybestos first cost may be a trifle more than that of ordinary lining, but then Raybestos WEARS and WEARS and WEARS. It grips, it holds, it gives the sort of service that you expect from a quality lining. Be sure to look for the Silver Edge which identifies *real* Raybestos.

Line your brakes with good lining. Buy good tires and protect yourself, your car and your pocketbook.

**THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY**

FACTORIES

Bridgeport, Conn.

Peterboro, Canada



fell down with a screaming that brought Mrs. McMurtrie.

At noon of the next day, Lily Penny lay in the public ward of the Hannah Larchmont Lying-In Hospital, a premature mother by some weeks.

Lily Penny, whose trousseau had included twelve of the sheerest batiste ones, in a coarse unbleached night-dress not her own and the least gentle to her flesh she had ever known.

There was a row of her, of which she was the whitest—wan women, big-eyed with pain, who had gone down into the cañons of death that there might be life.

She had a slow, vagarious notion that all of the cots were tilted, so that they appeared each on a cross—these mothers. It was sad to lie there in that etheric world, yet somehow pleasant. The frieze on the auditorium of the St. Louis Central High School was unaccountably before her. It was still sown with lilies, but with babies' heads for calyxes. Her mother, her teeth set with effort, was scrubbing something. A window-sill? Who was calling? Mamma—Flora. "You wouldn't give 'em up after you got 'em, but it's a wise girl that'll think twice." She felt so white. Never, in fact, had she enjoyed such a sense of her whiteness. She held up her arm to regard the column of it and wanted to laugh, but it was easier to cry.

They brought her child. Hers—Lily Becker Penny's! A huge tray of them, like a vendor's street-corner offering of spring flowers. Tiny human blooms with a tag at each wrist. Incredible!

"Three guesses," said the nurse, through a smile, and held out the human bouquet toward her. She could hardly breathe. She wanted to scream, to draw up the sheet over her head, to suffocate. Herself, external to herself, was breathing out there—off somewhere in that tray. She tried to pull up the covers over her head. A hand would draw them away. There was a black one in that row of little pink nubs of humanity! Heads like hard-boiled eggs not quite cooked through. No! No! No!

Suddenly, Lily raised to her elbow. The second from the end! The big head; the full-blown, spring-tight curls. The color of honey. The blue eyes that were almost ready to turn gray. The tag on the wrist. Number two. The tag of her own unbleached gown? Number two!

"Give me!" cried Lily, on a sudden mounting note.

"Right the first time!" cried the nurse, lifting the second from the end. "And a little beauty she is!"

That little living ball of head in the crotch of her arm! She leaned forward to the flameless heat of it, her lips moving and wanting to speak.

"What is it, dear?" asked the nurse.

She moved them again, but still silently.

The nurse bent lower, her ear to the pillow.

"Now, what is it, dear; say it again."

This time, through the veil of a whisper, she could hear quite clearly,

"Zoë."

Can Lily continue to battle for her ideals and her ambitions with the weight of this new burden upon her? The next instalment of *Star-Dust*, in *July Cosmopolitan*, brings some very interesting developments.



Examining a Miller Tire which made a great record

## Why 22,000 Miles?

Years ago we started to gather in Miller Tires which had made exceptional records.

For instance, 22,000 miles or over on a bus, a truck or a stage line.

We studied those tires, and learned the reasons for endurance. Then we aimed to build all Millers like them.

### Constant Tests

Now we make constant tests. We wear out at our factory 1,000 tires yearly to watch the Miller Mileage.

We run scores of tires all the time under extreme conditions.

We spend \$300 daily just to test fabrics and cords for tires.

We vulcanize and test every lot of tread stock in our laboratory, before a tread is made.

Every tire is signed both by maker and inspector, and both are penalized if a tire falls down.

### Note the Records

The records show that average

Miller mileage has been almost doubled in late years.

Miller Tires are so uniform that adjustments are rare. Even in some large cities—like Buffalo—not a single Miller Tire came back last year.

In Akron, our home town, where Miller Tires dominate in local use,

### On a 3-Ton Bus

Ray Carpenter runs 22-passenger buses. The average load is three tons. The first Miller Tire he tried ran 23,600 miles. The next 17,000 without a blowout. It was punctured at 5,000 miles. The next ran 22,000 miles. Now, of course, he uses Millers only.

only 15 tires disappointed last year on a retail business of \$500,000.

Everywhere Miller Tires are winning contests against all their leading rivals. They are winning enormous contracts by excelling in million-mile tests.

Individual records have made them, perhaps, the most talked-about tires in America.

The demand in six years has increased ten-fold. Last year alone the increase was \$11,000,000.

### See What You Get

Put a Miller Tire opposite the tire you use. Compare the mileage. You may be wrong in your ideas of what modern tires should do.

If you buy a new car, ask for Miller Tires. Twenty makers now supply them without extra cost. Then watch them, and let your odometer figures tell you what tire to get next.



### Tread Patented

Center tread smooth, with suction cups to firmly grasp wet asphalt. Geared-to-the-Road side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY  
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform Geared-to-the-Road Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

**Miller Tires**  
Cords      Geared-to-the-Road      Fabrics  
Registered U. S. Patent Office

The Contest Winners

## The Greatest Show on Any Earth

(Continued from page 73)

vice-president having been chosen and everything in the convention city now beginning to subside back to normal except the heat, the delegates from each state and insular ward of the Union met in their respective headquarters, and each delegation selected one representative to serve for four years on a new National Committee.

For more than three years after a new National Committee is formed, its fifty-three members are less busy, so far as national-committeeing is concerned, than a manicure lady would be in Manchuria. One day, in the late fall or early winter preceding the next national convention, however, the National Committee suddenly and boisterously comes to life. The national chairman summons the committee to meet, usually at Washington, D. C., to discuss the coming convention. Into Washington simultaneously pour delegations of hotel and restaurant proprietors, railroad men, and representatives of municipal commercial bodies, each parcel of shouting boosters ready to prove to the National Committee that the home city of the booster who happens to have the floor is the grandest and most g-a-l-o-r-i-o-u-s convention town in the country.

Patiently the National Committee listens while the various boosters wax eloquent on the one subject that will inspire even a tongue-tied American to a rush of words to the face—the glories of one's home town. For hours, the National Committee harkens to an onslaught of oratory which, by comparison, makes even a Broadway actor talking about himself sound like a deaf-mute. And when each speaker has demonstrated that his town is the greatest on earth and the last speaker has proved that his town is all that and more, the National Committee rises and remarks, in statesman-like tones:

"Great stuff, men! And now let's begin all over and talk turkey. Slip the rubber bands off your home-town bank-rolls and give us a look, boys."

Not crudely like that, of course, but there you have the idea. The city that raises the biggest jack-pot gets the convention. The winning municipality guarantees a sum in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars for convention expenses, provides the hall, decorates it, supplies the brass bands, pays the hotel bills of the National Committee during the convention period, prints the tickets, musters and pays the special policemen in and about the convention hall. What is left of the jack-pot is to be turned over to the National Committee and used for post-convention campaign purposes.

The National Committee is in direct and active charge of the convention up to the instant that the chairman of the National Committee, after having called the convention to more or less order, relinquishes the gavel to the temporary chairman. As a first step in the preliminaries, a subcommittee of arrangements, appointed by the National Committee, lands, feet down and palms up and outward, in the convention city months before the convention is scheduled to open. Until the last penny of the municipal jack-pot guaranteed by the con-



**"Tonight I'm going Decolleté, thanks to Electric Massage!"**

DOES your figure permit you to wear the prettiest of evening frocks? Then resolve that this embarrassing condition is going to be changed! In the privacy of your own boudoir soothing electric massage brings back the roses of youth into your cheeks, keeps your hair and scalp in fine, healthy condition and develops your figure into one of graceful lines and girlish contour.

The Star Vibrator should be your "beauty parlor." Used and endorsed by stage and screen celebrities for beauty helps, and fatigue, nervous headaches, insomnia. Ideal after motoring, golfing or bathing. Keeps your skin at its best! On sale and demonstrated free of charge at most drug, department and electrical stores. Or direct from us. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 212, Torrington, Conn. (Canadian Price, \$7.50.)

**The STAR VIBRATOR** *Electric Massage*  
For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" and Dull, Colorless Complexions!

## SAVE \$43

Genuine \$100 Oliver Typewriters now \$57. Brand new, latest model—our finest product. Direct from factory to you. And we ship you an Oliver for free trial. No payment down. Keep it or return it. If you want to own it, pay us only \$3 per month. This is the greatest typewriter bargain on earth. You save \$43. Write today for full particulars, including our book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." Then you may get an Oliver for free trial. Write now.



The OLIVER Typewriter Company  
1146 Oliver Typewriter Building  
Chicago, Ill. (312-07)

## "Old Town Canoes"

YOU can lazy-paddle an "Old Town" all day long. "Old Towns" are light, buoyant canoes that answer the slightest pressure of the blade. They are strong, sturdy canoes built for years of service. The "Sponson Model" is safer than a row boat. Write for catalog—3000 canoes in stock.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.  
1956 Middle Street  
Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



# What you can do with \$3000



**\$3000<sup>00</sup>  
WORTH OF  
6%  
BONDS**



**AN  
INTEREST  
IN A  
FACTORY**



**A  
SMALL FARM  
COMPLETELY  
STOCKED**



**A PAID  
UP LIFE  
INSURANCE  
POLICY**



**A  
LIBRARY  
OF BEST  
BOOKS**



**INCOME  
PRODUCING  
PROPERTY**



**A  
YEAR'S  
STUDY  
ABROAD**





**another  
EVEREADY  
contest!**

**\$10,000<sup>00</sup> In Cash Prizes**

## Win \$3000<sup>00</sup> with 12 Words

**THINK** what you could do right now with \$3000.00 in cash! It's hard to save that much—harder to borrow it. *Someone* will win it—*easily*—get it in a lump sum and *in cash* by sending in the best answer to the Eveready Daylo \$10,000.00 Contest Picture on display beginning June 1 by Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

### 104 Cash Prizes totalling \$10,000<sup>00</sup>

will positively be paid to contestants

**List of Prizes**

1 First Prize	\$3 000.00
1 Second Prize	1000.00
3 Prizes—\$500.00 each	1500.00
4 Prizes—\$250.00 each	1000.00
5 Prizes—\$200.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—\$100.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—\$ 50.00 each	500.00
20 Prizes—\$ 25.00 each	500.00
50 Prizes—\$10.00 each	500.00
<b>104 Prizes Total</b>	
<b>\$10,000.00</b>	

**Contest Conditions**

Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each. Contest begins June 1, 1920; ends midnight, August 1, 1920. Art editors of "Life" will judge the answers and make the awards. Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blanks.



↑ This window sign identifies dealers who have Contest Blanks and exhibit the Eveready Daylo \$10,000 Contest Picture.



**M**OST Wardrobe Trunks look pretty much alike on the outside. So do most traveling bags. Except that Belber has a smartness you seldom otherwise see.

It's when you come to use Belber Luggage that you find how a Wardrobe Trunk or Bag can be planned for the traveler's needs—and what a difference it makes in packing and unpacking, and in the appearance of your clothes.

By thinking of the traveler first, his needs, his wishes, feeling for style and sense of values—Belber has built up the largest business in fine luggage in the world.

When you see this name—Belber—on a Wardrobe Trunk, a Bag, a Suitcase—you may be sure that you are getting value right straight through. Metropolitan style, picked materials, workmanship second to none.

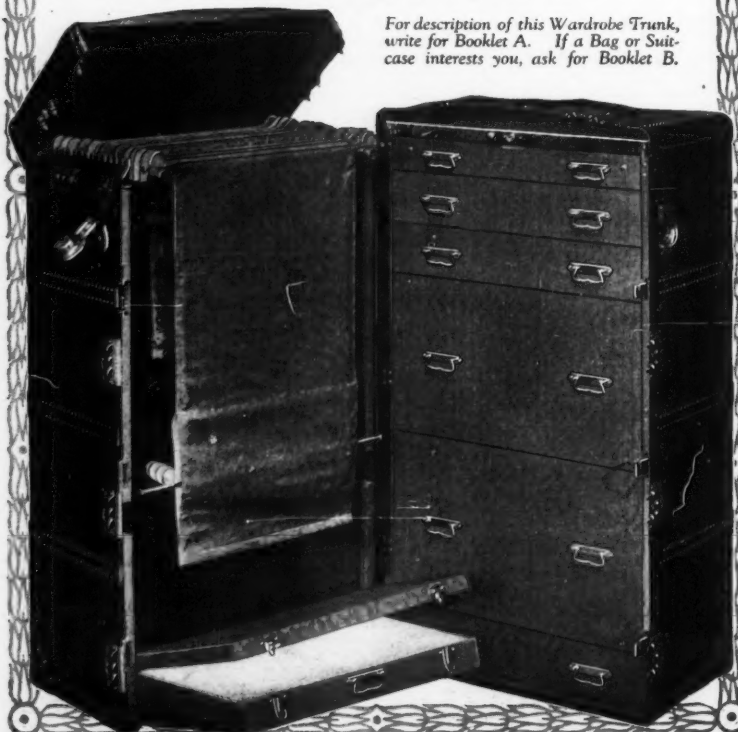
See the display of Belber Wardrobe Trunks, Bags and Suitcases at the best dealers in your town.

THE BELBER BAG & TRUNK CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Belber

TRAVELING GOODS

For description of this Wardrobe Trunk, write for Booklet A. If a Bag or Suitcase interests you, ask for Booklet B.



vention city has been collected, that sub-committee acts as if it were a penny-slot chewing-gum machine on a New York-subway-station platform. I mean to say, it takes and takes and takes, and never, never gives anything in return.

Also, it is the National Committee that issues the official "call" for the convention, the "call" being necessary to make the coming convention legal. It is this "call" which sets the United States and its suburbs at the work of electing delegates to the convention by a little soviet system of the nation's own—the ward soviet sending delegates to the city soviet, which sends delegates to the county soviet, which names delegates to the big soviet-known as the state convention of a party. Out of all these soviets come the national delegates—two common-or-garden-variety delegates from each Congressional district, and a little group of extra-special, fancy delegates, the latter selected by the state convention and known as "delegates at large."

During these very earliest stages of convention-forming, the Democratic party must follow one unique bit of procedure unknown in the councils of Democracy's opponents. While the frost is still in the ground, an official announcement must be made to the effect that William Jennings Bryan either will accept the nomination or already has started something or other he thinks he can finish. This is an inviolable rule.

Do not get the impression that, on the forenoon of the mighty day the convention is opened, the chairman of the National Committee steps off the ten-forty-two and goes right into the convention hall and takes his gavel out of his yellow suitcase and whangs it. Mercy, no! He's been in the convention city for quite some spell. So has the National Committee—for a week or two, anyway. They've been busy canning. Hence it happens that, before the national chairman grips his gavel at all, he has on his desk before him a carefully canned list and other preserved papers which keep him from forgetting a number of things—the personnel, for instance, of the two most important committees of a national convention, one being the Committee on Credentials, which has the first, and therefore the weightiest, vote when each of two contesting potential delegates insists that he alone legally has the right to represent his constituents; and the Committee on Resolutions, which concocts the final draft of glittering generalities known as the party's "platform." On his list, also, are the names of the two patriots selected in advance by the National Committee to serve respectively as temporary and permanent chairman, and the names of all the other temporary—who usually, also, are the permanent—convention officials, the names of each patriot selected to rise in the convention and propose this or that, and just at what point on the program he is going to stand up and do it, everything the first key-note orator—the selected-in-advance temporary chairman—will say, and every last syllable of the speech to be delivered by the second canned key-noter, or permanent chairman.

Now the week-end preceding the first big bang is here. The convention-hall stage has been planked with new pine. The imaginative literary effort known as the party "platform" is being esthetically



## The Roadster, Too, Has All the Noted Essex Qualities

*Speed—Power—Endurance—Economy—Utility.  
It is an Ideal Car for Business as Well as Pleasure*

The wide business uses for which the Essex Roadster is adapted are instantly apparent.

Its utilities are many. But no evidence of them is revealed when the Roadster is used as a pleasure car. Every line is smart, trim and graceful. It takes but a moment to make the change.

A large class of its buyers are business men. They choose it for utility and dependable transportation. It becomes, in fact, a part of their business system. It must be on the job, keep all engagements on time, and be as responsible as an engineer's watch.

These same qualities, with its rare good looks, make the Roadster unsurpassed as a smart car for pleasure.

### ***A World Endurance Record Proves Essex Dependability***

Economy, durability and train-like regularity are the standards set by Essex. These things have been shown in the hands of more than 25,000 owners, many of whom have driven their cars from 18,000 to 20,000 miles without a stroke of repairs.

It was more dramatically proved on the Cincinnati speedway, when an Essex stock chassis set the world's long distance endurance record of 3,037 miles in 50 hours. The same car, in three separate tests, traveled 5,870 miles at an average speed above a mile a minute. Another stock Essex set the world's 24-hour road mark of 1,061 miles over snow-covered Iowa roads.

### ***See the Roadster's Business Conveniences***

It is specially suited for salesmen, inspectors and others who must cover wide territory, quickly and frequently. Though not large, the Essex is commodious. There is plenty of room for passengers, and special arrangements for carrying sample cases, unseen, and even a trunk if desired.

Come see the Essex Roadster. Ride in it. Try its paces. Whether you want it for business or pleasure, you will appreciate why Essex in its first year set a new world's sales record.

**Essex Motors, Detroit, Michigan**

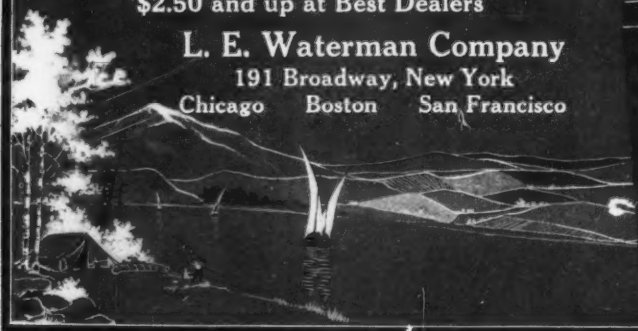
*a letter a day  
while you're  
away*

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

supplies one of the greatest needs of the vacation season, a reliable writing implement with a self-contained ink supply that releases you from the slavery of a desk and ink well and turns all outdoors into a convenient place at any time to do all the letter writing that family ties or business and social activities demand.

Three types: Regular, Safety and Self Filling  
\$2.50 and up at Best Dealers

**L. E. Waterman Company**  
191 Broadway, New York  
Chicago Boston San Francisco



**Domes  
of Silence**  
BETTER THAN CASTERS

**For All  
Furniture  
Legs**

**Save Floors-Save Rugs**  
**See That You Get Them**

**The Final Touch**

**CARMEN  
Complexion  
Powder**

Improves the faulty complexion—protects the beauty of the perfect one—and stays on. White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the New CARMEN BRUNETTE Shade.

50c Everywhere

**TRIAL OFFER**—Send 10c to cover post and packing for purse size box with 3 weeks' supply—state shade preferred. Stafford-Miller Co., St. Louis, Mo.

planked by Solons sitting in star-chamber sessions. The incoming train-loads of statesmen are perforce planking down at least one hundred per cent. more for a planked steak than they would have had to pay in the same hotel dining-room the day before. One day, in Chicago, four years ago, I learned from a luncheon menu in a Candidates' Row dining-room that for three dollars and seventy-five cents I might have as an *hors d'œuvre* a little dab of caviar. I began my luncheon with a lot of bread instead. One never can tell when one's boss will decide personally to look over the itemized document known variously as the "expense-account" and the "swindle-sheet," and issue orders that any employee addicted to Russian-sturgeon's eggs from Newfoundland at a dollar a dozen should buy his own fish eggs.

The hotel men, you see, have only a week or less in which to get back what they patriotically contributed to the city's convention fund. They get it.

The silk drummer in Three-twelve—who, perhaps, has decided that, as long as he's in town, he might as well keep the room a few days longer and see the big show—suddenly learns that months before, or less than an hour after the National Committee had named the convention city, some metropolitan newspaper or other had reserved by telegraph the drummer's room and a long string of bedrooms adjoining for the entire convention period, the newspaper paying about thirty dollars a day for each bedroom. Big writing-rooms or parlors in the hotel simultaneously become the headquarters of this or that potential presidential candidate, the "favorite son"—or his backers—separating themselves from about a thousand dollars in rent each day they have and hold the parlor as their very own.

In a day, the potted plants, rugs, chairs, lounges, and lounge-lizards disappear from the hotel's Peacock Alley and ornate lobbies, a wise hotel management overnight removing everything except six pieces of furnishings from Peacock Alley—meaning four walls, the floor, and the ceiling. By Sunday, even the walls and ceiling are as good as gone also, covered as they are with unnumbered yards of bunting and flags and reams of three-sheet campaign lithographs, the posters depicting potential presidents in statesmanlike attitudes which, by comparison, make the late Messrs. Webster and Calhoun look like a pair of village idiots.

As the early summer Sabbath evening descends, the floors of lobbies and alleys also have disappeared beneath a six-foot covering of slowly milling humans, with a top veneer of new straw dotted with three-quart plug-hats and felt sombreros and a lower casing of shuffling and substantial sole-leather. And despite the blazes of human glory and greatness always dazzling one's eyes in that slow moving and noisy throng, one constantly is happening upon two-legged visions that absolutely compel individual attention—the apparition, say, that is all one milk-white-flannel dazzle from coat collar to shoes, inclusive, where it isn't black sombrero and diamond-studded Elks' pin and shoulder-length black mane, the entire apparition answering to the name of Jim Vardaman, his gleaming swathings suggesting a heroic statue about to be unveiled; or the less rugged, more delicately beautiful sta'es-

man, Jim Ham Lewis, of Cook County and the cosmos, the tonal perfection of his habiliments indicating that he has just come fresh from the hands of the Whistler of all great valets; Colonel Bill Fairman, statesman, banker, race-horse breeder, and foremost poet in his entire home city of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, wearing his regulation convention costume, which measures six feet three inches high and seems to have been fashioned from thousands of chestnut-burs, all tatted together with the business side out; or Majah Ed Swope, of Tombstone, the first man to wear a plug-hat in Arizona and get away with it; the Hon. J. Dumont Smith, the only man in Kansas who wears a monocle, who forswore conventions years ago because Senator Vest was selected to make a nominating speech, but reappeared at St. Louis four years ago when assured that the renominating speech for Wilson was to be delivered by a gentleman bearing the more genteel name of Westcott. Here is a brace of youthful-looking Roosevelt lads in their summeriest Oyster Bay clothes. There is Political Shark Sam Blythe, who already has announced in syndicated news-columns what the convention is going to do, and is naturally irked because the delegates don't get together and do it immediately.

The milling in the lobbies, the hurrah indoors and out—this is the spectacular part of conventions. Meanwhile, the real work of "canning" everything from candidates to cantankerous delegates is being attended to in secret conclave behind barred doors on upper floors of hotels or clubs. And on a Tuesday, at noon in the old days, on a Wednesday at all the conventions of four years ago, the handful of Solons who believe they now have everything straightened out satisfactorily file impressively onto the stage and take their seats in the select and rising and roped enclosure just back of the so-far vacant chairman's seat.

The clergyman who is to say the opening prayer is with them. He, too, has been thoughtfully selected in advance. Protestant divine, Hebrew rabbi, Catholic prelate—each session will be opened by dominions of varied denominations. "We Strive To Please" is our motto, gents—even in the spiritual aspects of the convention. After the prayer, the delegates will "choose" the temporary organization already chosen for them. The temporary chairman will immediately begin key-noting with a speech which reporters have sent to their papers an hour before he begins to speak. Then the convention will adjourn for the day.

Much of the first session will be repeated in form the next day, when the permanent officers of the convention are "chosen" by the delegates. The Credentials Committee will submit their rulings concerning contested-delegate elections—and glorious ructions may or may not immediately ensue. In the old days, the reading of the "platform" came next, but at Baltimore, in 1912, Mr. Bryan shifted this part of the program to the last hours of the convention, or after the candidates had been nominated.

As the week peters out, it occurs that now everything has been attended to except naming a candidate for president. Comes the moment of highest blood pressure. "Alabama!" is shrieked to the heavens. Alabama probably has no can-



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the dentist's chair is to remove it. But between times it may do a ceaseless damage.

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That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Dental science has for years sought a way to fight film. Now that way is found. Able authorities have proved this beyond question. The use has spread, through dentists and through home tests, until millions of teeth are now benefited by it.

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A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

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Do this for your sake and your family's sake. There are few things more important. The damage which film does to teeth is life-long in effect. Cut out the coupon now.

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Wm. Peters, from the Panhandle of Texas, drove a sturdy red Stutz into the quiet and peaceful confines of Long Beach, Cal., the other day, and that smooth snappy red made 'em all stop, look and listen! One of the admiring bystanders asked the envious Mr. Peters the name of the brand that gave him all that splendor. He said, "It's Effecto Auto Enamel and you can tell anyone they can put it on and have a lot of fun doing it!"

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didate and "defers" to New York or Nebraska or Ohio or some other state given to quadrennial candidate crops. Up to the platform climbs a lusty-lunged gentleman—and the oratorical waters come down from Lodore. And now for hours—for days, if there are candidates enough—the whole world is awash with words. The speakers in turn stick to that by-law of the Nominating Orators' Union which says the name of the superman they describe in their speech must not be mentioned until the last sentence is spoken. Instant bedlam—and the reporters pull out their watches and time the uproar as the "demonstration" begins—cheering which, during the first minute or two, may be really enthusiastic, but which, at the end of an hour of "demonstrating" and parading crazily up and down the aisles, impresses one with that feeling of spontaneity which fills one when one gazes upon Pike's Peak.

More joyous are the speeches of the string of gentlemen who now rise to second the nominations with still more oratory.

"My friends," begins the long-haired boy orator of Peapack, whose very name has been lost in the shuffle, "it was once said of the ancient Roman general, the great Ca—"

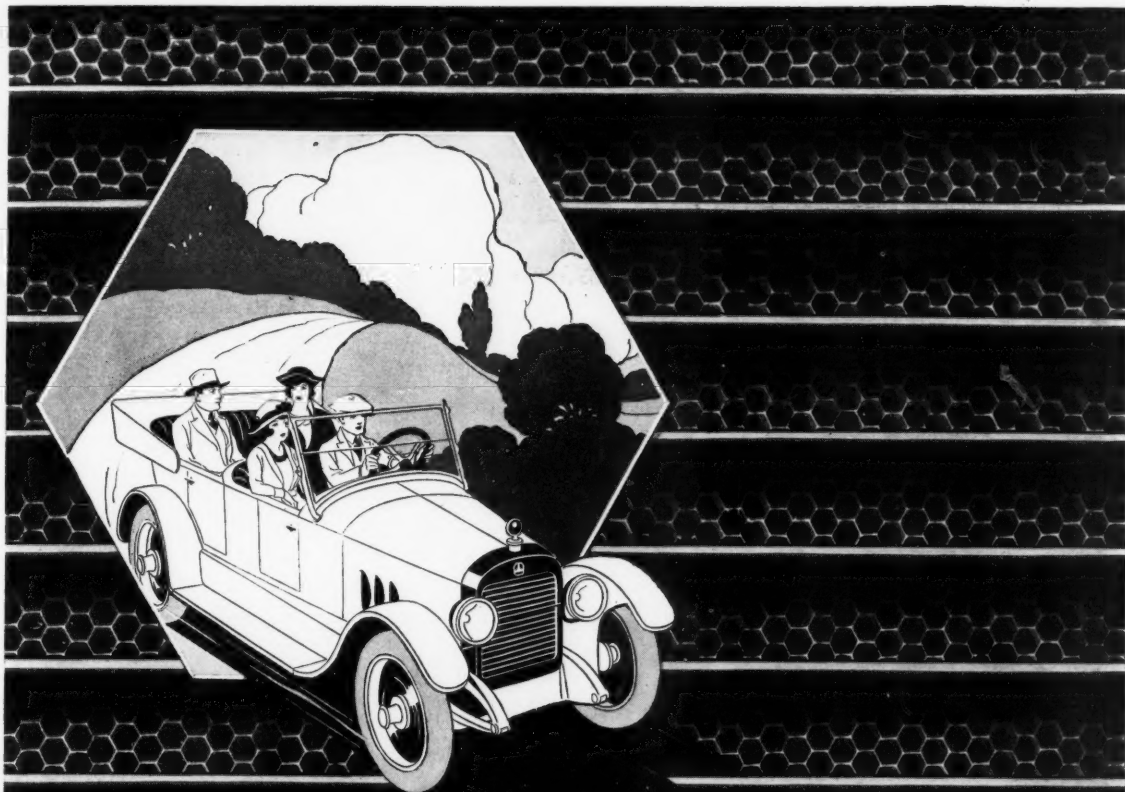
"Oh, fellows, look who's here!" comes an interruption from the west gallery.

"Officer, he's in again!" chortles the east gallery.

"Fresh strawberries!" roars an alternate seated back of the more dignified regular delegates. And, except for part of the opening sentence, that seconding speech is damned by the din to oblivion—to reappear never again except in the columns of the succeeding weekly issue of the boy orator's home-town paper.

"Vote!" yell the delegates above the general uproar, and the balloting is begun. State after state is called, the leader of each state delegation rising and voting his delegation *en masse*—unless there be dissension among the delegates from a given state; in which case, the state's representatives are polled individually. If the convention is a cut-and-dried ratification meeting, the presidential and vice-presidential candidates will be selected and the patriots will all be homeward bound by Sunday.

With the candidate for president and vice-president named and a new National Committee formed, there is nothing more to be done except to appoint two committees to notify the potential president and his running-mate officially of their selection to head the national party ticket. And so, on a day shortly after the convention city has subsided again to normal, the last direct action of the convention is completed on some distant lawn, when a Notification Committee assembles in front of the great man's veranda and breaks the glad and exciting and wholly unexpected and therefore intensely surprising news to him that he is to be the next president or vice-president, as the case may be. And now absolutely everything has been done—except the detail of waking up on the morning of the Wednesday after the first Monday in the following November and pointing with pride to a nation saved, or viewing with alarm a country which, for some inexplicable reason, seems bent upon putting in the next four years going to the dogs.



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## Her Husband

(Continued from page 48)

me. But I've noticed that, if you make any mistake, luck usually does run against you." With that by no means ill-natured philosophizing, Bodet glanced over his futile note to Mr. Holt and put it in his pocket. "I'm wondering," he speculated, in a detached manner, "whether Holt would have caught on if he had received that note. Very able men are sometimes incredibly stupid. That's why I made the hint so broad."

"We'll take no chances of Holt having his thought directed to Mrs. Lipton's address on a plain envelop, or of mail-chutes," Lohman replied. "It hangs by a hair, you see. You'll understand why Mrs. Lipton must ask you to be her guest for the night."

Having been posted down-town near one o'clock, the letter would not be delivered at Wimbleton Place until morning.

"What time does the morning mail get around here?" Bodet inquired casually of Mrs. Lipton.

"A quarter past ten, or half-past," she replied. "I'll try to make you comfortable."

He laughed and answered, "As to bodily comfort, I don't doubt that you'll succeed; but I don't expect to be very comfortable in my mind."

"Of course," Lohman observed, "you can see that we must take no chances of your communicating with anybody in any way until that letter is delivered here tomorrow forenoon. Once we have the letter in hand, we'll be ready to talk business with you—and with the other side."

"There seems no help for it," Bodet replied genially. "Let us hope we'll have a pleasant evening."

The conversation stopped there. Lohman lighted a cigarette, silently offering one to Bodet, which the latter silently declined with a smile and shake of the head. Then the three of them sat there, looking at the wall or the rugs, trying to appear composed, fighting off the boredom which such a situation entails. A quarter of an hour passed. Bodet observed furtively that Mrs. Lipton was getting restless—seemed to have something on her nerves. "If you don't mind," he remarked presently, "I'll look over these magazines."

Three lay on the center-table. He picked one up and began reading the first story. Very soon, out of the tail of his eye, he saw Mrs. Lipton signaling Lohman. She rose and stepped through the door into the next room. Lohman followed her, standing in the doorway. His broad back was turned to Bodet, but Mrs. Lipton, facing Lohman, had the detective more or less under her eye. A whispered conference in the doorway lasted several minutes, during which Bodet put his magazine back on the table and took up another one. Then Lohman came back into the living-room, and Mrs. Lipton disappeared in the interior of the flat. The big man sat down and lighted another cigarette. In ten minutes or so, Mrs. Lipton returned, taking the chair she had occupied before and at once addressing Bodet in an energetic and decisive manner.

"My husband is coming home. I'm going to send him out of the house for the night. You are Mr. Munson, from Joplin, Missouri, and you're up here to talk about

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a zinc-mine deal. You needn't bother about details. I'll explain it all to Arthur myself, and why you and Jake must stay here to-night and I have to put you in Arthur's bedroom. I'll do all the explaining to him. Arthur doesn't know anything about zinc; so there will be no trouble. I want you to understand clearly, Mr. Bodet, that my husband knows absolutely nothing about this letter-affair. I don't propose that he shall know anything about it. That's why I'm sending him out of the house. The temptation to tip something off to him might be more than you could resist. I'm sending my maid out of the house, too. I'll get dinner and breakfast myself."

Bodet had noted before that Mrs. Lipton was a handsome young woman, with every earmark of great energy and determination—a woman, one would say, quite unhampered by the timidity which often characterizes her sex. He got a new impression of all that now as she bent toward him a little, her dark eyes flashing a challenge, and declared:

"If you hint of this letter-affair to Arthur in any way, I'll go straight to Jim Hambridge and tell him the whole story. That letter is still in the mails, you know. He's got the resources of the government behind him and can overhaul the mails any time he likes. He'll beat you to that letter by a mile. Understand clearly that Arthur is not to have a hint."

"You make it very clear indeed," Bodet replied, and laughed—feeling a certain admiration for this very determined young woman. "I believe I haven't the pleasure of knowing your husband," he added—with Holt's description of a "pretty-boy ass" in his mind.

Perhaps she suspected that some such description was in his mind, for, with the same challenge, she retorted:

"Arthur suits me. I picked him out. It isn't necessary that he should suit anybody else."

"Certainly not," Bodet agreed heartily. "You may as well take the bolt off the hall door," said Mrs. Lipton to Lohman. The big man stepped into the little hall of the flat, and Bodet heard a bolt slip. He then appeared to resume his reading of the magazine, but he was really speculating on the mysteries of feminine nature, one mystery being why this handsome, able, superabundantly determined female should have picked a mate whom she was about to send out of the house for the night much as prudent mothers send children out of the room when subjects unsuitable for them are to be discussed. He found himself with a rather lively curiosity to make Arthur's acquaintance.

Presently, his acute ears caught the sound of a pass-key in the hall door. The door opened. He had a glimpse of an undersized masculine figure stepping into the little hall of the flat, and he heard a sweet voice call,

"Home, Dolly?"

And Mrs. Lipton, from her chair by the fireplace, called back,

"Yes, sonny; we've got some company."

Bodet then had a further glimpse of the figure in the hall taking off a hat and overcoat and hanging them up. He stood up as a boyish figure entered the room—boyish in stature and in face, although the face was barred by a little yellow mustache.

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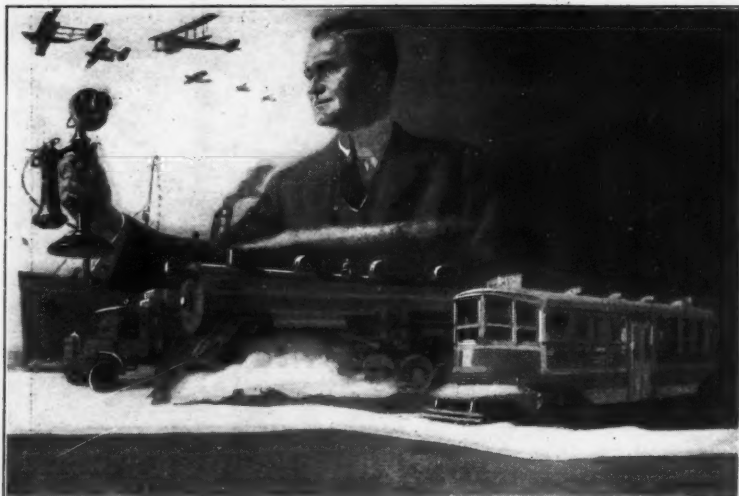
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With the little mustache gone and knickerbockers instead of trousers, one would have said instantly, "A nice boy; a pretty boy." He was beautifully dressed, every item of his apparel just so, and he walked into the room confidently, with the air of a proprietor. With graceful hospitality, he shook hands with Mr. Munson, of Joplin. He shook hands with Mr. Lohman. He remarked that Mr. Munson had had quite a journey, and he inquired whether the summer had been warm in Joplin. Mrs. Lipton having resumed her seat by that time, he stepped over to her chair and kissed her, saying,

"How's the day gone, Dolly?" and then, with polite reproach, "Haven't you offered Mr. Munson anything to smoke?"

To repair that oversight, he went into the next room. His wife immediately followed him, and Bodet was aware that they disappeared. Evidently she was going to do her explaining. Bodet glanced over at Lohman and grinned slightly in spite of himself, and the hint of a smile appeared behind Lohman's black beard. Presumably the explaining would take some time.

"I may as well hang up my hat and coat," said the detective. He had dropped those garments on a chair when he came in, and there they still lay. The big man was on his feet, two steps from the door to the little hall of the flat. He offered no objection as Bodet walked into that hall and hung up his hat and coat.

Presently, Mrs. Lipton rejoined them, and they began talking in subdued tones about zinc, Bodet taking his cues from the other two and dropping in a safe word now and then. And presently Mr. Lipton was entering the room from the little hall of the flat, extending his hand to the visitor from Joplin, saying:

"Very sorry I can't be with you this evening, Mr. Munson, but I'm obliged to run out of town overnight. I came home only to put some things in a bag."

Bodet had noticed that a small traveling-bag stood on the floor of the little hall, where Lipton had set it down before coming into the room. Polite regrets were expressed all round. Bodet saw the theoretical master of the house put on hat and overcoat, take up his bag, and depart.

Mrs. Lipton went to get dinner. Bodet resumed his magazines. Lohman smoked cigarettes. But the dinner finally became quite jolly. Three intelligent human beings, locked up together, might as well make the best of it and laugh rather than mope. In that spirit, the prisoner warmed up; the talk became lively and interesting. He talked frankly of his profession.

"Luck?" he replied to the handsome hostess's teasing question. "Certainly luck has a lot to do with it; but if you play bridge much, you've probably noticed that luck generally favors the best player. I didn't play this hand well. That's why I'm out of luck. The best player is generally the luckiest."

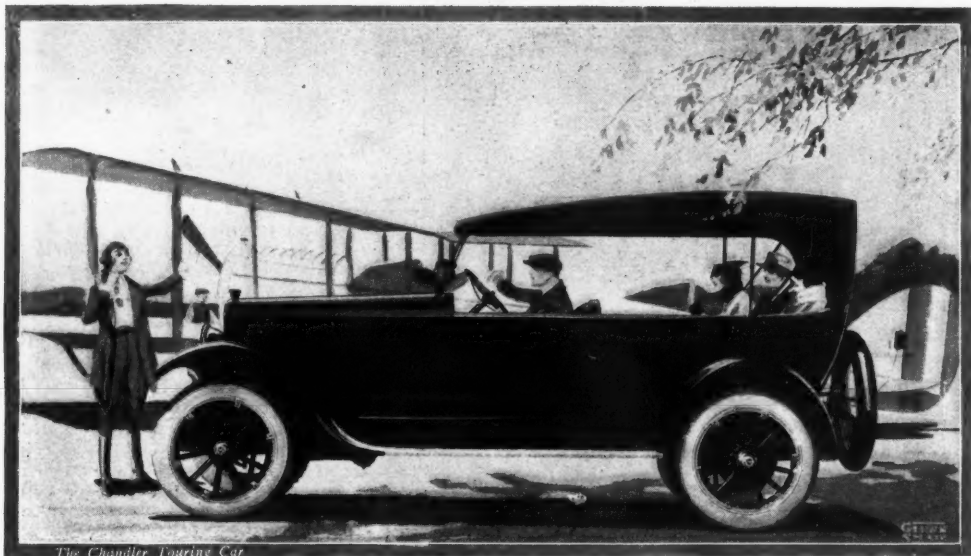
They spent a sociable evening, and the detective laughed at Lohman.

"While I'm having a good night's sleep," he said, "you'll be sitting up seeing that I don't climb out of the window."

He was watching all the time, but he expected the watching would be in vain. Lohman hardly looked like a man who would go to sleep at the switch. In fact, the big man sat just outside his open bedroom door all night. It was hardly to be

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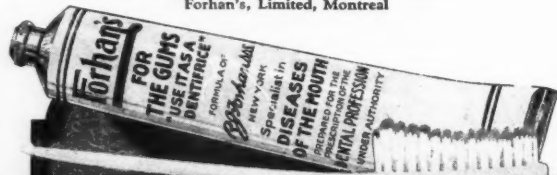
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expected that the vigil would improve his temper, nor did it. There was a touch of surliness in his voice as, in the morning, he told Bodet to leave the bathroom door open. Up to the time they sat down at the breakfast-table, there had never been a moment when the keeper's vigilance relaxed so that the prisoner could have reached a door or window without finding the big man on his back. Breakfast softened Lohman's surliness somewhat. When they finished the meal, it was half-past eight—and nothing to do for an hour and three quarters or two hours but just wait for the postman to deliver that letter. Half an hour after breakfast, Mrs. Lipton came into the living-room, and very soon thereafter Bodet took up the case with them seriously.

He urged that Bedford Holt wanted to save his face—or his pride. He was willing to pay handsomely in order to avoid being exposed in the rôle of a sucker who had let a very important and confidential document be stolen under his nose. None of them knew what that sealed envelop actually contained. It might turn out to be little better than waste paper so far as Mrs. Lipton and Lohman were concerned. Holt was in a mood now to compromise and pay handsomely. They'd better agree to take twenty-five thousand dollars and put that sealed envelop in his hand unopened. That was a lot of money, after all. He argued the case with them persistently and eloquently. But both Lohman and Mrs. Lipton always came back to the point that, if the letter was worth twenty-five thousand dollars to Bedford Holt, it was probably worth a good deal more; they'd wait until they got the letter in their hands.

Bodet kept up the argument with all the ingenuity he could command, and, as they talked, the nerves of all three of them wound tighter, for, in the back of their minds, they were acutely aware of the passing of time and the coming of the postman.

At length, Fate knocked—that is, they all three heard the tinkling of a bell in the kitchen, for Mrs. Lipton had left the doors open so that she might hear. As it was then twenty minutes past ten, the tinkling was, no doubt, the summons of the postman as he deposited mail in the letter-box down-stairs. Nobody would give an expression of the nervous tension, but as Mrs. Lipton rose, Bodet saw that she was pale with repressed excitement. He sprang up and laid a hand on her arm.

"Strike the bargain now," he urged. "Agree to put that envelop in my hand, unopened, for twenty-five thousand cash. It's the best bargain you could make, Mrs. Lipton. Once you open that envelop, it's all off, don't you see? You might see enough of it so that Mr. Holt couldn't deal with you. You might see enough so that you could tip it all off to the other side, even if you gave the document back to Holt. Strike the bargain with me. Let me go down there with you. Put the envelop in my hand unopened. If you do that, I'll pledge you my word to get twenty-five thousand for you."

He held her, arguing as earnestly as he knew how, his gray eyes looking into her dark ones. It was a sheer grapple and contest between the two wills. But the woman's will was as firm and dauntless as his.



## "YOUR ARTICLES ARE UNFAIR TO YOUR SEX!"

Criticism and commendation, abuse and applause, poured in on Ruth Miller after the publication of these stories. Did you read them? What do you think?

**W**HEN I started these discussions I knew I would have to tread carefully in addressing women on such a delicate personal subject.

I have received an immense amount of both commendation and condemnation.

But what has surprised me has been the attitude taken by those women who resented my remarks.

The burden of nearly all such letters has been: Get after the men. They, not women, are the real offenders in this matter.

One New York woman, for instance, writes: "Your articles are an insult to your sex. What kind of women are you addressing, pray? Not a single woman whom I know intimately fails to guard herself as you recommend, against even the chance of offending in this matter. But men—there are the real offenders. Address your remarks to them and you will do your sex a very great favor indeed."

I replied: "I know, my dear, how you feel about men. But I can only hope to reach them through the standards set for them by women. And I know, of course, that many, many women do maintain this standard. Where they do not it is simply because they are unconscious of the facts about perspiration, and it is to such women I am trying to bring home the truth about themselves."

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It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

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"I'll get the letter first and talk to you afterward," she replied; but she smiled at him a little as she drew her arm from his detaining grasp—an enigmatical kind of smile, but certainly not unfriendly.

She left the room quickly. Bodet and Lohman waited. In a very few minutes she returned, pale and empty-handed. Both men were silently questioning her, and she seemed to wish to dodge the questions; in fact, she seemed to be at a loss. She said to Lohman, "It's all right," but there was no conviction in her tone, and both of them read the disappointment in her face, although she tried to hide it. "The letter didn't come?" said Bodet soberly.

Mrs. Lipton sat down and twisted her fingers together.

"It will come in the afternoon mail, at three o'clock," she replied, but again there was no conviction in her tone. She had evidently received a hard blow.

Lohman was frowning and regarding Bodet very thoughtfully, evidently wondering whether there had been any slip. A constrained silence ensued for a moment—until it was broken by a knock on the hall door.

Mechanically, Mrs. Lipton went to answer it, and when she returned, a moment later, she was following a stumpy, elderly, grim-looking man with a short, thick iron-gray beard and smooth-shaven upper lip. The man had pushed by her at the door and came into the room first. At sight of him, Bodet said calmly, "Good-morning, Peter." And Lohman recognized him as Peter Backus, head of the detective agency of that name. Mrs. Lipton had met him in the Consolidated Bank the day before.

"I called for my friend Bodet," said the intruder grimly.

Bodet stood up and asked, rather superfluously,

"You've got the letter?"

Peter nodded.

"I'm obliged to you for your hospitality,

*The Long Shot*, the next adventure of Ben Bodet, business detective, will appear in *July Cosmopolitan*.

## The Dummy-Chucker

(Continued from page 23)

he couldn't keep away from liquor. Not while he stayed in New York. But a classmate of his had been appointed head of an expedition that was to conduct exploration work in Brazil. He asked his classmate for a place in the party. You see, he figured that in the wilds of Brazil there wouldn't be any chance for drunkenness."

"A game guy," commented the dummy-chucker. "Well, what happened?"

"He died of jungle-fever two months ago," was the answer. "The news just reached Rio Janiero yesterday."

The dummy-chucker lifted his glass of Scotch.

"To a regular feller," he said, and drank. He set his glass down gently. "And the girl? I suppose she's all shot to pieces?"

"She doesn't know," said the host quietly.

The dummy-chucker's eyebrows lifted again.

"I begin to get you," he said. "I'm the

Mrs. Lipton," said Bodet, with a straight face. "I must be going now."

He took a step toward the door; but the blank, thunder-stricken faces of his two jailers seemed to make taking leave in that way a gratuitous cruelty.

"You mustn't blame your husband, Mrs. Lipton," he remarked to her. "It was just luck, but, as I said before, luck generally favors the best player. You know I wrote a note to Bedford Holt yesterday. You wouldn't let me send it to him, but you did let me put it in my pocket. When you and Mr. Lohman were talking in the doorway there, you could see that I didn't leave my chair, but you couldn't see what else I did. I was fussing with the magazines. But I added a postscript to my note to Mr. Holt to make it plainer and got a stamp out of your hand-bag. When I went to hang up my hat and overcoat, I slipped the letter in your husband's overcoat pocket. A man generally puts his hand in his pocket sooner or later. I judged he wouldn't know what to make of a letter addressed to Bedford Holt at the Consolidated Bank, but, as it was sealed and stamped, a natural thing would be to drop it in the nearest letter-box. Of course, I was trusting to luck and, you see, it favored me. In fact, I took six stamps out of your book and wrote 'Special Delivery' on the envelop. So if my letter was mailed, it would get to the Consolidated Bank at least an hour before yours got here. Luck, of course; but—perhaps because detectives are a conceited lot—I think it wasn't bad playing. Probably it's just conceit that prompts me to tell you how I did it—hoping you'll admire my play. I expect if you give Peter Backus a chance, he'll tell you how he got the letter away from the postman or out of the mail-box while I held you in conversation here—hoping Peter was down there."

So saying, he turned to his friend with a grin; but the stumpy man only shrugged his shoulders.

messenger from Brazil who breaks the sad news to her, eh?"

The young man shook his head.

"The news isn't to be broken to her—not yet. You see—well, I was Jones' closest friend. He left his will with me, his personal effects, and all that. So I'm the one that received the wire of his death. In a month or so, of course, it will be published in the newspapers—when letters have come from the explorers. But, just now, I'm the only one that knows it."

"Except me," said the dummy-chucker.

The young man smiled dryly.

"Except you. And you won't tell. Ever wear evening clothes?"

The dummy-chucker stiffened. Then he laughed sardonically.

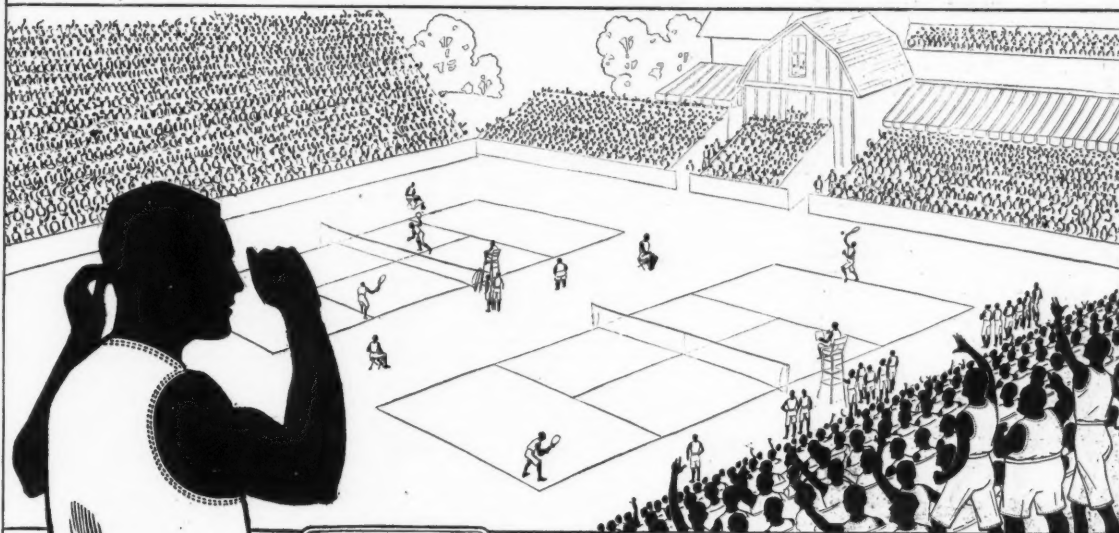
"Oh, yes; when I was at Princeton. What's the idea?"

His host studied him carefully.

"Well, with a shave, and a hair-cut, and a manicure, and the proper clothing, and the right setting—well, if a person had

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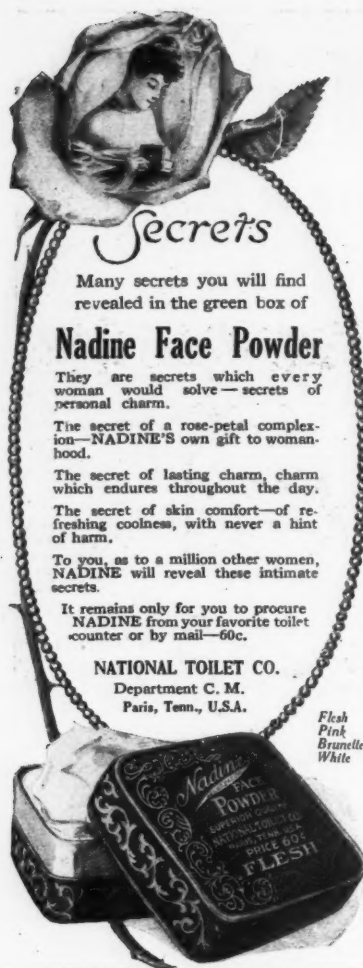
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only a quick glance—that person might think you were Jones."

The dummy-chucker carefully brushed the ashes from his cigar upon a tray.

"I guess I'm pretty stupid to-night. I still don't see it."

"You will," asserted his host. "You see, she's a girl who's seen a great deal of the evil of drink. She has a horror of it. If she thought that Jones had broken his pledge to her, she'd throw him over."

"Throw him over?" But he's dead!" said the dummy-chucker.

"She doesn't know that," retorted his host.

"Why don't you tell her?"

"Because I want to marry her."

"Well, I should think the quickest way to get her would be to tell her about Jones—"

"You don't happen to know the girl," interrupted the other. "She's a girl of remarkable conscience. If I should tell her that Jones died in Brazil, she'd enshrine him in her memory. He'd be a hero who had died upon the battle-field. More than that—he'd be a hero who had died upon the battle-field in a war to which she had sent him. His death would be upon her soul. Her only expiation would be to be faithful to him forever."

"I won't argue about it," said the dummy-chucker. "I don't know her. Only—I guess your whisky has got me. I don't see it at all."

His host leaned eagerly forward now.

"She's going to the opera to-night with her parents. But, before she goes, she's going to dine with me at the Park Square. Suppose, while she's there, Jones should come in. Suppose that he should come in reeling, noisy, drunk! She'd marry me tomorrow."

"I'll take your word for it," said the dummy-chucker. "Only, when she's learned that Jones had died two months ago in Brazil—"

"She'll be married to me then," responded the other fiercely. "What I get, I can hold. If she were Jones' wife, I'd tell her of his death. I'd know that, sooner or later, I'd win her. But if she learns now that he died while struggling to make himself worthy of her, she'll never give to another man what she withheld from him."

"I see," said the dummy-chucker slowly. "And you want me to—"

"There'll be a table by the door in the main dining-room engaged in Jones' name. You'll walk in there at a quarter to eight. You'll wear Jones' dinner clothes. I have them here. You'll wear the studs that he wore, his cuff-links. More than that, you'll set down upon the table, with a flourish, his monogrammed flask. You'll be drunk, noisy, disgraceful—"

"How long will I be all that—in the hotel?" asked the dummy-chucker dryly.

"That's exactly the point," said the other. "You'll last about thirty seconds. The girl and I will be on the far side of the room. I'll take care that she sees you enter. Then, when you've been quietly ejected, I'll go over to the *maitre d'hôtel* to make inquiries. I'll bring back to the girl the flask which you will have left upon the table. If she has any doubt that you are Jones, the flask will dispel it."

"And then?" asked the dummy-chucker.

"Why, then," responded his host, "I propose to her. You see, I think it was pity that made her accept Jones in the beginning. I think that she cares for me."

"And you really think that I look enough like Jones to put this over?"

"In the shaded light of the dining-room, in Jones' clothes—well, I'm risking a hundred dollars on it. Will you do it?"

The dummy-chucker grinned.

"Didn't I say I'd do anything, barring murder? Where are the clothes?"

One hour and a half later, the dummy-chucker stared at himself in the long mirror in his host's dressing-room. He had bathed, not as Blackwell's Island prisoners bathe, but in a luxurious tub that had a head-rest, in scented water, soft as the touch of a baby's fingers. Then his host's man servant had cut his hair, had shaved him, had massaged him until color crept into the pale cheeks. The sheerest of knee-length linen underwear touched a body that knew only rough cotton. Silk socks, heavy, gleaming, snugly encased his ankles. Upon his feet were correctly dull pumps. That the trousers were a wee bit short mattered little. In these dancing-days, trousers should not be too long. And the fit of the coat over his shoulders—he carried them in a fashion unwontedly straight as he gazed at his reflection—balanced the trousers' lack of length. The soft shirt-bosom gave freely, comfortably as he breathed. Its plaited whiteness enthralled him. He turned anxiously to his host.

"Will I do?" he asked.

"Better than I'd hoped," said the other.

"You look like a gentleman."

The dummy-chucker laughed gaily.

"I feel like one," he declared.

"You understand what you are to do?" demanded the host.

"It ain't a hard part to act," replied the dummy-chucker.

"And you *can* act," said the other. "The way you fooled those women in front of the Concorde proved that you—"

"Sh-sh!" exclaimed the dummy-chucker reproachfully. "Please don't remind me of what I was before I became a gentleman."

His host laughed.

"You're all right." He looked at his watch. "I'll have to leave now. I'll send the car back after you. Don't be afraid of trouble with the hotel people. I'll explain that I know you, and fix matters up all right. Just take the table at the right hand side as you enter—"

"Oh, I've got it all right," said the dummy-chucker. "Better slip me something on account. I may have to pay something—"

"You get nothing now," was the stern answer. "One hundred dollars when I get back here. And," he added, "if it should occur to you at the hotel that you might pawn these studs, or the flask, or the clothing for more than a hundred, let me remind you that my chauffeur will be watching one entrance, my valet another, and my chef another."

The dummy-chucker returned his gaze scornfully.

"Do I look," he asked, "like the sort of man who'd steal?"

His host shook his head.

"You certainly don't," he admitted.

The dummy-chucker turned back to

the mirror. He was still entranced with his own reflection, twenty minutes later, when the valet told him that the car was waiting. He looked like a millionaire. He stole another glance at himself after he had slipped easily into the fur-lined overcoat that the valet held for him, after he had set somewhat rakishly upon his head the soft black-felt hat that was the latest accompaniment to the dinner coat.

Down-stairs, he spoke to Andrews, the chauffeur.

"Drive across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge first."

The chauffeur stared at him.

"Who you givin' orders to?" he demanded.

The dummy-chucker stepped closer to the man.

"You heard my order?"

His hands, busily engaged in buttoning his gloves, did not clench. His voice was not raised. And Andrews must have outweighed him by thirty pounds. Yet the chauffeur stepped back and touched his hat.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

The dummy-chucker smiled.

"The lower classes," he said to himself, "know rank and position when they see it."

His smile became a grin as he sank back in the limousine that was his host's evening conveyance. It became almost complacent as the car slid down Park Avenue. And when, at length, it had reached the center of the great bridge that spans the East River, he knocked upon the glass. The chauffeur obediently stopped the car. The dummy-chucker's grin was absolutely complacent now.

Down below, there gleamed lights, the lights of ferries, of sound steamers, and—of Blackwell's Island. This morning, he had left there, a lying mendicant. Tonight, he was a gentleman. He knocked again upon the glass. Then, observing the speaking-tube, he said through it languidly,

"The Park Square, Andrews."

An obsequious doorman threw open the limousine door as the car stopped before the great hotel. He handed the dummy-chucker a ticket.

"Number of your car, sir," he said obsequiously.

"Ah, yes, of course," said the dummy-chucker. He felt in his pocket. Part of the silver that the soft-hearted women of the movies had bestowed upon him this afternoon found repository in the doorman's hand.

A uniformed boy whirled the revolving door that the dummy-chucker might pass into the hotel.

"The coat-room? Dining here, sir? Past the news-stand, sir, to your left. Thank you, sir." The boy's bow was as profound as though the quarter in his palm had been placed there by a duke.

The girl who received his coat and hat smiled as pleasantly and impersonally upon the dummy-chucker as she did upon the whiskered, fine-looking old gentleman who handed her his coat at the same time. She called the dummy-chucker's attention to the fact that his tie was a trifle loose.

The dummy-chucker walked to the big mirror that stands in the corner made by the corridor that parallels Fifty-ninth Street and the corridor that separates the



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by long tradition. What care she bestows on her trousseau—her gown, her veil, her shoes, her hair!

But after all it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon!

Not only for this "day of days" but for every day, the use of

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will make the hands beautiful.

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tea-room from the dining-room. His clumsy fingers found difficulty with the tie. The fine-looking old gentleman, adjusting his own tie, stepped closer.

"Beg pardon, sir. May I assist you?" The dummy-chucker smiled a grateful assent. The old gentleman fumbled a moment with the tie.

"I think that's better," he said. He bowed as one man of the world might to another, and turned away.

Under his breath, the dummy-chucker swore gently.

"You'd think, the way he helped me, that I belonged to the Four Hundred."

He glanced down the corridor. In the tea-room were sitting groups who awaited late arrivals. Beautiful women, correctly garbed, distinguished-looking men. Their laughter sounded pleasantly above the subdued strains of the orchestra. Many of them looked at the dummy-chucker. Their eyes rested upon him for that well-bred moment that denotes acceptance.

"One of themselves," said the dummy-chucker to himself.

Well, why not? Once again he looked at himself in the mirror. There might be handsomer men present in this hotel, but—was there anyone who wore his clothes better? He turned and walked down the corridor.

The *maitre d'hôtel* stepped forward inquiringly as the dummy-chucker hesitated in the doorway.

"A table, sir?"

"You have one reserved for me. This right-hand one by the door."

"Ah, yes, of course, sir. This way, sir."

He turned toward the table. Over the heads of intervening diners, the dummy-chucker saw his host. The shaded lights upon the table at which the young man sat revealed, not too clearly yet well enough, the features of a girl.

"A lady!" said the dummy-chucker, under his breath. "The real thing!"

As he stood there, the girl raised her head. She did not look toward the dummy-chucker, could not see him. But he could see the proud line of her throat, the glory of her golden hair. And opposite her he could see the features of his host, could note how illy that shrewd nose and slit of a mouth consorted with the gentle face of the girl. And then, as the *maitre d'hôtel* beckoned, he remembered that he had left the flask, the monogrammed flask, in his overcoat pocket.

"Just a moment," he said.

He turned and walked back toward the corner where was his coat. In the distance, he saw some one approaching him, noted the free stride, the carriage of the head, the set of the shoulders. And then, suddenly, he saw that the "some one" was himself. The mirror was guilty of the illusion.

Once again he stood before it, admiring himself. He summoned the face of the girl who was sitting in the dining-room before his mental vision. And then he turned abruptly to the check-girl.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "My coat, please."

He was lounging before the open fire when three-quarters of an hour later his host was admitted to the luxurious apartment. Savagely the young man pulled off his coat and approached the dummy-chucker.

"I hardly expected to find you here," he said.

The dummy-chucker shrugged.

"You said the doors were watched. I couldn't make an easy getaway. So I rode back here in your car. And when I got here, your man made me wait, so—here we are," he finished easily.

"Here we are!" Yes! But when you were there—I saw you at the entrance to the dining-room—for God's sake, why didn't you do what you'd agreed to do?"

The dummy-chucker turned languidly in his chair. He eyed his host curiously.

"Listen, feller," he said: "I told you that I drew the line at murder, didn't I?"

"Murder?" What do you mean? What murder was involved?"

The dummy-chucker idly blew a smoke ring.

"Murder of faith in a woman's heart," he said slowly. "Look at me! Do I look the sort who'd play your dirty game?"

The young man stood over him.

"Bannon," he called. The valet entered the room. "Take the clothes off this—this bum!" snapped the host. "Give him his rags."

He clenched his fists, but the dummy-chucker merely shrugged. The young man drew back while his guest followed the valet into another room.

Ten minutes later, the host seized the dummy-chucker by the tattered sleeve of his grimy jacket. He drew him before the mirror.

"Take a look at yourself, you—bum!" he snapped. "Do you look, now, like the sort of man who'd refuse to earn an easy hundred?"

The dummy-chucker stared at himself. Gone was the debonair gentleman of a quarter of an hour ago. Instead, there leered back at him a pasty-faced, underfed vagrant, dressed in the tatters of unambitious, satisfied poverty.

"Bannon," called the host, "throw him out!"

For a moment, the dummy-chucker's shoulders squared, as they had been squared when the dinner jacket draped them. Then they sagged. He offered no resistance when Bannon seized his collar. And Bannon, the valet, was a smaller man than himself.

He cringed when the colored elevator-man sneered at him. He dodged when little Bannon, in the mirrored vestibule, raised a threatening hand. And he shuffled as he turned toward Central Park.

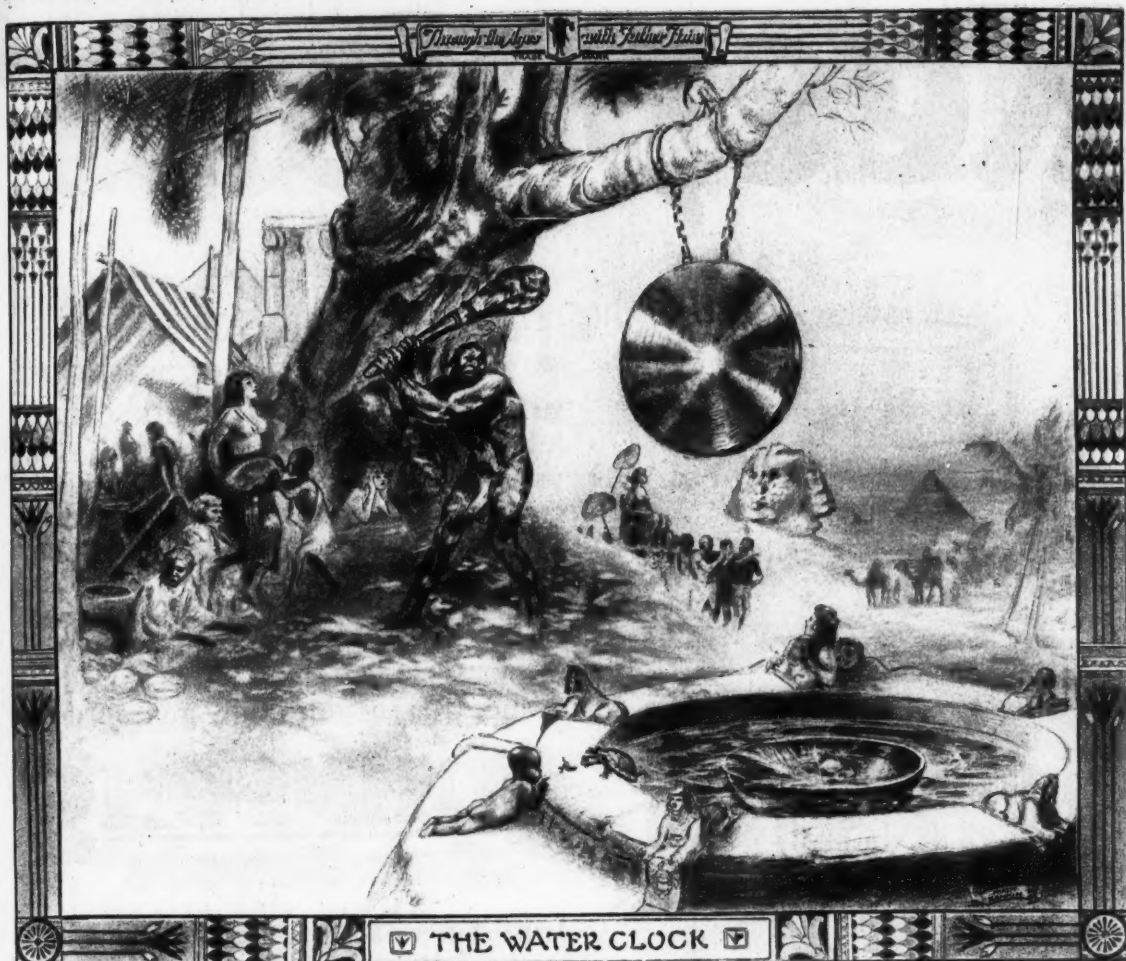
But as he neared Columbus Circle, his gait quickened. At Finisterre Joe's he'd get a drink. He fumbled in his pockets. Curse the luck! He'd given every cent of his afternoon earnings to doormen and pages and coat-room girls!

His pace slackened again as he turned down Broadway. His feet were dragging as he reached the Concorde moving-picture theater! His hand, sunk deep in his torn pocket, touched something. It was a tiny piece of soap.

As the audience filed sadly out from the teary, gripping drama of "She Loved And Lost," the dummy-chucker's hand went from his pocket to his lips. He reeled, staggered, fell. His jaws moved savagely. Foam appeared upon his lips. A fat woman shrank away from him, then leaned forward in quick sympathy.

"He's gotta fit!" she cried.

"Ep'lepsy," said her companion pityingly.



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PRINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH HARRIS

A massive brass bowl slowly sinking in the fountain—a watchful slave to strike the hour—  
Such was the water clock of ancient Egypt.

The Orient uses it to this day, and China claims its invention by Hwangti in 2,686 B. C.!

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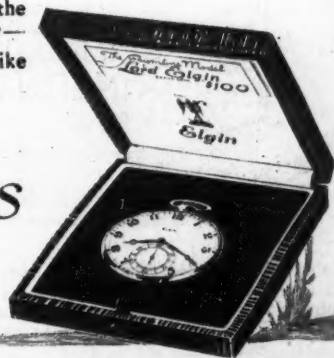
Cave-man's grass rope—Babylonian Sun-Dial—  
Grecian Hour-Glass—Egyptian Water Clock!

All down through the ages, in every clime, the world has gradually awakened to the value of Time—

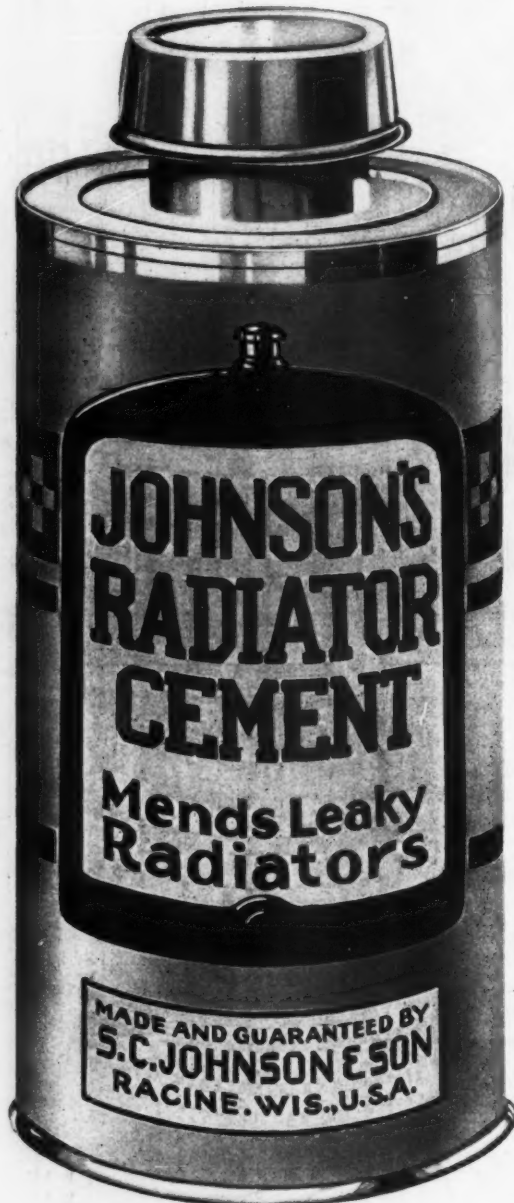
—and to the necessity for accurate time-meters like those of the present day—



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**Johnson's Cleaner**—for body, hood and fenders. It removes spots, stains, tar, alkali, — preparing the surface for a polish. Contains no grit or acid.

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**S**TART today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car. There is a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose. No experience is necessary for their use—they can all be applied by the novice with perfect satisfaction.

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**Johnson's Black-Lac**—a perfect top dressing. One coat imparts a rich, black surface just like new. Easy to apply—dries in fifteen minutes—is permanent, water-proof and inexpensive.

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Buy the guaranteed Bonnie-B products whenever you see the Bonnie-B Window display in drug and department stores.



Corinne Griffith  
Famous Screen Actress  
Appearing in one of her recent successes  
in which she wears the

## Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

*"Just Slip it on!"*

## Kindred of the Dust

(Continued from page 86)

until long after nightfall, hauled in the flag that floated over the little cupola; and, for the second time, old Hector, watching upon the cliff, viewed this infallible portent of an event out of the ordinary. His hand trembled as he held his marine-glasses to his blurred eyes and focused on The Sawdust Pile in time to see his son enter the limousine with Nan Brent and her child—and, even at that distance, he could see that the car in which they were departing from the Sawdust Pile was not the one in which Donald had left The Dreamerie. From that fact alone, The Laird deduced that his son had made his choice; and because Donald was his father's son, imbued with the same fierce, high pride and love of independence, he declined to be under obligation to his people even for the poor service of an automobile upon his wedding-day. The Laird stood watching the car until it was out of sight; then he sighed very deeply, entered the house, and rang for the butler.

"Tell Mrs. McKaye and the young ladies that I would thank them to come here at once," he ordered calmly.

They came precipitately, vaguely apprehensive.

"My dears," he said, in an unnaturally subdued voice, "Donald has just left the Sawdust Pile with the Brent lass to be married. He has made his bed, and it is my wish that he shall lie in it."

"Oh, Hector!" Mrs. McKaye spoke quaveringly. "Oh, Hector dear, do not be hard on him!"

He raised his great arm as if to silence further argument.

"He has brought disgrace upon my house. He is no longer son of mine, and we are discussing him for the last time. Hear me now. There will be no further mention of Donald in my presence, and I forbid you, Nellie, you, Elizabeth, and you, Jane, to have ought to do with him, directly or indirectly."

Mrs. McKaye sat down abruptly and began to weep and wail her woe aloud, while Jane sought vainly to comfort her. Elizabeth bore the news with extreme fortitude. With unexpected tact, she took her father by the arm and steered him outside and along the terrace walk where the agonized sobs and moans of her mother could not be heard; for what Elizabeth feared in that first great moment of remorse was a torrent of self-accusation from her mother. If, as her father had stated, Donald was on his way to be married, then the mischief was done, and no good could come out of a confession to The Laird of the manner in which the family honor had been compromised, not by Donald, but by his mother, aided and abetted by his sisters. The Laird, now quite dumb with distress, walked in silence with his elder daughter, vaguely conscious of the comfort of her company and her sympathy.

When Elizabeth could catch Jane's attention through the window, she cautiously placed her finger on her lips and frowned a warning. Jane nodded her comprehension, and promptly bore her mother off to bed, where she gave the poor soul some salutary advice and left her to the meager comfort of solitude and smelling-salts.

Just before he retired that night, The Laird saw a light shine suddenly forth from the Sawdust Pile. So he knew his son had selected a home for his bride, and rage and bitterness mingled with his grief and mangled pride to such an extent that he called upon God to take him out of a world that had crumbled about his hoary head.

Meanwhile, down at the Sawdust Pile, Nan was putting her drowsy son to bed; in the little living-room, her husband had lighted the driftwood fire and had drawn the old divan up to the blue flames. He was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, outlining plans for their future, when Nan, having put her child to bed, came and sat down beside him. He glanced at her with troubled eyes and grinned a trifle foolishly.

"Happy?" he queried.

She nodded.

"In a limited fashion only, dear heart. I'm thinking how wonderfully courageous you have been to marry me, and how tremendously grateful I shall always be for your love and faith." She captured his right hand and fondled it for a moment in both of hers, smiling a little thoughtfully the while, as if at some dear little secret. "Port Agnew will think I married you for money," she resumed presently; "your mother and sisters will think I married you to spite them, and your father will think I married you because you insisted and because I was storm-tossed and had to find a haven from the world. But the real reason is that I love you and know that some day I am going to see more happiness in your eyes than I see to-night." Again, in that impulsive way she had, she bent and kissed his hand. "Dear King Cophetua," she murmured, "your beggar maid will never be done with adoring you." She looked up at him with a sweet and lovely wistfulness shining in her sea-blue eyes. "And the sweetest thing about it, you angelic simpleton," she added, "is that you will never, never, never know why."

### XLI

THE first hint of tremendous events impending came to Mr. Daney through the medium of no less an informant than his wife. Upon returning from the mill office on the evening of Donald McKaye's marriage, Mr. Daney was met at his front door by Mrs. Daney, who cried triumphantly, "Well, what did I tell you about Donald McKaye?"

Mr. Daney twitched inwardly, but answered composedly,

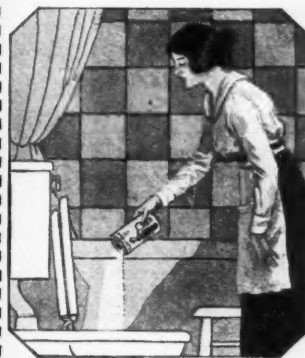
"Not one-tenth of one per cent. of what I have discovered without your valuable assistance, my dear."

She wrinkled the end of her nose disdainfully.

"He's gone motoring with Nan Brent in a hired car, and they took the baby with them. They passed through town about half-past two this afternoon and they haven't returned yet."

"How do you know all this?" he demanded coolly.

"I saw them as they passed by on the road below. I recognized that rented limousine of the Central Garage with Ben Nicholson driving it, and a few moments



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Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.

Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

Then why does anybody suffer corns?

Just because they don't know. They pare corns and

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

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It tells how you can rid your premises in three days of disease-carrying, damage-causing, food-destroying pests.

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**ROUGH ON RATS**

ago I telephoned the Central Garage and asked for Ben. He hasn't returned yet—and it's been dark for half an hour."

"Hm-m-m. What do you suspect, my dear?"

"The worst," she replied dramatically.

"What a wonderful fall day this has been!" he remarked blandly, as he hung up his hat.

She turned upon him a glance of fury.

"Why do you withhold your confidence from me?" she cried sharply.

"Because you wouldn't respect it, my dear; also, because I'm paid to keep the McKaye secrets, and you're not."

"Is he going to marry her, Andrew? Answer me!" she demanded.

"Unfortunately for you, Mrs. Daney, the young gentleman hasn't taken me into his confidence. Neither has the young lady. Of course, I entertain an opinion on the subject; but you'll excuse my reticence, I'm sure. I repeat that this has been a wonderful fall day."

She burst into tears of futile rage and went to her room. Mr. Daney partook of his dinner in solitary state and immediately afterward strolled down-town and loitered round the entrance to the Central Garage until he saw Ben Nicholson drive in about ten o'clock.

"Hello, Ben!" he hailed the driver, as Ben descended from his seat. "I hear you've been pulling off a wedding."

Ben Nicholson lowered his voice and spoke out the corner of his mouth.

"What do you know about the young laird, eh, Mr. Daney? Say, I could 'a' cried to see him throwin' himself away on that Jane."

Mr. Daney shrugged.

"Oh, well; boys will be boys," he declared. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall. Of course, Ben, you understand I'm not in position to say anything, one way or the other," he added parenthetically, and Ben Nicholson nodded comprehension. Thereupon, Mr. Daney sauntered over to the cigar-stand in the hotel, loaded his cigar-case, and went down to his office, where he sat until midnight, smoking and thinking. "Well, there's blood on the moon, and hell will pop in the morning," was the sole result of his cogitations.

For the small part he had played in bringing Nan Brent back to Port Agnew, the general manager fully expected to be dismissed from the McKaye service within thirty seconds after old Hector reached the mill office; hence, with the heroism born of twelve hours of preparation, he was at his desk at eight o'clock next morning. At nine o'clock, The Laird came in, and Mr. Daney saw by his face that old Hector knew. The general manager rose at his desk and bowed with great dignity.

"*Moriturus te salutamur,*" sir" he announced gravely.

"What the devil are you talking about, Daney?" The Laird demanded irritably.

"That's what the gladiators used to say to the Roman emperor. It means, I believe, 'We who are about to die salute thee.' Here is my resignation, Mr. McKaye."

"Don't be an ass, Andrew," the Laird commanded, and threw the proffered resignation into the waste-basket. "Why should you resign?"

"To spare you the trouble of discharging me, sir."



Sousa and His Band 1919-1920

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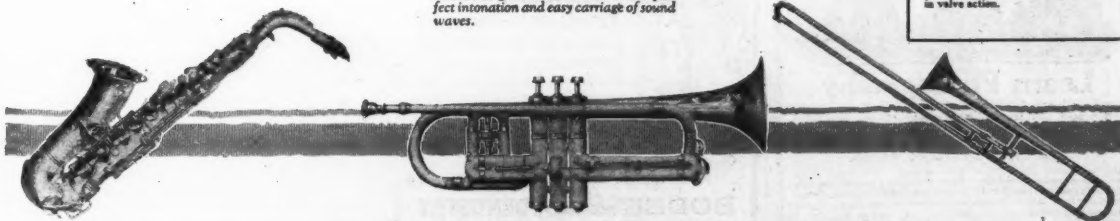
Choose any instrument from the 3,000 different classes we manufacture for six days' free trial. If you keep it you can pay for it on our easy payment plan.



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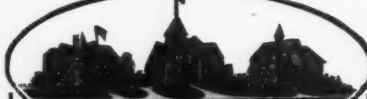
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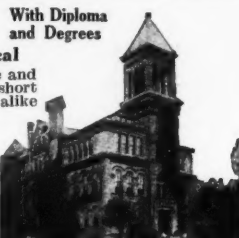
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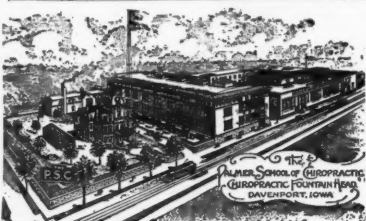
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"What for?"

"Bringing the Brent girl back to Port Agnew. If I hadn't gotten her address from Dirty Dan, I would never—"

"Enough! We will not discuss what might have been, Andrew. The boy has married her, and since the blow has fallen, nothing that preceded it is of the slightest importance. What I have called to say to you is this: Donald McKaye is no longer connected with the company."

"Oh, come, come, sir," Daney pleaded; "the mischief is done. What can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"Not necessarily. And you might spare me your platitudes, Andrew," The Laird replied savagely. "I'm done with the lad forever, for son of mine he is no longer. Andrew, do you remember the time he bought that red-cedar stumpage up on the Wiskah and unloaded it on me at a profit of two hundred thousand dollars?"

Mr. Daney nodded.

"And you, in turn, sold it at a profit of fifty thousand," he reminded the irate old man.

"Donald did not retain that profit he made at my expense. 'Twas just a joke with him. He put the money into bonds and sent them to you with instructions to place them in my vault for my account." Mr. Daney nodded, and The Laird resumed: "Take those bonds to the Sawdust Pile, together with a check for all the interest collected on the coupons since they came into my possession, and tell him from me that I'll take it kindly of him to leave Port Agnew and make a start for himself elsewhere as quickly as he can. He owes it to his family not to affront it by his presence in Port Agnew. And when the Sawdust Pile is again vacant, you will remove the Brent house and put in the drying-yard you've planned this many a year."

"Very well, sir. It's not a task to my liking, but—" His pause was eloquent.

"Have my old desk put in order for me. I'm back in the harness and back to stay. You will procure Donald's resignation as president and have him endorse the stock I gave him in order to qualify as a director of the company. We'll hold a directors' meeting this afternoon, and I'll step back into the presidency."

"Very well, sir."

"You will call a notice to be prepared for my signature, to be spread on the bulletin-board in each department, to the effect that Donald McKaye is no longer connected in any way with the Tyee Lumber Company."

"Man," Daney roared wrathfully, "have you no pride? Why wash your dirty linen in public?"

"You are forgetting yourself, my good Andrew. If you do not wish to obey my orders, I shall have little difficulty inducing your assistant to carry out my wishes, I'm thinking." The Laird's voice was calm enough. Apparently he had himself under perfect control, but—the Blue-Bonnets-coming-over-the-border look was in his fierce gray eyes; under his bushy iron-gray brows they burned like camp-fires in twin caverns. He licked his lips, and in the brief silence that followed ere Mr. Daney got up and started fumbling with the combination to the great vault in the corner, old Hector's breath came in short snorts. He turned and, still in the same attitude, watched Daney while the latter twirled and fumbled and twirled. Poor

man! He knew The Laird's baleful glance was boring into his back, and for the life of him he could not remember the combination he had used for thirty years.

Suddenly he abandoned all pretense and turned savagely on The Laird.

"Get out of my office!" he yelled. "I work for you, Hector McKaye, but I give you value received, and in this office I'm king." His voice rose to a shrill, childish treble that presaged tears of rage. "You'll be sorry for this, you hard-hearted man! Please God, I'll live to see the day your dirty Scotch pride will be humbled and you'll go to that wonderful boy and his wife and plead for forgiveness. Why, you poor, pitiful, pusillanimous old pachyderm, if the boy has dishonored you, he has honored himself. He's a gallant young gentleman—that's what he is! He has more guts than a bear. He's married the girl—and that's more than you would have done at his age. Ah, don't talk to me! We were young together, and I know the game you played forty years ago with the girl at Rat Portage—yes, you—you with your youth and your hot passions, turning your big, proud back on your peculiar personal god to wallow in sin and enjoy it!"

"But I—I was a single man then," The Laird spluttered, almost inarticulate with fury and astonishment.

"He was a single man yesterday, but he's a married man to-day. And she loves him. She adores him. And she had no reason to behave herself, had she? She has behaved herself for three long years, but did she win anybody's approbation for doing it? I'm telling you a masterful man like him might have had her without the wedding-ring, for love's sake, if he'd cared to play a waiting game and stack the cards on her. After all, she's human."

Suddenly, he began to weep with fury, the tears cascading into his whiskers, making him look singularly ridiculous in comparison with the expression on his face, which was anything but grievous.

"Marriage! Marriage!" he croaked. "I know what it is. I married a fathead—and so did my wife. We've never known romance—never had anything but a quiet, well-ordered existence. I've dwelt in repression—never got out of life a single one of those thrills that comes of doing something daring and original and hasty. Never had an adventure—never had a woman look at me like I was a god. Married at twenty, and never knew the grand passion!" He threw up his arms. "Oh-h-h, God-d-d! If I could only be young again, I'd be a devil!" With a peculiar little mowing cry, he started for the door.

"Andrew," The Laird cried anxiously, "where are you going?"

"None of your infernal business!" the rebel shrilled. "But if you must know, I'm going down to the Sawdust Pile to kiss the bride and shake a man's hand and wish him well. After I've done that, I'll deliver your message. Mark me—he'll never take those bonds."

"Of course he will, you old fool! They belong to him."

"But he refused to make a profit at the expense of his own father. He gave them to you, and he's not an Indian giver."

"Andrew, I have never known you to act in such a peculiar manner. Are you crazy? Of course he'll take them. He'll have to take them in order to get out of

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Port Agnew. I doubt if he has a dollar in the world."

"He doesn't need a dollar. Boy and man, I've loved that—ahem!—son of yours. Keep your filthy money. The boy's credit is good with me. I'm no pauper, even if I do work for you. I work for fun. Understand?"

"If you dare loan my son as much as a thin dime, I'll fire you out of hand."

Mr. Daney jeered.

"How," he demanded very distinctly, and yet with a queer, unusual blending of the sentence into a single word, as if the very force of his breath had telescoped every syllable, "would you like to stand off in that corner there and take a long running jump at yourself, proud father?"

"Out of this office! You're fired!"

Mr. Daney dashed the tears from his whiskers and blew his nose. Then he pulled himself together with great dignity.

"'Fired' is good!" he declared. "Where do you get that stuff, eh? My dear old Furiosity, ain't my resignation in the wastebasket? Good-by; good luck, and may the good Lord give you the sense God gives geese. I'm a better man than you are, Gunga Din."

The door banged open. Then it banged shut, and The Laird was alone. The incident was closed. The impossible had come to pass. For the strain had been too great, and, at nine o'clock on a working-day morning, steady, reliable, dependable, automatic Andrew Daney, having imbibed Dutch courage in lieu of nature's own brand, was, for the first time in his life, jingled to an extent comparable to that of a boiled owl.

Mr. Daney's assistant thrust his head in the door to disturb The Laird's cogitations.

"The knee-bolters went out at the shingle-mill this morning, sir," he announced. "They want a six-and-a-half-hour day and a fifty-per-cent. increase in wages, with a whole holiday on Saturday. There's a big Russian Red down there exhorting them."

"Send Dirty Dan to me—quick!"

A telephonic summons to the loading-shed brought Daniel O'Leary on the run.

"Come with me, Dan," The Laird commanded, and started for the shingle-mill. On the way down, he stopped at the warehouse and selected a new double-bitten ax, which he handed Dirty Dan. Mr. O'Leary received the weapon in silence, and trotted along at The Laird's heels like a faithful dog, until, upon arrival at the mill, the astute Hibernian took in the situation at a glance.

"Sure 'tis no compliment you've paid me, sir, thinkin' I'll be afther needin' an ax to take that fella's measure," he protested.

"Your job is to keep those other animals off me while I take his measure," The Laird corrected him.

Without an instant's hesitation, Dirty Dan, swung his ax and charged the crowd.

"Gower that, ye vagabonds!" he screeched. As he passed the Russian, he seized the latter by the collar, swung him, and threw him bodily toward old Hector, who received him greedily and drew him to his heart. The terrible O'Leary then stood over the battling pair, his ax poised, the while he hurled insult and anathema at the knee-bolters. A very large percentage of knee-bolters and shingle-weavers are

members of the I. W. W., and, knowing this, Mr. O'Leary begged in dulcet tones to be informed why in this and that nobody seemed willing to lift a hand to rescue the "little comrade." He appeared to be keenly disappointed because nobody tried.

Presently, The Laird got up and dusted the splinters and sawdust from his clothing; the Red, battered terribly, lay weltering in his blood.

"I feel better now," said The Laird. "This is just what I needed this morning to bring me out of myself. Help yourself, Dan." And he made a dive at the nearest striker, who fled, followed by his fellow strikers, all hotly pursued by The Laird and the demon Daniel.

The Laird returned, puffing slightly, to his office and once more sat in at his own desk. As he had remarked to Dirty Dan, he felt better now. All his resentment against Daney had fled, but his resolution to pursue his contemplated course with reference to his son and the latter's wife, had become firmer than ever. In some ways, The Laird was a terrible old man.

### XLII

NAN was not at all surprised when, upon responding to a peremptory knock at her front door, she discovered Andrew Daney standing without. The general manager, after his stormy interview with The Laird, had spent two hours in the sunny lee of a lumber pile, waiting for the alcoholic fog to lift from his brain, for he had had sense enough left to realize that all was not well with him; he desired to have his tongue in order when he should meet the bride and groom.

"Good-morning, Mr. Daney!" Nan greeted him. "Do come in."

"Good-morning, Mrs. McKaye. Thank you. I shall, with pleasure."

He followed her down the little hallway to the living-room, where Donald sat with his legs stretched out toward the fire.

"Don't rise, boy; don't rise!" Mr. Daney protested. "I merely called to kiss the bride and shake your hand, my boy. The visit is entirely friendly and unofficial."

"Mr. Daney, you're a dear!" Nan cried, and presented her fair cheek for the tribute he claimed.

"Shake hands with a rebel, boy!" Mr. Daney cried heartily to Donald. "God bless you, and may you always be happier than you are this minute."

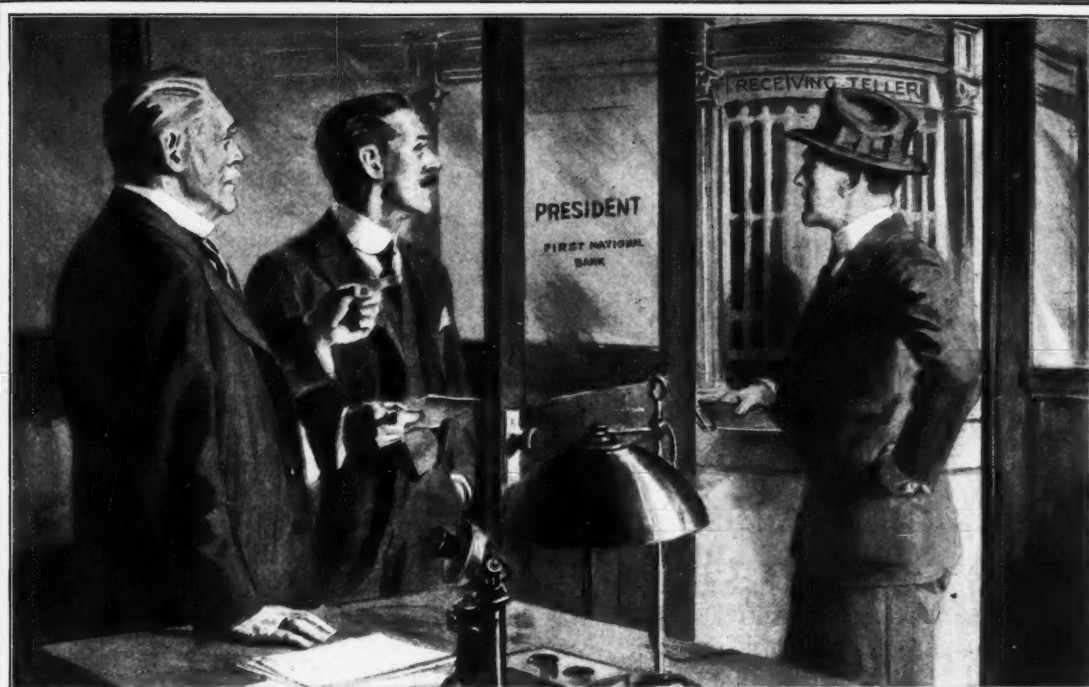
Donald wrung the Daney digits with a heartiness he would not have thought possible a month before.

"I've quarreled with your father, Donald," Andrew announced, seating himself. "Over you—and you," he added, nodding brightly at both young people. "He thinks he's fired me." He paused, glanced round, coughed a couple of times, and came out with it. "Well, what are you going to do now to put tobacco in your old tobacco-box, Donald?"

Donald smiled sadly.

"Oh, Nan still has a few dollars left from that motor-boat swindle you perpetrated, Mr. Daney. She'll take care of me for a couple of weeks until I'm myself again; then, if my father still proves recalcitrant, I'll manage to make a living for Nan and the boy somewhere else."

Briefly Mr. Daney outlined The Laird's expressed course of action with regard to his son.



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"Three years ago he started at Browning's at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker                      | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating           | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER                 | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping          | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER       | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer                | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                      | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder         | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher                 |
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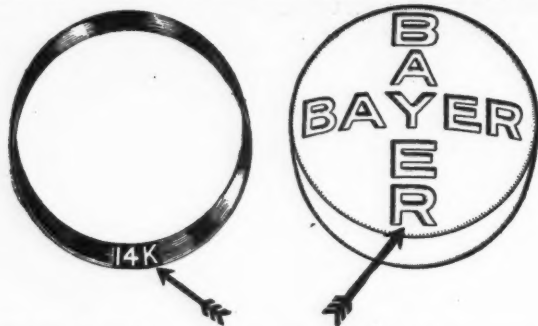


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"He means it," Donald assured the general manager. "He's through with me."

"I fear he is, my boy. Er—ah—ahem! Harumph-h-h. Do you remember those bonds—the proceeds of your deal in that Wiskah River cedar?"

"Yes."

"Your father desires that you accept the entire two hundred thousand dollars' worth and accrued interest."

"Why?"

"Well, I suppose he thinks they'll come in handy when you leave Port Agnew."

"But I'm not going to leave."

"Your father instructed me to say to you that he would take it kindly of you to do so—for obvious reasons."

"I appreciate his point of view; but since he has kicked me out, he has no claim on my sympathies—at least, not to the extent of forcing his point of view and causing me to abandon my own. Please say to my father that, since I cannot have his forgiveness, I do not want his bonds or his money. Tell him also, please, that I'm not going to leave Port Agnew, because that would predicate a sense of guilt on my part and lend some support to the popular assumption that my wife is not a virtuous woman."

Mr. Daney gnawed his thumb nail furiously.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," he quoted. "However, Donald, you know as well as I do that if your father should forbid it, a dicky-bird couldn't make a living in this town."

"There are no such restrictions in Darrow, Mr. Daney. The superintendent up there will give me a job on the river."

Mr. Daney could not forbear an expression of horror.

"Hector McKaye's son a river-hog!" he cried incredulously.

"Well, Donald McKaye's father was a river-hog, wasn't he?"

"Oh, but times have changed since Hector was a pup, my boy. Why, this is dreadful!"

"No, Mr. Daney—merely unusual."

"Well, Donald, I think your father will raise the ante considerably, in order to avoid that added disgrace, and force you to listen to reason."

"If he does, sir, please spare yourself the trouble of bearing his message. Neither Nan nor I are for sale, sir."

"I told him you'd decline the bonds. However, Donald, there is no reason in life why you shouldn't get money from me. Thanks to your father, I'm worth more than a hundred thousand myself, although you'd never guess it. Your credit is A-1 with me."

"I shall be your debtor for life because of that speech, Mr. Daney. Any news from my mother and the girls?"

"None."

"Well, I'll stand by for results," Donald assured him gravely.

"Do not expect any."

"I don't."

Mr. Daney fidgeted, and finally said he guessed he'd better be trotting along, and Donald and Nan, realizing it would be no kindness to him to be polite and assure him there was no need of hurry, permitted him to depart.

In the afternoon, the McKaye limousine drew up at the front gate, and Nan's heart fluttered violently in contemplation of a visit from her husband's mother and sisters. She need not have worried, however. The

# How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you talk to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about anything?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out?"

That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the worst talker.

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for ten minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent

stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law, who was conducting a course of business talking and public speaking.



"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I

had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three-minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons, I began to realize that 'Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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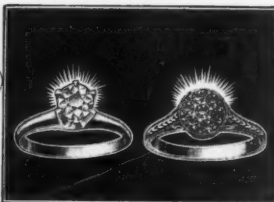
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interior of the car was unoccupied save for Donald's clothing and personal effects, which some thoughtful person at The Dreamerie had sent down to him. He hazarded a guess that the cool and practical Elizabeth had realized his needs.

### XLIII

RETURNING to the mill office, Mr. Daney sat in at his desk and started to look over the mail. The Laird heard his desk-buzzer sounding frequently, and, rightly conjecturing that his general manager was back on the job, he came into the latter's office and glared at him.

"I thought I fired you," he growled.

"I know. You thought you did," the rebel replied complacently. "I see by your knuckles you've been fighting. Hope it did you good."

"It did. Are you going to leave this office?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't think you would. Well, well—out with it!"

Mr. Daney drew a deal of pleasure from that invitation.

"The boy directs me to inform you, sir, that he will not accept the bonds or any moneys you may desire to give him. He says he doesn't need them, because he isn't going to leave Port Agnew."

"I wonder if it is possible he is trying to outgame me," old Hector mused aloud.

"Andrew, go back and tell him that if he will go to California to live, I will deed him that Lassen County sugar and white pine and build him the finest mill in the state."

"The terms are quite impossible," Daney retorted, and explained why.

"He shall get out of Port Agnew," The Laird threatened. "He shall get out or starve."

"You are forgetting something, sir."

"Forgetting what?"

"That I have some thousands of dollars in bonds right in that vault. The boy shall not starve and neither shall he crawl like a beaten dog currying favor with the one that has struck him."

"I am the one who has been struck—and he has wounded me sorely!" The Laird cried, his voice cracked with anger. "I'll never forgive him, Andrew."

Mr. Daney walled his eyes toward the ceiling.

"Thank God," he murmured piously, "I'm pure! Hereafter, every time Reverend Mr. Tingley says the Lord's Prayer, I'm going to cough out loud in church at the line: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' You'll hear that cough and remember, Hector McKaye."

A deeper shadow of distress settled over The Laird's stern features.

"In time I may forgive him, Andrew. I'm not sure of myself where he is concerned, but we cannot receive the girl. 'Tis not in reason that we should."

"I believe I'll cough twice," Daney murmured musingly.

And the following day being Sunday, he did. He sat two rows behind the McKaye family pew but across the aisle, and in a cold fury The Laird turned to squelch him with a look. What he saw in the Daney pew, however, chilled his fury and threw him into a veritable panic of embarrassment. For to the right of the incomprehensible general manager sat the young

ex-laird of Port Agnew; at Daney's left, the old laird beheld his new daughter-in-law, while further down the pew, as far as she could retreat, Mrs. Daney, with face aflame, sat rigid, her bovine countenance upraised and her somewhat vacuous glance fixed unblinkingly at a point some forty feet over Mr. Tingley's pious head. Donald intercepted the old man's amazed and troubled glance, and smiled at his father with his eyes—an affectionate overture that was not lost on The Laird ere he jerked his head once more to the front.

Mrs. McKaye and her two daughters were as yet unaware of the horror that impended. But not for long. When the congregation stood to sing the final hymn, Nan's wondrous mezzo soprano rose clear and sweet over the indifferent-toned notes of every other woman present; to the most dull it would have been obvious that there was a trained singer present, and Mrs. McKaye and her daughters each cast a quick glance in the direction of the voice. However, since every other woman in the church was gazing at Nan, nobody observed the effect of her presence upon the senior branch of the McKaye family, for which small blessing the family in question was duly grateful.

At the conclusion of the service, old Hector remained in his pew until the majority of the congregation had filed out; then, assuring himself by a glance that his son and the latter's wife had preceded him, he followed with Mrs. McKaye and the girls. From the church steps he observed Donald and Nan walking home, while Mr. Daney and his outraged spouse followed some twenty feet behind them. Quickly The Laird and his family entered the waiting limousine; it was the first occasion that anybody could remember when he had not lingered to shake hands with Mr. Tingley and, perchance, congratulate him on his sermon.

They were half-way up the cliff road before anybody spoke. Then, with a long preliminary sigh, The Laird voiced the thought that obsessed them all.

"That muttonhead, Daney! I'd run him out of the Tyee employ if it would do a bit of good. I cannot run him out of town or out of church."

"The imbecile!" Elizabeth raged. Jane was dumb with shame and rage, and Mrs. McKaye was sniffing a little. Presently,

"How dare he bring her right into church with him?" she cried brokenly. "Right before everybody! Oh dear, oh dear, is my son totally lacking in a sense of decency? This is terrible, terrible!"

"I shall not risk such another awful Sunday morning," Elizabeth announced.

"Nor I!" Jane cried, with equal fervor.

"We shall have to leave Port Agnew now," Mrs. McKaye sobbed.

Old Hector patted her hand.

"Yes; I think you'll have to, Nellie. Unfortunately, I cannot go with you. Daney doesn't appear to be quite sane of late, and with Donald out of the business I'm chained to a desk for the remainder of my life. I fear, however," he added savagely, "I do not intend to let that woman run me out of my own church."

The instant they entered the house, rightly conjecturing that the Daney's had also reached their home, Mrs. McKaye went to the telephone and proceeded to inform Mr. Daney of the opinion which the McKaye family, jointly and severally,

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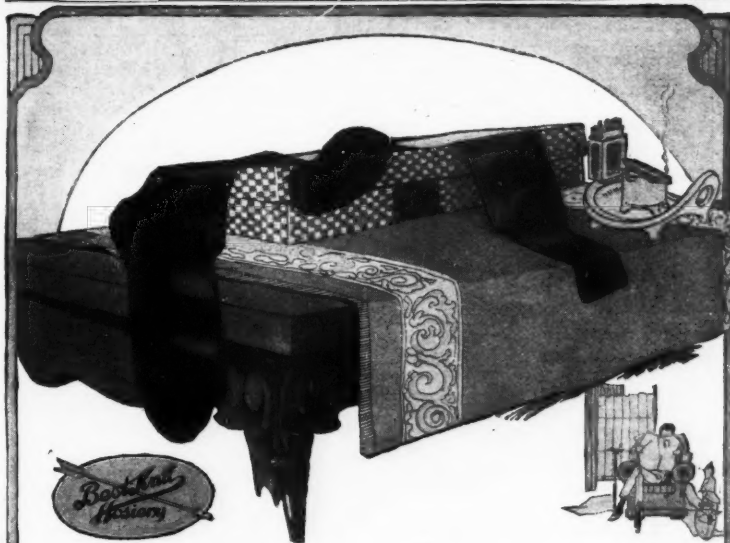
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entertained for his idea of comedy. Daney listened respectfully to all she had to say touching his sanity, his intelligence, his sense of decency, and his loyalty to Hector, and when, stung because he made no defense, she asked,

"Have you no explanation to make us for your extraordinary behavior?" he replied:

"I am an usher of our church, Mrs. McKaye. When Donald and his wife entered the church, the only vacant seats in it were in my pew. I could not be discourteous to Donald, and I'm quite certain his wife has as much right in our church as you have. So I showed them both up to my pew, to the great distress of Mrs. Daney."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Andrew! You should!"

"I'm not ashamed of myself, Mrs. McKaye. I've been a pussyfoot all my life. I had to do something I knew would detract from my popularity, but since I had to do it, I decided to do it promptly and as if I enjoyed it. Surely you would not have commended me had I met the young couple at the door and said to them: 'Get out of this church. It is not for such as you. However, if you insist upon staying, you'll have to stand up or else sit down on the floor. Nobody here wants to sit with you.' They're afraid, too, they'll offend the chief Pooh-Bah of this town."

"You could have pretended you did not see them."

"My dear Mrs. McKaye," Daney retorted, in even tones, "do you wish me to inform your husband of a certain long-distance telephone conversation? If so—"

She hung up without waiting to say good-bye, and the following day she left for Seattle, accompanied by her daughters.

Throughout the week, The Laird forbore mentioning his son's name to Mr. Daney; indeed, he refrained from addressing the latter at all unless absolutely necessary to speak to him directly—wherefore Daney knew himself to be blacklisted. On the following Sunday, The Laird sat alone in the family pew, and Mr. Daney did not cough during the recital of the Lord's Prayer; so old Hector managed to conquer a tremendous yearning to glance round for the reason. Also, as on the previous Sunday, he was in no hurry to leave his pew at the conclusion of the service; yet, to his profound irritation, when he did leave it and start down the center aisle of the church, he looked squarely into the faces of Donald and Nan as they emerged from the Daney pew. Mrs. Daney was conspicuous by her absence. Nan's baby boy had fallen asleep during the service, and Donald was carrying the cherub.

Old Hector's face went white; he gulped when his son spoke to him.

"Hello, dad! You looked lonely all by yourself in that big pew. Suppose we come up and sit with you next Sunday?"

Old Hector paused and bent upon his son and Nan a terrible look.

"Never speak to me again so long as you live," he replied, in a low voice, and passed out of the church.

Donald gazed after his broad, erect figure and shook his head dolefully as Mr. Daney fell into step beside him.

"I told you so," he whispered.

"Isn't it awful to be Scotch?" Nan inquired.



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"It is awful—on the Scotch," her husband assured her. "The dear old fraud gulped like a broken-hearted boy when I spoke to him. He'd rather be wrong than president."

As they were walking home to the Sawdust Pile, Nan captured one of her husband's great fingers and swung on it childishly.

"I wish you didn't insist upon our going to church, sweetheart," she complained. "We're spoiling your father's Christianity."

"Can't help it," he replied doggedly. "We're going to be thoroughbreds about this, no matter how much it hurts."

She sighed.

"And you're only half Scotch, Donald."

Will Donald and his wife ever occupy the McKaye family pew? The concluding instalment of *Kindred of the Dust* will appear in July *Cosmopolitan*.

## The Kicker

(Continued from page 79)

tie and his coat and his hat, and slipped out into the late afternoon of the lonely lumber-yard, Stratey was still sitting there, listening to the complaints of his outraged inwards and surfaces.

### IV

STRATEY's sadly jiggled brains resumed their function slowly. He very much wanted to go home, but not in the daylight. He knew that the sight of him in ruins would cause the minimum of grief among his fellow citizens. He doubted his ability to walk so far.

At length, he noted a telephone on a shelf over a desk. He hobbled to it and got Zeffie on the wire. Her voice sounded mighty good to him, and he remembered that she was singularly deft in patting up a pillow and changing cold cloths on a feverish head. But she was maddeningly stupid obeying his command to hire a horse and buggy from the livery-stable and drive down to get him, and under no circumstances to bring anybody with her.

It seemed an eon or two before she burst in at the door and cast up her hands in horror at the chaos of the room and her husband's features. She began idiotically, "Is that you, Miles?"

"Of course," he blubbed through lips like hot-water bottles.

"Whose automobile ran over you?"

He squealed like a stuck pig at that. He was so upset that the truth escaped him.

"Will Roake."

"Where?"

"In here."

"But how could he get an automobile in here?"

"Who said he—oh, Lord, such a fool as you are!"

"But how could he? What happened?"

"He beat me up. That's what happened!"

"But why—in heaven's name, why?"

"Because I'm not a capitalist."

"Oh, the beast! I'll kill him for this. It's shameful! You poor dear!"

"Ouch! Yow! Ooh! Haven't you any more sense than to—oomph, get away!"

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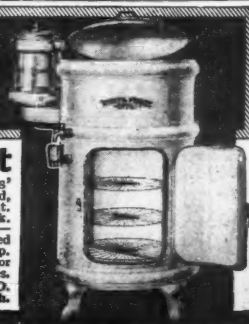
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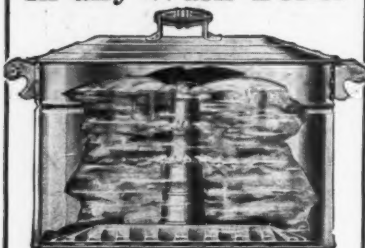
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She went about, straightening the office up by mere automatism of habit. She came across the crumpled fillet of chiffon.

"This is what I saw him buy. What was it for?"

"A blindfold."

"You don't mean that he blindfolded you before he—"

"No, you imbecile; he wore it himself."

"But why?"

"He said—so's he would be as near-sighted as I am."

This curiously made an enormous difference in Zeffie's mental attitude. She noted the rope and found why it was used. Strately was too confused to think up any good lies.

When Zeffie picked up the glove and learned what it was, and that it was the only one worn by either combatant, she asked a merciless question, rather icily.

"What were you doing all the time Will Roake was so busy?"

"I was using my fists on him. Look at my knuckles—how raw they are."

"But where is he?"

"He went on away."

Zeffie pondered aloud:

"He bandaged his eyes, and tied up one hand, and wore a sofa-cushion on his fist, and—he got away alive—and he's only a capitalist. Great heavens, but this is pretty rough on me!"

"On you?" her liege lord howled. "On you? What about me?"

Zeffie did not answer. She was thinking the bitter thoughts of a wife whose warrior has come out second best in a slugging-match.

She sat and brooded a long, long while. Twilight deepened in the office and in her heart. It was very gloomy. Yet Eve's one star pinked the gloaming. She felt that the man who gave her the fortune secretly had secretly fought for her.

He had left her with a multitude of regrets, but he had emancipated her soul from its submission to this miserable tyrant whose snuffles irritated the silence.

She would continue to live with her man and be loyal to him to the last, but he should never boss her any more, or order her out of his room or out of her own dignity.

Suddenly, she slapped her knees with a masterful resolution, and said:

"Get up, and come on back to the house."

I don't want to keep the children waiting for supper, and they're going out to a party to-night."

Strately sniffed.

"It's not very nice to go home like this, Zeffie."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said.

It was a most astonishing speech.

V

THE story leaked out, of course. Will Roake went to his hotel in such a dilapidated condition that questions had to be answered. It was primeval, at least, that he should brag a bit over his success. His answer to the jokes about his own damages was the primeval retort: "You ought to see the other fellow."

He waited in town a few days for the puffs and discolorations to subside, and for Miles Strately to haul him up before the court. Any fine would have been a bar-

*Cosmopolitan for June, 1920*

gain, and he would not have counted thirty days in the cooler as an exorbitance.

But Miles had lost his taste for the public exposure of the outrages of capitalists, and he made no public complaint, even when the sawmill reopened and the shrill siren sawed the air in the early morning.

Will Roake had dared all he dared. He was refreshed beyond belief, and ready to take up his life-work again. Strikes were already going out of style.

The radical leaders who had promised to lead their followers into Canaans of milk and honey were as popular with their flocks as Moses was when his tribes found themselves lost in the wilderness. They began to believe that they had left their Canaans behind. They began to compute the lost millions of wages. They began to feel a little sinful for lying idle at a time when the idleness of one man meant the starvation of another.

The hard-working working men were coming back into power—the men who believed that the United States was a pretty good place at its worst, and that the laborers had listened to the tempters long enough. They were dazed to see how much of the discontent was due to foreigners who had brought it with them. It came upon everybody as an inspiration that the export of foreign discontent was mighty good business.

Before long, the United States would see so great an upheaval of public wrath at the professional loafers, and the men whose only output was calumny and indolence, that it would suffice to call a man an I. W. W. or a communist to legalize his arrest and exile.

The amazing day was about to dawn when strange shiploads of strange people would be sent overseas to carry back the trouble-manufacturers for whom this country was not good enough, and could be improved only by the destruction of its government. Nation-wide raids would gather them in by the thousand, and the public, so jealous of its liberties, would applaud the crusade as a defense of liberty.

Roake could not know or even hope the astounding things beneath the horizon of the new year. But his own heart was washed clean, and he was eager to be back on the job of making things, buying raw materials, paying men to turn them into commodities, and other men to vend them for cash—the two great necessary works of civilization from which all others take their prosperity.

Roake was too timid or too shrewd, however, to try to see Zeffie. On the last day of his visit to his home town, though, he was granted a glimpse of her on the street.

He said to Jim Ambler:

"Would you look at Zeffie! She looks like a million dollars."

She was not exactly hippety-hopping, but she was striding along in a pride of womanhood that put a lilt into Will Roake's heart.

As she passed him and his companion, she said,

"How do you do, Mr. Ambler?"

Simply that and nothing more. But as her glance flicked Will Roake's proud and somewhat possessive stare, it seemed to have a glint of "It might have been." And there was a strange absence of sadness in those notorious words.

THE END

## In Chancery

(Continued from page 64)

this piece of drunken foolery. A night in the lockup! What asses people were! But the man had noticed his movement of avoidance, and streams of genial blasphemy followed him across the street. "I hope they'll run him in," thought Soames viciously. "To have ruffians like that about, with women out alone!" A woman's figure in front had induced this thought. Her walk seemed oddly familiar. And when she turned the corner for which he was bound, his heart began to beat. He hastened on to the corner to make certain.

Yes; it was Irene! He could not mistake her walk in that little drab street. She threaded two more turnings, and from the last corner he saw her enter her block of flats. To make sure of her now, he ran those few paces, hurried up the stairs, and caught her standing at her door. He heard the latch-key in the lock, and reached her side as she turned round, startled, in the open doorway.

"Don't be alarmed," he said breathless; "I happened to see you. Let me come in a minute."

She had her hand up to her breast; her face was colorless, her eyes widened by alarm.

Then, seeming to master herself, she inclined her head and said,

"Very well."

Soames closed the door. He, too, had need to recover, and when she had passed into the sitting-room, waited a full minute, taking deep breaths to still the beating of his heart. At this moment, so fraught with the future, to take out that morocco case seemed crude. Yet not to take it out left him there before her with no preliminary excuse for coming. And in this dilemma he was seized with impatience at excuses and all the paraphernalia of justification. This was a scene—it could be nothing else—and he must face it! He heard her voice, uncomfortably, pathetically soft:

"Why have you come again? Didn't you understand that I would rather you did not?"

He noticed her clothes, a dark-brown-velvet corduroy, a sable boa, a small round toque of the same. They suited her admirably. She had money to spare for dress, evidently.

He said abruptly:

"It's your birthday. I brought you this." And he held out to her the green-morocco case.

"Oh! No—no!"

Soames pressed the clasp; the seven stones gleamed out on the pale-gray velvet.

"Why not?" he said. "Just as a sign that you don't bear me ill feeling now."

"I couldn't."

Soames took it out of the case.

"Let me just see how it looks."

She shrank back.

He followed, thrusting his hand with the brooch in it against the front of her dress. She shrank again.

Soames dropped his hand.

"Irene," he said, "let bygones be bygones. If I can, surely you might. Let's begin again, as if nothing had been. Won't you?"



## Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

### Baby's Chauffeur

Dear ALICE:

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdo your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.

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He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience. Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves. He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

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Incidentally, I use it myself. I couldn't live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

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His voice was wisful, and his eyes, resting on her face, had in them a sort of supplication.

She, who was standing literally with her back against the wall, gave a little gulp, and that was all her answer. Soames went on:

"Can you really want to live all your days half dead in this little hole? Come back to me, and I'll give you all you want. You shall live your own life; I swear it!" He saw her face quiver ironically. "Yes," he repeated; "but I mean it this time. I'll only ask one thing: I just want—I just want a son. Don't look like that! I want one. It's hard." His voice had grown hurried, so that he hardly knew it for his own, and twice he jerked his head back as if struggling for breath. It was the sight of her eyes fixed on him, dark, with a sort of fascinated fright, which pulled him together and changed that painful incoherence to anger.

"Is it so very unnatural?" he said between his teeth. "Is it unnatural to want a child from one's own wife? You wrecked our life and put this blight on everything. We go on only half alive, and without any future. Is it so very unflattering to you, that, in spite of everything, I—I still want you for my wife? Speak; for goodness' sake, do speak!"

Irene seemed to try, but did not succeed. "I don't want to frighten you," said Soames more gently, "heaven knows! I only want you to see that I can't go on like this. I want you back. I want you."

Irene raised one hand and covered the lower part of her face, but her eyes never moved from his, as though she trusted in them to keep him at bay. And all those years, barren and bitter, since—ah, when?—almost since he had first known her, surged up in one great wave of recollection in Soames, and a spasm that, for his life, he could not control constricted his face.

"It's not too late," he said; "it's not—if you'll only believe it."

Irene uncovered her lips, and both her hands made a writhing gesture in front of her breast.

Soames seized them. "Don't!" she said, under her breath. But he stood holding on to them, trying to stare into her eyes, which did not waver. Then she said quietly:

"I am alone here. You won't do what you once did—a second time."

Dropping her hands as though they had been hot irons, he turned away. Was it possible that there could be such relentless unforgiveness? Could that one act of violent possession be still alive within her? Did it bar him thus utterly?

And doggedly he said, without looking up:

"I am not going till you've answered me. I am offering what few men would bring themselves to offer. I want a—a reasonable answer."

And, almost with surprise, he heard her say:

"You can't have a reasonable answer. Reason has nothing to do with it. You can only have the brutal truth. I would rather die."

Soames stared at her. "Oh!" he said. And there intervened in him a sort of paralysis of speech and movement, the kind of quivering which comes when a man has received a deadly insult and does not yet know how he is

going to take it or, rather, what it is going to do with him.

"Oh!" he said again. "As bad as that? Indeed! You would rather die. That's pretty!"

"I am sorry. You wanted me to answer. I can't help the truth, can I?"

At that queer spiritual appeal, Soames turned for relief to actuality. He snapped the brooch back into its case and put it in his pocket.

"The truth!" he said. "There's no such thing with women. It's nerves—nerves!"

He heard the whisper: "Yes; nerves don't lie. Haven't you discovered that?"

He was silent, possessed through and through by the thought: "I will hate this woman. I will hate her." That was the trouble. If only he could! He shot a glance at her, unmoving against the wall, with her head up and her hands clasped, for all the world as if she were going to be shot.

And he said quickly:

"I don't believe a word of it. You have a lover. If you hadn't, you wouldn't be such a—such a little idiot." He was conscious, before the expression in her eyes, that he had uttered something of a *non-sequitur*, dropped back too abruptly into the verbal freedom of his connubial days. He turned away to the door. But he could not go out. Something within him—that most deep and secret Forsyte quality: the impossibility of letting go, the impossibility of seeing the fantastic and forlorn nature of his own tenacity—prevented him. He turned about again, and there stood, with his back against the door, as hers was against the wall opposite, quite unconscious of anything ridiculous in this separation by the whole width of the room. "Do you ever think of anybody but yourself?" he said.

Irene's lips quivered; then she answered slowly:

"Do you ever think that I found out my mistake—my hopeless, terrible mistake—the very first week of our marriage; that I went on trying three years? You know I went on trying. Was it for myself?" Soames gritted his teeth.

"God knows what it was! I've never understood you; I shall never understand you. You had everything you wanted, and you can have it again, and more. What's the matter with me? I ask you a plain question. What is it?" Unconscious of the pathos in that inquiry, he went on passionately: "I'm not lame; I'm not loathsome; I'm not a boor; I'm not a fool. What is it? What's the mystery about me?"

Her answer was a long sigh. He clasped his hands with a gesture that for him was strangely full of expression. "When I came here to-night, I was—I hoped—I meant everything that I could to do away with the past, and start fair again. And you meet me with 'nerves,' and silence and sighs. There's nothing tangible. It's like—it's like a spider's web."

"Yes."

That whisper from across the room maddened Soames afresh. "Well, I don't choose to be in a spider's web. I'll cut it!"—he walked straight up to her—"now!" What he had gone up to her to do, he really did not know. But



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when he was close, the old familiar scent of her clothes suddenly affected him. He put his hands on her shoulders and bent forward to kiss her. He kissed not her lips but a little hard line where the lips had been drawn in. Then his face was pressed away by her hands; he heard her say: "Oh! No!" Shame, compunction, sense of futility flooded his whole being; he turned on his heel and went straight out.

### XVII

#### VISIT TO IRENE

JOLYON found June waiting on the platform at Paddington. She had received his telegram while at breakfast. Her abode—a studio and two bedrooms in a St. John's Wood garden had been selected by her for the complete independence which it guaranteed. Unwatched by Mrs. Grundy, unhindered by permanent domestics, she could receive lame ducks at any hour of day or night, and not seldom had a duck without studio of its own made use of June's. She enjoyed her freedom and possessed herself with a sort of virginal passion; the warmth which she would have lavished on Bosinney and of which—given her Forsyte tenacity—he must surely have tired she now expended in championship of the under dogs and budding "geniuses" of the artistic world. She lived, in fact, to turn ducks into the swans she believed they were. The very fervor of her protections warped her judgments. But she was loyal and liberal; her small, eager hand was ever against the oppressions of academic and commercial opinion, and, though her income was considerable, her bank-balance was often a minus quantity.

She had come to Paddington Station heated in her soul by a visit to Eric Cobbley. A miserable gallery had refused to let that straight-haired genius have his one-man show after all. Its impudent manager, after visiting his studio, had expressed the opinion that it would only be a "one-horse show from the selling-point of view." This crowning example of commercial cowardice toward her favorite lame duck—and he so hard up, with a wife and two children, that he had caused her account to be overdrawn—was still making the blood glow in her small, resolute face and her red-gold hair to shine more than ever. She gave her father a hug and got into a cab with him, having as many fish to fry with him as he with her. It became at once a question which would fry them first.

Jolyon had reached the words: "My dear, I want you to come with me," when, glancing at her face, he perceived, by the blue eyes moving from side to side—like the tail of a preoccupied cat—that she was not attending.

"Dad, is it true that I absolutely can't get at any of my money?"

"Only the income, fortunately, my love."

"How perfectly beastly! Can't it be done somehow? There must be a way. I know I could buy a small gallery for ten thousand pounds."

"A small gallery," murmured Jolyon, "seems a modest desire. But your grandfather foresaw it."

"I think," cried June vigorously, "that

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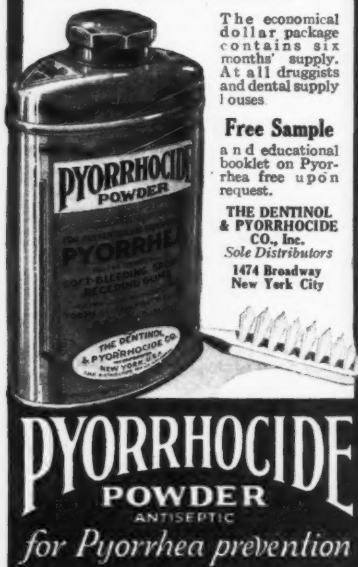
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all this care about money is awful when there's so much genius in the world simply crushed out for want of a little! I shall never marry and have children; why shouldn't I be able to do some good instead of having it all tied up in case of things which will never come off?"

"Our name is Forsythe, my dear," replied Jolyon, in the ironical voice to which his impetuous daughter had never quite grown accustomed, "and we live by the principle that so long as there is a possibility of keeping wealth in the family, it must not go out; if you die unmarried, your money goes to Jolly and Holly and their children, if they marry. Isn't it pleasant to know that, whatever you do, you can none of you be destitute?"

"But can't I borrow the money?"

Jolyon shook his head.

"Without power of anticipation. You could rent a gallery, no doubt, if you could manage it out of your income."

June uttered a contemptuous sound.

"Yes; and have no income left to help anybody with."

"My dear child," murmured Jolyon, "wouldn't it come to the same thing?"

"No," said June shrewdly; "I could buy for ten thousand—that would only be four hundred a year. But I should have to pay a thousand a year rent, and that would only leave me five hundred. If I had that gallery, dad, think what I could do! I could make Eric Cobbley's name in no time, and ever so many others."

"Names worth making make themselves in time."

"When they're dead."

"Did you ever know anybody living, my dear, improved by having his name made?"

"Yes; you," said June, pressing his arm.

Jolyon started. "I?" he thought. "Oh! Ah! Now she's going to ask me to do something. We take it out, we Forsythes, each in our different ways."

June came closer to him in the cab.

"Darling," she said, "you buy the gallery, and I'll pay you four hundred a year for it. Then neither of us will be any the worse off. Besides, it's a splendid investment."

Jolyon wriggled.

"Don't you think," he said, "that for an artist to buy a gallery is a bit dubious. Besides, ten thousand pounds is a lump, and I'm not a commercial character."

June looked at him with admiring approbation.

"Of course you're not; but you're awfully businesslike. And I'm sure we could make it pay. It'll be a perfect way of scoring off those wretched dealers and people." And again she squeezed her father's arm.

Jolyon's face expressed quizzical despair.

"Where is this desirable gallery? Splendidly situated, I suppose?"

"Just off Cork Street."

"Ah!" thought Jolyon. "I knew it was 'just off' somewhere. Now for what I want out of her!"

"Well, I'll think of it, but not just now. You remember Irene; I want you to come with me and see her. Soames is after her again. She might be safer if we could give her asylum somewhere."

The word "asylum," which he had used by chance, was, of all, most calculated to rouse June's interest.

"Irene! I haven't seen her since— Of course! I'd love to help her."

It was Jolyon's turn to squeeze her arm, in warm admiration for this spirited, generous-hearted little creature of his begetting.

"Irene is proud," he said, with a side-long glance, in sudden doubt of June's discretion; "she's difficult to help. We must tread gently. This is the place. I wired her to expect us. Let's send up our cards."

"I can't bear Soames," said June, as she got out; "he sneers at everything that isn't successful."

Irene was in what was called the "ladies' drawing-room" of the Piedmont Hotel.

Nothing if not morally courageous, June walked straight up to her former friend and kissed her cheek. The two settled down on a sofa obviously never sat on since the hotel's foundation, and Jolyon could see that Irene was deeply affected by this simple forgiveness.

"So Soames has been worrying you?" he said.

"I had a visit from him last night; he wants me to go back to him."

"You're not, of course?" cried June.

Irene shook her head.

"But his position is horrible," she murmured.

"It's his own fault; he ought to have divorced you when he could."

Jolyon remembered how fervently in the old days June had hoped that no divorce would smirch her dead and faithless lover's name.

"Let us hear what Irene is going to do," he said.

Irene's lips quivered, but she spoke calmly.

"I'd better give him fresh excuse to get rid of me."

"How horrible!" cried June.

"What else can I do?"

"Out of the question," said Jolyon very quietly, "sans amour."

He thought she was going to cry; but, getting up quickly, she half turned her back on them and stood regaining control of herself.

June said suddenly:

"Well, I shall go to Soames and tell him he must leave you alone. What does he want at his age?"

"A child. It's not unnatural."

"A child!" cried June scornfully.

"Of course! To leave his money to. If he wants one badly enough, let him take somebody and have one; then you can divorce him and he can marry her."

Jolyon perceived suddenly that he had made a mistake to bring June—her violent partisanship was fighting Soames' battle.

"It would be best for Irene to come quietly to us at Robin Hill and see how things shape."

"Of course," said June; "only——"

Irene looked full at Jolyon, and in all the many times afterward in which he tried to analyze that glance, he never could succeed.

"No. I should only bring trouble on you all. I will go abroad."

He knew from her voice that this was final.

The irrelevant thought flashed through him: "Well, I could see her there." But he said,

"Don't you think you would be more helpless abroad, in case he followed?"

"I don't know. I can but try."

June sprang up and paced the room. "It's all horrible," she said. "Why should people be tortured and kept miserable and helpless year after year by this disgusting law?" Some one had come into the room, and she came to a standstill at the window.

Jolyon went up to Irene.

"Do you want money?"

"No."

"And would you like me to let your flat?"

"Yes, Jolyon—please."

"When shall you be going?"

"To-morrow."

"You won't go back there in the mean time, will you?" This he said with an anxiety strange to himself.

"No; I've got all I want here."

"You'll send me your address?"

She put out her hand to him.

"I feel you're a rock."

"A wobbly one," answered Jolyon, pressing her hand hard; "but it's a pleasure to do anything, at any time—remember that. And if you change your mind—Come along, June; say good-by."

June came from the window and flung her arms round Irene.

"Don't think of him," she said, under her breath; "enjoy yourself and—bless you!"

With a memory of tears in Irene's eyes and of a smile on her lips, they went away extremely silent, passing the lady who had interrupted the interview and was turning over the ladies' papers on the table.

Opposite the National Gallery, June exclaimed,

"Of all undignified beasts!"

But Jolyon did not respond. He had something of his father's balance, and could see things impartially, even when his emotions were roused. Irene was right; Soames' position was as bad or worse than her own. As for the law, it catered for what it supposed human nature to be—a pretty low thing. And, feeling that, if he stayed in his daughter's company, he would commit some indiscretion, he told her he must catch his train back to Oxford, and, hailing a cab, left her to Turner's water-colors, with the promise that he would think over that gallery.

But he thought over Irene instead. Pity—they said—was akin to love. If so, he was certainly in danger of loving her, for he pitied her profoundly. To think of her drifting about Europe so handicapped and lonely!

"I hope to goodness she'll keep her head," he thought; "she might easily grow desperate." In fact, now that she had cut loose from her poor threads of occupation, he could not imagine how she would go on—so beautiful a creature, hopeless, and fair game for anyone. In his deep exasperation was more than a little fear and jealousy. Women did strange things when they were driven into corners. "I wonder what Soames will do now," he thought. "A rotten, idiotic state of things! I suppose they would say it was her own fault." And, sore at heart, he got into his train. So pre-occupied, he mislaid his ticket, and on the platform at Oxford took his hat off to a lady whose face he seemed to remember without being able to put a name to it,



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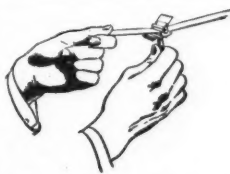
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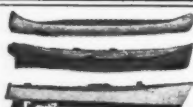
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not even when he saw her having tea at the Rainbow.

#### XVIII

##### WHERE FORSYTES FEAR TO TREAD

QUIVERING from the defeat of his hopes, with the green-morocco case still flat against his heart, Soames revolved thoughts bitter as death. A spider's web! Walking fast, and noting nothing in the moonlight, he brooded over the scene he had been through, over the memory of her figure rigid in his grasp. And the more he brooded the more certain he became that she had a lover—her words: "I would rather die," were ridiculous if she had not. Even if she had never loved him, she had made no fuss until Bosinney came on the scene. No; she was in love again, or she would not have made that melodramatic answer to his reasonable proposal. Very well! That simplified things.

"I'll take steps to know where I am," he thought. "I'll go to Polteed's the first thing to-morrow morning."

But even in forming that resolution, he knew he would have trouble with himself. He had employed Polteed's agency several times in the routine of his profession, even quite lately over Dartie's case; but he had never thought it possible to employ them to watch his own wife.

It was too insulting to himself!

He slept over that project and his wounded pride, or, rather, kept vigil. Only while shaving did he suddenly remember that she called herself by her maiden name of Heron. Polteed would not know, at first, at all events, whose wife she was, would not look at him obsequiously and leer behind his back. She would just be the wife of one of his clients. And that would be true—for he was his own solicitor.

He was literally afraid not to put his design into execution at the first possible moment, lest, after all, he might fail himself. And making Warmson bring him an early cup of coffee, he stole out of the house before the hour of breakfast. He walked rapidly to one of those small West End streets where Polteed's and other firms ministered to the virtue of the wealthier classes. Hitherto he had always had Polteed to see him in the Poultry; but he well knew their address, and reached it at the opening hour. In the outer office, a room furnished so cozily that it might have been a money-lender's, he was attended by a lady who might have been a school-mistress.

"I wish to see Mr. Claud Polteed. He knows me—never mind my name."

To keep everybody from knowing that he, Soames Forsyte, was reduced to having his wife spied on was the overpowering consideration.

Mr. Claud Polteed—so different from Mr. Lewis Polteed—was one of those men with dark hair, slightly curved noses, and quick brown eyes who might be taken for Jews but are really Phenicians; he received Soames in a room hushed by thickness of carpet and curtains. It was, in fact, confidentially furnished, without trace of document anywhere to be seen.

Greeting Soames deferentially, he turned the key in the only door with a certain ostentation.

"If a client sends for me," he seemed to

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"But—"

"No buts about it, if you want to go ahead—sell. It is salesmen we want today—Salesmen. If you can sell things you will never have to worry about securing a position, or demanding a good salary."

"But, Mr. Cranshaw, I have had no experience—know nothing about it, why—"

"Then learn, sir—you've asked my advice and help, and there it is."

Deeply puzzled, I left his office. Like so many other young fellows looking for their first job, I had no very definite aim. I didn't mind hard work or small pay, as long as I felt that the future held some opportunity. I had called upon my father's old friend Mr. Cranshaw, to help me decide what calling he thought promised the most. The above conversation was the result.

Mr. Cranshaw is an experienced business man and I respected his opinions. With his aid I found a job—and a fairly good one as jobs go—with a large farm-machine manufacturing company.

As soon as I learned something about my product I went out on the road. The optimism of youth was with me. I had a tremendous amount of self-confidence. My product was a good one.

But I ran into a snag when I came in contact with the hard-headed men who till the soil.

They were of all types, keen, and shrewd progressive men, who wanted to see an actual gain—return for every penny spent; old-fashioned men who didn't take to new-fangled methods; big business men who ran immense farms as a side issue. Every one presented a knotty problem. It seemed to me in my early days, that each man had to be "sold" in a different way. I kept a separate "method of attack" for each individual.

But, I was not a success. I made few sales. Every now and then, I put over a fairly big order, but I was not a consistent seller. The firm was not satisfied and they said so. I was costing them more than my work was bringing in. In a very frank talk one morning, they told me that if something didn't happen at once, I would be called in from the road.

Well, needless to say, I was discouraged. I thought things over. The success of my brother salesmen and competitors puzzled me. I observed them closely and tried to learn what it was that brought them their big sales. I noticed, to my surprise, that the men whose totals were the largest were

the ones who seemed to work the least. But I could find no one trick that any of them possessed which I had not tried.

One day I met a hardware salesman in the smoking room of a train. We talked about the usual things for a while then we branched into selling methods. In the course of his conversation he told me how, after many years of mediocre success, he finally learned the one great secret of selling, and what that secret is. It was simple as A B C.

It almost bowled me over. The simplicity and practicality of this great basic rule of success dazzled me. My guardian-angel must have been watching over me when I met that salesman.

With impatient eagerness I started to put into practice, my new-found knowledge. The startling suddenness of the results was almost uncanny. After my next turn on the road the senior member of the firm personally congratulated me. My sales on that one trip were larger than the total of my three previous efforts. In four short months I became the best salesman on the firm's roster. I was leading even the old-timers. And from that time to this I have never once relinquished that lead.

Mr. Cranshaw's promise had come true—"Get into the selling game, if you want to go ahead," he had said—and I had.

But before I had found the all-comprising fundamental secret of salesmanship, I had been as near a failure as a man can be. The rapidity of my sensational rise seems almost unbelievable—even to myself.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not trying to pat myself on the back. I am not an unusual man in any way and do not claim to be. What I am driving at is this: If I, a young fellow who almost missed my chance, could, in the short space of four months, become a top-notch salesman, merely by the mastery of *this one principle*,—others can do the same. And I must add my opinion to Mr. Cranshaw's, the selling game *does* hold the greatest promise of all for the future success.

This thing which so quickly placed me in my present highly-paid position of master-salesman, was a knowledge of the One Great Secret in Selling, and its 100 Devices as told in *Arthur Newcomb's* astonishing 7-lessons course in Super-Salesmanship. This course, I firmly believe is the nearest existing thing to a Royal Road to Success in Selling.

It is not, like so many other salesmanship courses, a theoretical treatise. It is old-fashioned common-sense brass-tacks. Like

all other sciences, selling has for its foundation a certain permanent bed-rock law. Ignorance of this is the reason so many salesmen fail.

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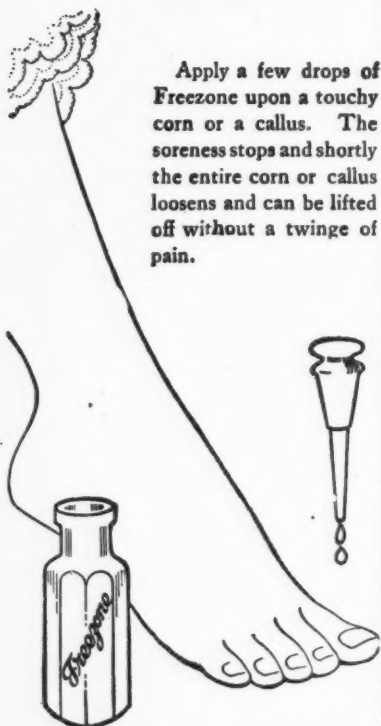
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be saying, "he takes what precaution he likes. If he comes here, we convince him that we have no leakages. I may safely say we lead in security, if in nothing else. Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

Soames' gorge had risen, so that he could hardly speak. It was absolutely necessary to hide from this man that he had any but professional interest in the matter, and, mechanically, his face assumed its sideways smile.

"I've come to you early, like this, because there's not an hour to lose." Indeed, if he lost an hour, he might fail himself yet. "Have you a really trustworthy woman free?"

Mr. Polteed unlocked a drawer, produced a memorandum, ran his eyes over it, and locked the drawer up again.

"Yes," he said; "the very woman."

Soames had seated himself and crossed his legs—nothing but a faint flush, which might have been his normal complexion, betrayed him.

"Send her off at once, then, to watch a Mrs. Irene Heron, of Flat D, Truro Mansions, Chelsea, till further notice."

"Precisely," said Mr. Polteed. "Divorce, I suppose?" And he blew into a speaking-tube. "Mrs. Blanch in? I shall want to speak to her in ten minutes."

"Deal with any reports yourself," resumed Soames, "and send them to me personally, marked confidential, sealed and registered. My client exacts the utmost secrecy."

Mr. Polteed smiled, as though saying, "You are teaching your grandmother, my dear sir," and his eyes slid over Soames' face for one unprofessional instant.

"Make his mind perfectly easy," he said. "Do you smoke?"

"No," said Soames. "Understand me: Nothing may come of this. If a name gets out, or the watching is suspected, it may have very serious consequences."

Mr. Polteed nodded.

"I can put it into the cipher category. Under that system, a name is never mentioned; we work by numbers."

He unlocked another drawer and took out two slips of paper, wrote on them, and handed one to Soames.

"Keep that, sir; it's your key. I retain this duplicate. The case we'll call 7x. The party watched will be 17; the watcher 19; the Mansions 25; yourself—I should say, your firm—31; my firm 32, myself 2. In case you should have to mention your client in writing, I have called him 43; any person we suspect will be 47; a second person 51. Any special hint or instruction while we're about it?"

"No," said Soames; "that is—every consideration compatible."

Again Mr. Polteed nodded.

"Expense?"

Soames shrugged.

"In reason," he answered curtly, and got up. "Keep it entirely in your own hands."

"Entirely," said Mr. Polteed, appearing suddenly between him and the door. "I shall be seeing you in that other case before long. Good-morning, sir." His eyes slid unprofessionally over Soames once more, and he unlocked the door.

"Good-morning," said Soames, looking neither to right nor left.

Out in the street, he swore deeply, quietly, to himself. A spider's web, and to cut it he must use this spidery, secret,



188 — "His Pledge"

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# Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By David M. Roth

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later, I called out each item and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs, giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I had read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out what it was that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it

has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$7 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method in putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

May I take this occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage.

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. And here is just a quotation from H. Q. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory in a week and have a good memory in six months.

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire

through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers around the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every suitable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts.

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours' contact with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So content is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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unclean method, so utterly repugnant to one who regarded his private life as his most sacred piece of property. But the die was cast; he could not go back. And he went on into the Poultry and locked away the green-morocco case and the key to that cipher destined to make crystal-clear his domestic bankruptcy.

Odd, that one whose life was spent in bringing to the public eye all the private coils of property, the domestic disagreements of others, should dread so utterly the public eye turned on his own; and yet not odd, for who should know so well as he the whole cold and slimy process of legal regulation?

He worked hard all day. Winifred was due at four o'clock; he was to take her down to a conference in the Temple with Dreamer Q. C., and, waiting for her, he reread the letter he had caused her to write the day of Dartie's departure, requiring him to return.

### DEAR MONTAGU:

I have received your letter with news that you have left me forever and are on your way to Buenos Aires. It has naturally been a great shock. I am taking this earliest opportunity of writing to tell you that I am prepared to let bygones be bygones if you will return to me at once. I beg you to do so. I am very much upset and will not say any more now. I am sending this letter registered to the address you left at your club. Please cable to me.

Your still affectionate wife,  
 WINIFRED DARTIE.

Ugh! What bitter humbug! He remembered leaning over Winifred while she copied what he had penciled, and how she had said, laying down her pen, "Suppose he comes, Soames?" in such a strange tone of voice, as if she did not know her own mind. "He won't come," he had answered, "till he's spent his money. That's why we must act at once." Annexed to the copy of that letter was the original of Dartie's drunken scrawl from the Iseum Club. Soames could have wished it had not been so manifestly penned in liquor. Just the sort of thing the court would pitch on. He seemed to hear the judge's voice say: "You took this seriously! Seriously enough to write him as you did? Do you think he meant it?" Never mind! The fact was clear that Dartie had sailed and had not returned. Annexed also was his cabled answer: "Impossible return. Dartie." Soames shook his head. If the whole thing were not disposed of within the next few months, the fellow would turn up again like a bad penny. It saved a thousand a year at least to get rid of him, besides all the worry to Winifred and his father. "I must stiffen Dreamer's back," he thought; "we must push it on."

Winifred, who had adopted a kind of half-mourning, which became her fair hair and tall figure very well, arrived in James' barouche drawn by James' pair. Soames had not seen it in the City since his father retired from business five years ago, and its incongruity gave him a shock. "Times are changing," he thought; "one doesn't know what'll go next!" Top-hats, even, were scarcer.

He inquired after Val. Val, said Winifred, wrote that he was going to play polo next term. She thought he was in a very good set. She added, with anxiety fashionably disguised:

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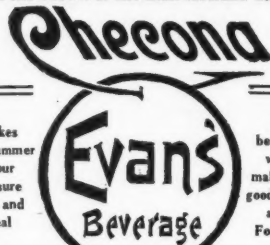


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"Will there be much publicity about my affair, Soames? Must it be in the papers? It's so bad for him and the girls."

With his own calamity all raw within him, Soames answered:

"The papers are a hopeless lot; it's very difficult to keep things out. They pretend to be guarding the public's morals, and they corrupt them with their beastly reports. But we haven't got to that yet. We're only seeing Dreamer to-day on the restitution question. Of course, he understands that it's to lead to a divorce. But you must seem genuinely anxious to get Dottie back; you might practise that attitude to-day."

Winifred sighed.

"Oh, what a clown Monty's been!" she said.

Soames gave her a sharp look. It was clear to him that she could not take her Dottie seriously, and would go back on the whole thing if given half a chance. His own instinct had been firm in this matter from the first. To save a little scandal now would only bring on his sister and her children real disgrace and perhaps ruin later on if Dottie were allowed to hang on to them, going down hill and spending the money James would leave his daughter. Though it was all tied up, that fellow would milk the settlements somehow, and make his family pay through the nose to keep him out of bankruptcy or even perhaps jail! They left the shining carriage, with the shining horses and the shining-hatted servants, on the Embankment, and walked up to Dreamer Q. C.'s chambers in Crown Office Row.

"Mr. Bellby is here, sir," said the clerk; "Mr. Dreamer will be ten minutes."

Mr. Bellby, the junior—not as junior as he might have been, for Soames only employed barristers of established reputation; it was, indeed, something of a mystery to him how barristers ever managed to establish that which made him employ them—Mr. Bellby was seated, taking a final glance through his papers. He had come from court and was in wig and gown, which suited a nose jutting out like the handle of a tiny pump, his small, shrewd blue eyes, and rather protruding lower lip—no better man to supplement and stiffen Dreamer.

The introduction to Winifred accomplished, they leaped the weather and spoke of the war. Soames interjected suddenly:

"If he doesn't comply, we can't bring proceedings for six months. I want to get on with the matter, Bellby."

Mr. Bellby, who had the ghost of an Irish brogue, smiled at Winifred and murmured, "The law's delays, Mrs. Dartie."

"Six months!" repeated Soames.

"It'll drive it up to June. We sha'n't get the suit on till after the long vacation. We must put the screw on, Bellby." He would have all his work cut out to keep Winifred up to the scratch.

"Mr. Dreamer will see you now, sir."

They filed in, Mr. Bellby going first, and Soames escorting Winifred after an interval of one minute by his watch.

Dreamer, Q. C., in a gown but divested of wig, was standing before the fire, as if this conference were in the nature of a

treat. He had the leathery, rather oily complexion which goes with great learning, a considerable nose with glasses perched on it, and little grayish whiskers. He luxuriated in the perpetual cocking of one eye, and the concealment of his lower with his upper lip, which gave a smothered turn to his speech. He had a way, too, of coming suddenly round the corner on the person he was talking to; this—with a disconcerting tone of voice, and a habit of growling before he began to speak—had crowned his reputation. Having listened, eye cocked, to Mr. Bellby's breezy recapitulation of the facts, he growled and said, "I know all that." And, coming round the corner at Winifred, smothered the words: "We want to get him back; don't we, Mrs. Dartie?"

Soames interposed sharply, "My sister's position of course is intolerable."

Dreamer growled:

"Exactly. Now, can we rely on the cabled refusal, or must we wait till after Christmas to give him a chance to have written—that's the point, isn't it?"

"The sooner—" Soames began.

"What do you say, Bellby?" said Dreamer, coming round his corner.

Mr. Bellby seemed to sniff the air like a hound.

"We won't be on till the middle of December. We've no need to give um more rope than that."

"No," said Soames; "why should my sister be incommoded by his choosing to go—"

"To Jericho," said Dreamer, again coming round his corner. "Quite so. People oughtn't to go to Jericho; ought they, Mrs. Dartie?" And he raised his gown into a sort of fantail. "I agree. We can go forward. Is there anything more?"

"Nothing at present," said Soames meaningly. "I wanted you to see my sister."

Dreamer growled softly:

"Delighted. Good-evening." And let fall the protection of his gown.

They filed out. Winifred went down the stairs.

Soames lingered. In spite of himself, he was impressed by Dreamer.

"The evidence is all right, I think," he said to Bellby. "Between ourselves, if we don't get the thing through quick, we never may. D'you think he understands that?"

"I'll make um," said Bellby. "Good man, though—good man."

Soames nodded and hastened after Winifred. He found her in a draft, biting her lips behind her fashionable veil, and at once said,

"The evidence of the stewardess will be complete."

Winifred's face hardened; she threw up her head, and they walked to the carriage. And, all through that silent drive back to Green Street, the souls of both of them revolved a single thought: "Why, oh, why should I have to expose my misfortune to the public like this? Why have to employ spies to peer into my private troubles? They were not of my making."

The estrangement of two branches of the Forsyte family is of many years' standing. Meanwhile, a younger generation has been growing up. Will this one continue hostilities? The next instalment of *In Chancery*, in *July Cosmopolitan*, will reveal some interesting readjustments in regard to this matter.



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More Home to the House

## "We Don't Know It All"

(Continued from page 70)

not to buy them out when they get sick and want to quit. That only encourages other fellows to play the same game."

He crossed the room, ran his eyes over the tall cabinets of file-boxes, as though invoking their counsel. He gave a tug at his four-in-hand to tighten his collar and sat down, bending over the desk toward Junior.

"See here," he said huskily: "Has it struck you that the Capper Company is not doing as well as it seems to be? We all keep stepping high, but there's no ducking the proposition that last year was a big loser. Your father shoved in a lot of money last year and the year before that out of his private capital to hide the deficit. It's an outrage for a man like your father to be carrying a load like this, and it's telling on him. I'm not sure the control of his stock hasn't slipped away from him, for he's put a lot of it up as collateral."

"You don't say!" gasped Junior.

"I don't like to say it, but you ought to know. I was just bluffing about the Staynor concern. Our traveling men keep reporting all the time that Staynor is cutting into our territory. When you began talking about Staynor, I hoped you had a scheme for selling out to him."

"Well," asked Junior quietly, "what would you do about it?"

"What would I do about it?" demanded Perry.

"Certainly. From what you say, this concern is facing a crisis, and father is in danger of being ruined. He put me in here to learn business from you. He has every confidence in your acumen, sagacity, wisdom, or whatever you want me to call it. I tell you right now that I'm not sitting here to learn how to be a quitter."

"Quitter!" Perry ejaculated, nervously patting his blond roach. "You have no right to call me that; I'm just sitting on the lid and smiling. I hate to see the business tumble down on your father's head, but that's what it's going to do. His trip to Chicago to make a speech at that banquet is only a cover for visits to bankers up there in the hope of finding help. No banker who saw our last statement would advance him a nickel."

"I suppose not," Junior answered, running his eye over the statement Perry laid before him. "But you can't just throw up the sponge this way. If things are as bad as you say they are and as this statement makes them appear, we'll both of us soon be looking for a job."

"Well, I've already been looking around a little," Perry confessed, a little defiantly.

"Safety first" seems to be your motto!"

And Junior grinned. His patient search for the secret of Perry's genius seemed about to be rewarded. Perry's cocksureness was gone, and his agitation amused Junior. He asked cheerfully for the last trial-balance, the sales-report for the preceding month, and other data, which he thrust into his pocket.

"What are you doing to-night, Perry?" he asked, in his most amiable tone.

"Why, we were going up to Miss Freer's weren't we?"

"That's right," Junior replied. "Please make my excuses to Genevieve and ask

her please to keep Monday evening for me."

Mr. Capper wired from Chicago—that he was called unexpectedly to New York and might not be home for a week.

In the back room of the First National Bank, Junior talked first to the president, got the benefit of his advice and friendly promises of assistance, and then sent for Staynor. A good many things were happening in the absence of Thomas J. Capper.

Mr. Capper looked ill when Junior met him at the station later.

"How are things going at the plant?" he asked perfunctorily, when they were seated in Junior's machine.

"That's good," he answered absently in reply to Junior's cheery response that everything was going fine. He had breakfasted on the train, and they drove at once to the factory. Mr. Capper paused at the entrance and glanced over the long line of buildings like a man in a trance, shook his head, and did not demur when Junior took his arm and assisted him up the steps. When they reached his private office, he told Junior he would send for him later, and, with a sigh, began turning over the reports that had been laid on his desk.

An hour later, Miss Shields came to say that his father was ready to see him.

"Mr. Capper is not well; he is not himself at all," the secretary remarked anxiously.

"Yes; I noticed that the first thing. The heat was too much for him."

Mr. Capper's chair was swung round so that his back was toward the bust. It might have seemed that, in the depression that was so clearly written on his face, he had no heart for the contemplation of his own features in bronze. He remained silent so long, gazing fixedly at the wall with unseeing eyes, that Junior became nervous and finally said,

"Well, father," very gently.

"Oh, yes, Tom; excuse me. I didn't sleep well last night, and don't feel quite up to the work."

"Doctor Summers is going into Canada on a fishing-trip, and he'd be mightily pleased if you'd go along. I was just thinking you ought to have a vacation," Junior responded.

"Vacation!" Mr. Capper repeated. "This is not a time for me to think of a vacation." He bent forward with an effort and rested his arms on the desk, and the look in his eyes was that of a man who has received a deep wound. "I have bad news, my boy; the holders of some of our paper have become impatient. I went to New York in the hope of getting a further extension of our credit. But the fact is that, during the past year or two, things have gone badly with us. I've been obliged to pledge a considerable block of my stock with the First National. My personal credit is exhausted. I feel that all I've accomplished in a lifetime is slipping away from me." With a despairing gesture, he rose and walked to the window.

"I know all about it, father," said Junior, and his hand rested gently on his father's shoulder. "When I was a kid, you used to read me that story about Captain Lawrence—'Don't give up the ship!' We're not going to give up the ship."



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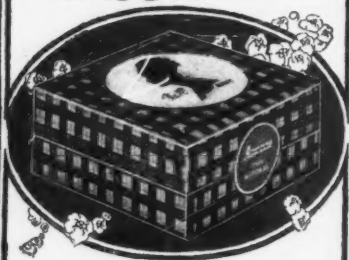
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"My fighting-days are over, my boy; I'm beat! I never thought I'd go down—not like this." He tried to turn away, but Junior caught his hands tightly, swinging his arms and laughing softly.

"I tell you, dad, that if we go down, we're going down together. But the old ship's all right; there's not going to be a sinking party yet a while."

"But you don't understand; you don't see the seriousness of all this; you don't realize the degree of my humiliation."

"Don't use such horrible words; this is no matter for humiliation, but for jubilation! While you were gone, I've been in a lot of mischief; I've turned things upside down, and this concern isn't at all the shebang you left behind you."

"What do you mean, Tom—you haven't—"

Junior pressed his father into a chair and then stepped away from him.

"See that stuff I chucked on your desk? Well, I hope you won't scold me. In the first place, there's the stock you pledged to the First National. I have paid the loan and released the collateral, and there it is, yours to have and to hold forever."

"Oh, no; not that, Tom! I wanted your money to be safe. That was why I made a point of turning it over to you, to be sure it couldn't be connected with me or the business in any way."

"You didn't think, did you, that I would let you go to the wall when I had a couple of hundred thousand dollars lying round? You are a dear, foolish father if you thought anything of the kind. My money's in the business, but I have done more than that. You were a good deal troubled about the Staynor Company; you needn't worry any longer about that. The Staynor Company belongs to us. We've swallowed it whole. Being able to whip Staynor at golf, I got a little better price from him, I think, than anybody else could have got. Judge Roberts will be down here pretty soon with the reorganization papers, all carefully worked out and fully approved by the First National people—they were all mighty nice to me. Staynor is taking a lot of our new stock and has been kind enough to place a few little bunches of it with some investors at Gordonville."

"You—you found Perry helpful in these—negotiations?" Mr. Capper asked, sitting up straight with something of his old assurance and glancing toward his bust.

"Oh, very!" Junior exclaimed. "I couldn't have managed without Perry."

There was a new spirit abroad in the plant of the reorganized Capper-Staynor Company, and its dynamic center was the side of the combination desk occupied by Capper, junior. Not that Junior spent much time there, for he was up and around the plant constantly. All the department heads now looked to him for orders and leadership. In concluding his soundings into the character of Perry Flack, Junior had decided that his father's choice of Perry as his guide, philosopher, and friend was due to the fact that the young man had, so far as possible, modeled himself after Thomas J. Capper, senior. The president was the same slave to routine, the same diligent student of statistics. There had come in the senior's life a time when his imagination died, and it was just then, Junior argued to himself, that

the business of the concern had ceased to grow. His father was much given to taking matters under consideration, and this wasted time. Business would not wait for the leisurely deliberations of a gentleman who refused to act until he had studied all the data available.

#### IV

"It all seems like a dream," Capper, senior remarked, at the end of six busy months of the new régime. "Do you know, Tom, I feel very contrite. If I'd given you real responsibility and encouraged you to make suggestions, things might never have got into such a snarl. And putting you under Perry's tutelage was not quite just. I see that now."

"Oh, don't trouble about that. What I learned from Perry's been worth a lot to me. To be frank about it, he bored me to death, and I had to do something to keep from dying of sheer ennui. And I've enjoyed knocking round with him. He's opened up new vistas, introduced me to people I'd never have known."

"Well, I've meant, ever since the reorganization, to tell you to break off with Perry. I want you at home. By the way, I've been a little lonely of late, and I thought I'd have Mr. and Mrs. Morton up for dinner some night. Of course I shall want you to be there."

"Well, suppose we wait a little," replied Junior warily. "My evenings are a good deal taken up right now."

In putting the reorganization into effect, Junior had not wholly neglected Genevieve; though, to be sure, he frequently forgot to mention to Perry the fact that he intended calling at the Freers'. Perry had been dazed by Junior's high-handed proceeding in absorbing Staynor, and he went about the office grimly sullen. He still faced Junior across the double desk, and Junior was unfailingly courteous in their intercourse. But Junior had smashed all precedents, and a great deal of the data of years was dead waste paper in the file-cabinets as a result. Perry was not so dull but that he knew that Junior was a regular attendant at the West Grove Presbyterian Church, where Genevieve lifted her voice in the choir every Sunday.

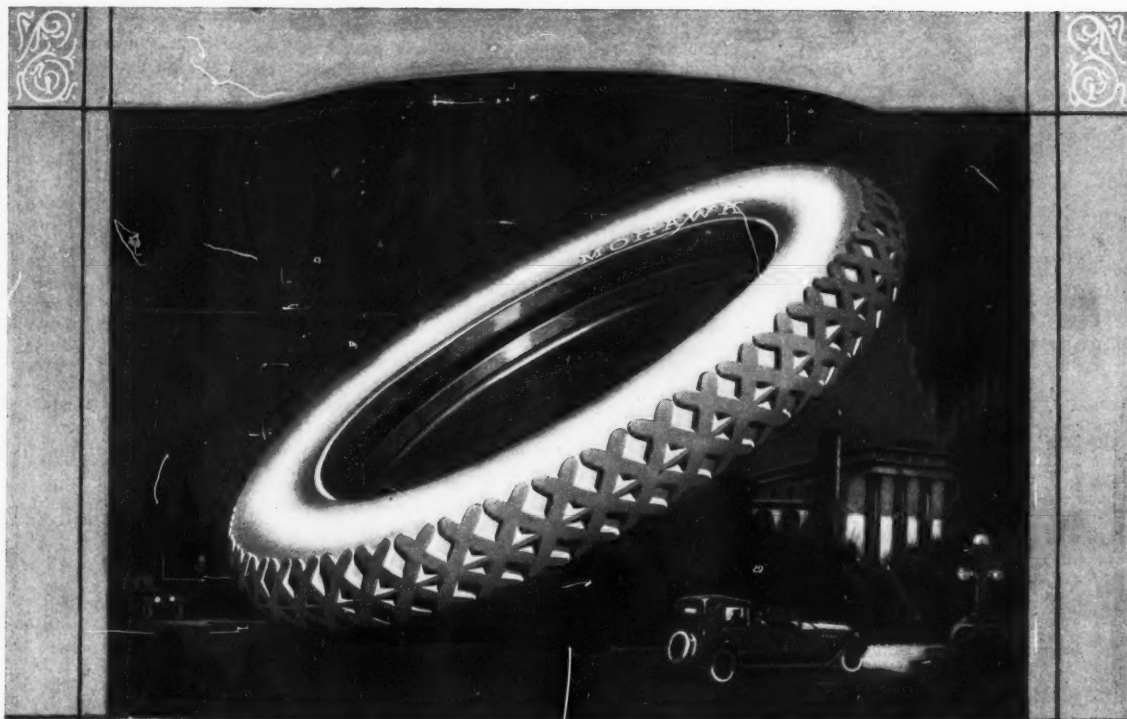
"Look here," he said, one evening, when Junior was leaving the office: "We've got to have an understanding. You're trying to cut me out."

"With Genevieve, you mean? That's not a fair statement, Perry. But I don't mind telling you that, unless you get busy and make a show-down, I'm going to try my luck. So there you are!"

"Do you suppose I've got any chance against you? Don't you think a poor girl like Genevieve sees the difference between a chap like me and the son of a rich man? Don't—"

"Look here, Perry," said Junior sternly: "When you suggest a thing like that, it's not me you're insulting—it's Genevieve. She's the finest girl on earth, and she wouldn't be a bit tickled to think that you, an old friend, thought she'd sell herself to the highest bidder. Now, you trot right up there and ask her to marry you or I'll say something mighty unpleasant to you to-morrow morning."

Perry was not at the office the next morning, but his resignation in the briefest terms lay on Junior's desk. When Junior



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got an opportunity, he dropped the note on his father's desk.

"I'm sorry to have the boy quit," remarked Mr. Capper.

"I won't let him quit," Junior replied determinedly. "I'll get him back and raise his wages."

"If it is a question of wages," remarked Mr. Capper, "I've always dealt rather generously with Perry."

"We'll be even more generous," Junior returned, with the crisp note of decision that he brought to all matters these days. "He's miffed because the girl he was hoping to marry has refused him. I'm sorry, father—as sorry as you can expect me to be when I tell you I hope to marry the girl myself."

Mr. Capper's eyes opened and shut bewilderedly.

"Did I understand you to say, Tom—"

"First and last, your new philosophy has been a great success, father. It forced me to stop fooling and settle down to work. And your idea that I should study the life of the less fortunate under Perry's guidance and broaden my social outlook has worked out wonderfully."

"But, my dear boy, you are not thinking—you really are not thinking—"

Junior glanced at the clock.

"I've got a meeting with the contractor of the new boiler-house in five minutes. You'll have your lunch here as usual? I'll bring the young woman I hope to persuade to marry me here to see you at twelve-thirty."

Junior drove his runabout into town to the office of the Scarborough Audit Company and met Genevieve just as she was leaving.

"This is really unpardonable," she said, smiling as though, after all, it might be pardoned. "You promised me you'd never come here."

"Oh, that's all off now," Junior answered, noting that her new fall suit was extremely becoming. Her manner, however, was disturbing, and when they got out of the elevator, she stepped to one side of the corridor.

"You know I hate to tell you, but I really mustn't see you any more. Mamma and I both like you—you know that—and it's all been fine fun; but it has to stop, right now and here. When you were coming with Perry, it was all right; but now that you don't come together any more—well, it simply won't do."

It was not the most fortunate place for a good-by, particularly when he caught the glimmer of tears in her brown eyes, and such eyes in tears required prompt and definite treatment, which it was impossible to give.

"You can't shake me in any such fashion as this. We're going right out to the plant. I've always wanted you to take a look at the shops, and I belong to the Do-It-Now-Club. My time's valuable, like yours, and we can have a sandwich there, and you can be back at the office on the dot."

The machine made a record trip, Genevieve protesting every yard of the way.

"This is scandalous!" she cried. "I certainly shall never speak to you again. Who was that?"

A limousine containing a young woman flashed by, and Junior had lifted his hat with a gay flourish.

"That is Miss Esther Morton, the girl my father picked for me to marry. And

she's a very nice girl, too, and the richest girl in town."

"Then this is even more unpardonable," moaned Genevieve, holding fast to her hat.

V

MR. THOMAS J. CAPPER, the propounder of a new philosophy, stood with his right arm resting negligently on the pedestal that sustained his bronze bust as Junior ushered Genevieve into the room.

"Father, Miss Genevieve Freer; Miss Freer, my father. You will remember, father, that I mentioned Miss Freer's mother to you some time ago, and you said you remembered her very pleasantly."

"Ah, yes; I recall Miss Gooding from old and happy times. She lived in those days in Blakewell Street, just round the corner from my father's house."

"And now," said Junior, "Mrs. Freer lives in Flat Seventy-two, the Foster Apartments, on Chase Street."

This bold announcement of the unfashionable neighborhood in which Genevieve lived caused Mr. Capper, senior to draw out his handkerchief, which he held gracefully in his hand.

"Miss Freer has told me that she can no longer receive any attentions from me, that I am the son of a rich man and she a poor girl who works for her living. You and I know perfectly well that this is a narrow-minded view. It's wholly incongruous with the new philosophy. Am I right?"

Genevieve was struggling to free the hand which Junior had seized to prevent an exit, which the determined look in her face indicated would be a hurried one if she had any control of her destiny.

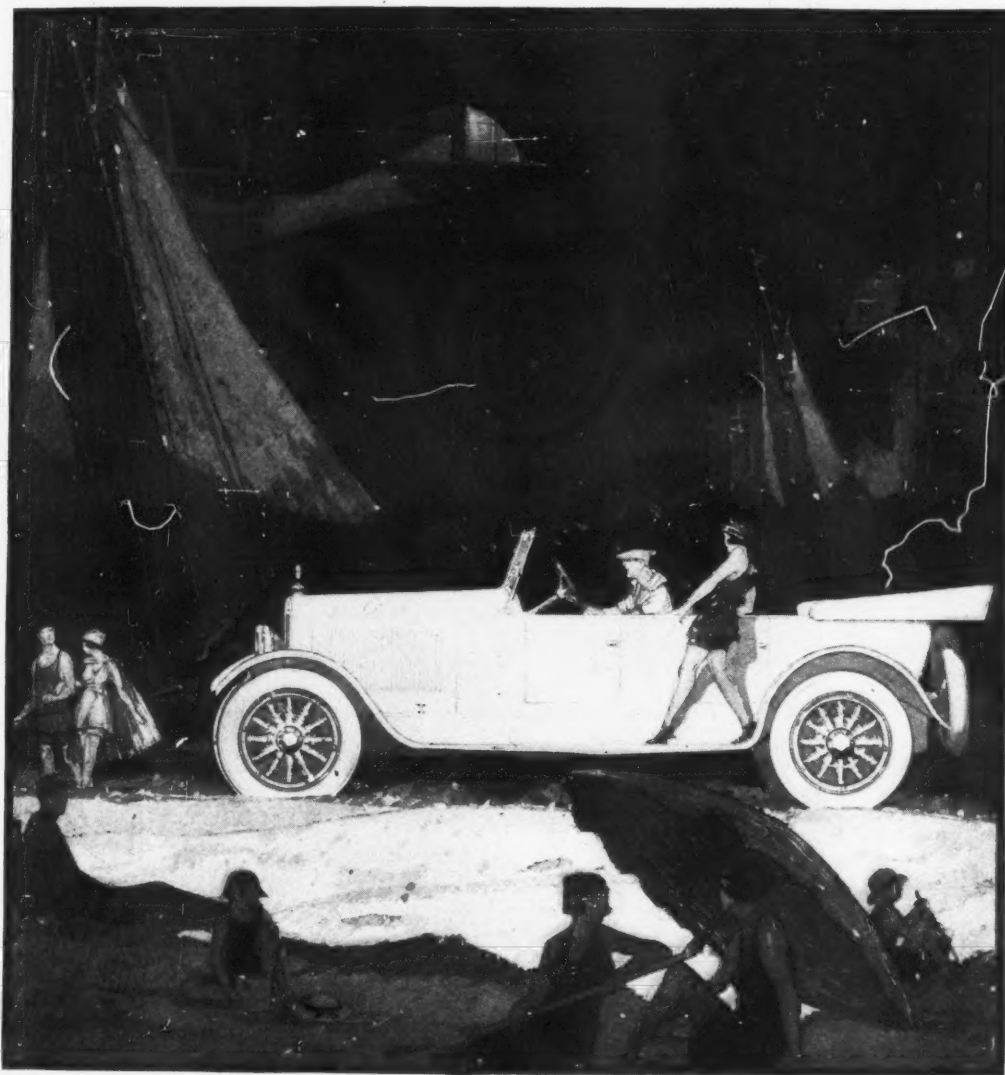
"You have been right in so many things these past six months that I—er—hesitate to say that you may be in error now," replied Mr. Capper.

Genevieve was handsome; she was really quite superb now, with the honest anger bright in her big brown eyes. These were facts that were not lost upon Capper, senior. And Alma Gooding had been the nicest girl he knew in his school-days. The daughter of such a mother—

"Genevieve," said Junior, swinging round and taking both her hands, "here and now I ask you to marry me. If you refuse, I'll press those buttons just behind you that will sound the riot-call and bring the Police and Fire Departments here to deal with me as a madman."

"My dear Miss Freer," rose the voice of Thomas J. Capper, senior, "I don't like to meddle in my son's affairs; and this is a matter in which you should exercise your own best judgment without the slightest fear, but"—he smiled a smile of pride and happiness—"but if you knew that boy as well as I've learned to know him lately, you'll say, 'Yes,' and be done with it. If you can say, 'No' to Tom and make it stick, it's more than I've ever been able to do."

Miss Shields, coming to see if Mr. Capper was ready for his luncheon, found Junior with his arms round a strange young woman whom he seemed to be kissing. Mr. Capper, at the moment, appeared to be busily engaged in polishing the rose of his own bust, though he may have been merely concealing his confusion at the disturbance of the office routine.



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